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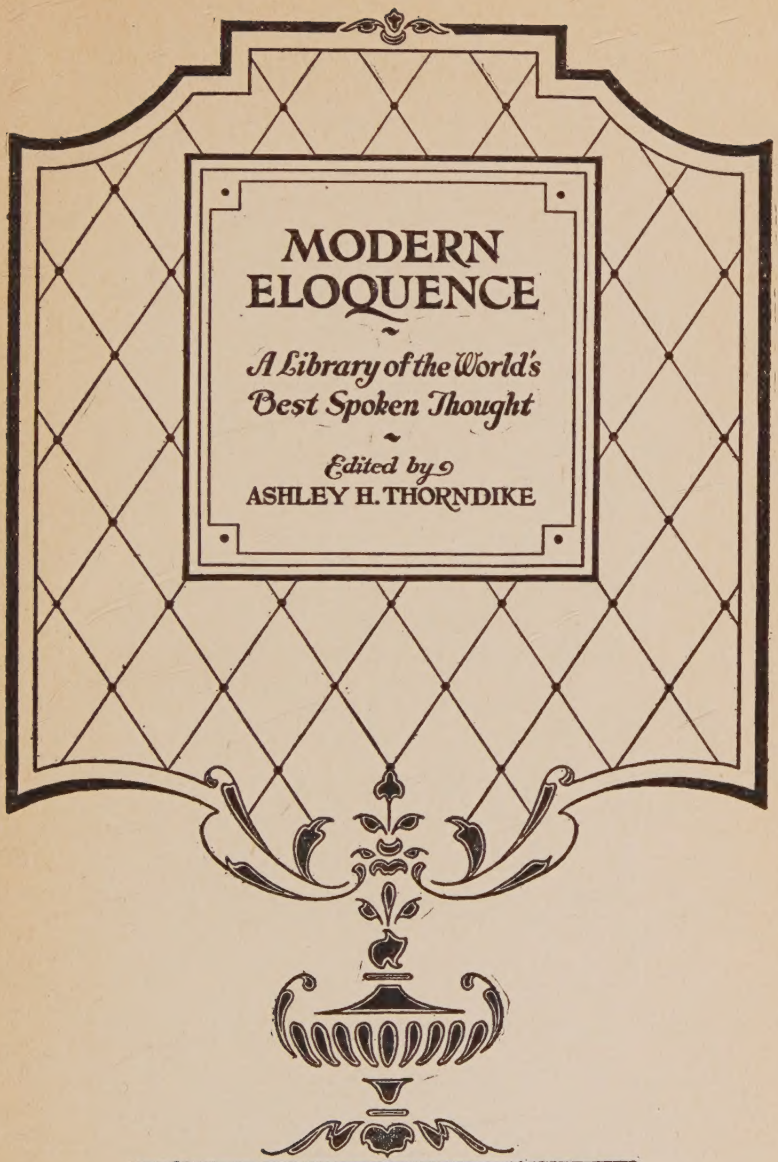

MODERN ELOQUENCE

A Library of the World's Best Spoken Thought

Edited by
ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

NEW YORK
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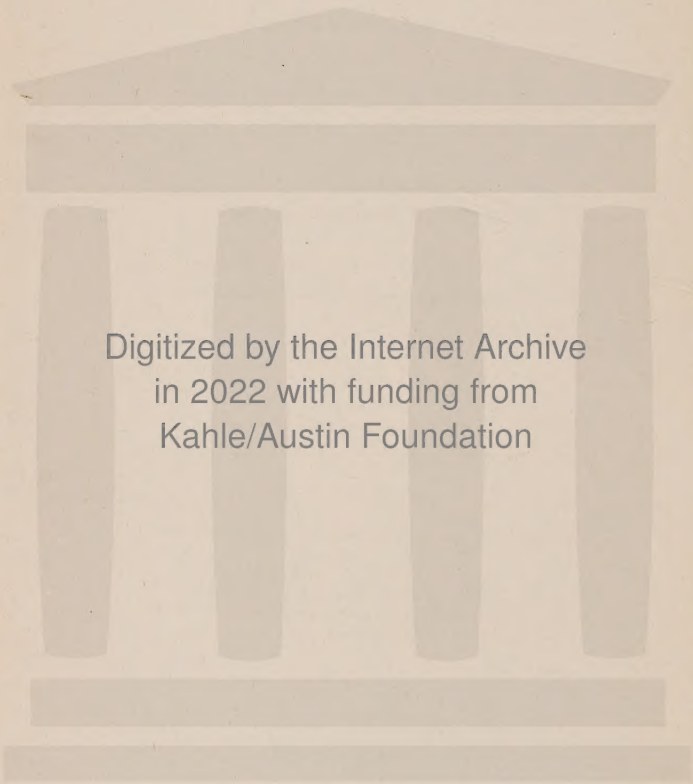
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MODERN ELOQUENCE

VOLUME XIII

Famous Lectures

HUMOROUS • INSPIRATIONAL

Edited by

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

Professor of English, Columbia University

NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

LECTURES AND LECTURERS

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE

It is said that more popular lectures have been delivered in the United States in the past year than in any other period of its history. People talk of what they call the "lecture system." And, sometimes they even speak of it as a part of the national system of education. It is certainly true, as the reader shall see, that the earlier lectures of the Nineteenth century were prepared and delivered with a definite idea of education. It is also true, however, that with the changes of methods and resources, the lecture system is now to be classed as a part of the system of public entertainment. A good lecturer now may teach or not, but he must entertain.

Lecture courses, on plans which have some similarity to the methods of to-day, were delivered in New England early in the century. The history of American lectures, however, goes even further back. It is matter of amusement now to remember that when the first plays were acted in Boston, they were advertised as moral lectures. Thus Garrick's farce of "Lethe" was produced as a satirical lecture called "Lethe, or Æsop in the Shades," by Mr. Watts and Mr. and Mrs. Solomon. Otway's "Venice Preserved" was announced as "a moral lecture in five parts, in which the dreadful effects of conspiracy will be exemplified"; and "Romeo and Juliet," and "Hamlet," etc., were masked under the same catching and hypocritical phraseology. On October 5, 1785, was produced a moral lecture, in five parts, "wherein the pernicious tendency of libertinism will be exemplified in the tragical history of 'George Barnwell, or the London Merchant,' delivered by Messrs. Harper, Morris, Watts, Murray, Solomon, Redfield, Miss Smith, Mrs. Solomon, and Mrs. Gray."

The name "lecture" had been familiar to the New England Puritan and his descendants since 1630. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that half of the people who crossed the Atlantic in that year came because they wanted to hear lectures. This was one desire among many which led them to emigrate. And there was, perhaps, no desire which expressed itself so often or so simply. After their arrival a regular week-day "lecture" in each settlement was just as much a matter of course as a regular Sunday service. In the contemporary narratives of the first ten years, as in such books as Winthrop's "Journal," there are more references to these week-day lectures than there are to public schools.

The reason for this is to be found in the English history of that time. It is easy to understand that the enthusiastic Puritan preachers did not care to confine themselves to the limited range of the book of Homilies. Nor did they care much for saints' day, and they would range far afield in their choice of subjects for Sunday preaching. But this was a matter where it was hard for Archbishop Laud or any high churchman to interfere. It was when John Cotton left his own pulpit and went up and down in England delivering week-day lectures that Laud and that set saw the danger of such voices crying aloud in their wilderness, and tried to silence them. Many a radical Puritan preacher won his public reputation outside of his parish church. And it is easy enough to see that any attempt on the part of the authorities to stop such week-day lectures, proved to be simply what our modern Philistinism calls a good advertisement. If John Cotton were turned out from Leicester and not permitted to lecture one Thursday, all the people of Leicester would be eager to hear John Wheelwright when it was announced that he would lecture the next Thursday.

Archbishop Laud, however, was not a person easily discouraged. As the phrase of the time went, he was "thorough": a word from which, I suppose, our word Tory was born. The more the Puritan preachers lectured on week-days, the more the Archbishop suppressed them. And this was a grievance which came to everybody. Other attacks on Puritan preaching fell upon the ministers. A man would not make the sign

of the cross in baptism, and he would not wear a surplice when the Archbishop wanted him to. But such attacks did not concern the laity directly. When, however, the Archbishop said that they could not go to hear lectures, the personal right of an Englishman to use his time as he chose was wounded. And, of course, the more men were told that they must not go to week-day lectures, the more those men swore, that, as God lived, they would.

It is curious to me to see that for twenty references to these Puritan lectures which I could find in our New England records, I should find it hard to discover one in the local authorities on English literature. Even in so careful and complete a book as Masson's "Life of Milton," which covers wonderfully well the Puritan history of most of the Seventeenth century, I have not found one reference to this distinctly Puritan method of exciting and warning the people, of educating them to a larger social and political life. In John Bunyan's Memoirs, however, there is one distinguished exception to this silence. Here is more than one reference either to his speaking on week-days or listening at week-day addresses. I suppose that where the parson in a village looked with favor on the traveling lecturer, he would throw open the village church that the people might hear. Or, if the parson were not favorable, the lecturer had only to avail himself of the audience afforded by a country fair or a market-day, and to advertise his lecture by announcing freely that the parson had closed the doors of the church against him. Then a larger congregation would assemble than would have welcomed him within doors. I think, but am not certain, that for success every such traveling preacher needed ready power of extempore speech. I do not believe that the word lecture implied what its origin seems to require—that it should be read.

The origin of such lectures delivered in different places by speakers other than the resident clergy seems to go back as far as the reign of Edward VI. Dr. Brown writes me from England: "In my own native county of Lancashire, in the reign of Edward VI, seeing that the old Catholic feeling was still strong among many of the people, four 'King's preachers' were appointed at a stipend of £50 each whose duty it was

not only to take parochial services in their own churches, but also to itinerate in the neighborhood and preach the doctrines of the Reformation. John Bradford, one of the martyrs in Mary's time, was one of the first four appointed. In Elizabeth's time, one Richard Midgley, for some fourteen years (circa 1580–1594) traveled over the country as licensed preacher, or, as Mr. Raines, the antiquary, suggests, as 'not improbably one of the four 'Queen's preachers.' This arrangement continued during the Protectorate, the stipends of the preachers being augmented, but on the Restoration were again reduced to the original estimate. It is very probable that something of the kind obtained in Lincolnshire, and that John Cotton was one of the 'King's preachers.'

"But I think we must draw a distinction between these itinerants and the Puritan lecturers proper. These last were an addition to the regular ministry of rectors and vicars, were paid for out of a special fund raised by the people, and were appointed by the people, not by the patron of the living. While preaching at the churches at a different time in the day, they were absolutely independent of the rector or vicar. In my native town, Bolton-le-Moors, a place so strongly in favor of Puritanism as to be called 'the Geneva of Lancashire,' a will bearing date 1622, left part of an estate to pay the stipend of a 'Preacher distinct from the vicar of Bolton to preach in the parish church upon every Lord's Day and Monday.' It is on record also that the lecturer not only officiated in the church, but previous to the Act of Uniformity, he preached at the Market-Cross which stood at the junction of four principal streets. While fulfilling the duties of lecturer, one John Smith published a work on the Patriarchal Sabbath which probably was a summary of some of his lectures. In Manchester, ten miles away in the same county, the Puritan lecture was held on Thursdays, which were market-days, when there was a great concourse of people.

"The itinerancy, then, I take it, was primarily a distinctly Protestant propaganda; and the Puritan lectureship an independent provision made voluntarily by the people themselves, of more distinctly Puritan sort than that provided by the regular clergy; though they preached on week-days at the Market-

Cross, they were not, however, necessarily, itinerant, and if they published any of their lectures, they are probably not different from the ordinary Puritan prelections of the period."

Such lectures as these speakers delivered became especially distasteful to Archbishop Laud and his party.

So much reason has the loyal, devout wife who is going to the "Wednesday evening lecture" in some American country parish for reminding her husband, who wants to stay at home, that all of their five hundred and twelve ancestors who came over in the fleet with Winthrop and Dudley would have cited as one of the principal reasons for their coming their wish to hear week-day lectures. They would have expressed in the most bitter way their indignation that King Charles and Archbishop Laud tried to take away their right to hear them.

Once arrived here, they took measures to carry out their wish and purpose. The Wednesday Evening Lecture of the Evangelical churches of New England, and of many other parts of the nation, is a survival of regular lectures established by way of defying the King as well as serving God. The Thursday Lecture still survives in Boston, in the First Church of that city, after different adventures of decline and resurrection.

In theory, perhaps, such lectures took on a tone somewhat more secular than that of the Sunday sermon. I have fancied that the week-day lecture was longer than even the Sunday sermon. I have fancied that, on the average, it was perhaps more entertaining. But it is difficult to establish such fancies with certainty from the rather dreary study of the sermons or the lectures.

Here are the title of two of such lectures. But, though the titles are attractive, I do not venture to reprint the lectures themselves in a collection which means to be interesting to intelligent readers in the Twentieth century:—

John Cotton, Sermon at the Boston Lecture After Repeated Shocks of the Earthquake.

Cotton Mather—The present State of New England—Discourse on the Necessity and Advantages of a Public Spirit. Lecture on the News of an Invasion.

Meanwhile, what were called lectures were always, of course,

kept up in the universities and in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. But I do not believe that in the English and American universities what were called lectures were generally discourses written out so that they could be read in the same form to other audiences. I think that when a man is said to have attended the lectures, say of Bentley or Porson, he really went into the "lecture rooms" of those men and translated aloud this or that classical author, and listened to the criticisms of the teacher, perhaps took notes of them. On the Continent, I suppose the custom was different. Certainly, as far back as Abelard, he wrote down for his students what he knew, read it to them, and they took notes of what he said for their after study. Observe that printing was not yet introduced, and each man in practice made his own books. But if such had been the custom in England, we should have more books than we have belonging to the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries which have been made up from such courses of lectures. In English literature that class of books belongs mostly to the century which has just now closed.

The most remarkable step forward, as our own century came in, in this method of public address, was that taken by Coleridge and his friends in the year 1807. Coleridge had broken into life as a Unitarian preacher. It may be guessed that his Sunday preaching was ethical rather than devout, if we are to take the one sermon which is remembered as an illustration of all. For it is said that the subject was "The Tax on Hair Powder." In later life, Coleridge once asked Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach. Lamb said in reply that he never heard him do anything else. Coleridge and his friends conceived the idea of bringing into a focus the brilliant rays of his conversation, and in the year 1807 announced a series of lectures by him to be delivered in the daytime on "Poetry and Fine Arts."

These lectures were well attended by people of intelligence and of distinction, but they do not seem to have been followed by any other course on a similar plan. The popular science lectures in England were purely elementary and were delivered in the evening to working people supposed to know nothing, who had been engaged at their trades all day.

Mr. Emerson told me in 1849 that when in 1848 his friends arranged for his lectures in London, and for Carlyle's, no one thought of evening audiences. The constituency for which they were delivered were people who had more time in the daytime for such purposes than they had in the evening. And he said also that to find any precedents in London for such courses, they had to go back to the courses of Coleridge. Nothing of the sort had been attempted in the meantime.

Novel readers will recollect that none of Miss Austen's heroines in London or in Bath ever go to a lecture, though they do go to concerts and the opera. The same thing is true of other novels of English life, at that time. As late as 1825 Frank and Mary go to a lecture but it is a scientific lecture (purely elementary)—on astronomy—with the illustration of an orrery.

In a community like that of New England already prepared with a considerable body of well-trained listeners, and a small body of public speakers, it was natural that courses of lectures on subjects aside from theological inquiry should find their way. In Boston, as early as the year 1825, Dr. Jacob Bigelow announced a course of lectures on botany. Dr. Bigelow was already known to the world of science, both in America and England, as a botanist who had given careful attention as well to the flora of New England as to the science of botany. His lectures were cordially received in the very well educated circles in which they were delivered. I think this is the first instance in Boston of public scientific lectures delivered to all comers.

The time of the "moral lectures," which were simply "A School for Scandal" and all similar plays such as have been named, was forty years earlier.

In the year 1821–22 Edward Everett, who had returned from long travel in what was then distant Europe, delivered a course of lectures on "Greece and the Antiquities of Greece." It was just at the time when the Greek revolution was interesting every one in that country. Mr. Everett's lectures were accompanied by an exhibition of large pictures of the monuments still existing in Greece not then nearly so well known to the general public as now.

In 1830 Henry Ware, whose name is still remembered among the preachers and poets of the beginning of the century, deliv-

ered a very popular course of lectures on "Palestine, Its Geography and History."

Meanwhile, in England, the work of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had begun. What was called the "march of intellect" by Lord Brougham, attracted attention on the right hand and on the left. There were, in fact, many people, not insane people, but of as much sense as Bentham and the men around him, who thought if people only knew their multiplication-table well enough and the facts that are connected, more or less distinctly, with the multiplication-table, the kingdom of heaven would come on earth, and people who had died would enter into a similar kingdom. That is to say, the folly was in the air of supposing if people only know "what is right they will practise what they know." This "march of intellect" was very cleverly satirized in a little play which went over England and America in which a boy named Burke appeared as professor of six different sciences, and made the people on the scenes think that they knew everything before the play was over. In following the English step in this matter, it was thought well, in New England, to organize societies which could arrange for courses of lectures with more success than individuals could.

The Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was organized about the year 1828. It printed some books which would not have been printed by private publishers. Daniel Webster was the first President. He delivered an inaugural address at the beginning of the first course of its lectures. This society relied mostly upon the professors of Harvard University for its courses. True to the theory of its foundation, that from physical science all truth could be evolved, these lectures were on chemistry, the steam-engine, and other subjects of what was then called "Natural Philosophy."

The Boston Lyceum was organized on the same plan. The Mechanics' Association fell rapidly into the same line; the Historical Society came with its courses, so that for several winters it would have been possible on almost any evening for a man or woman to attend lectures which gave valuable information on the elements of physical science as then understood.

Of course the different societies could not pretend to give any systematic order to these lectures, but all the same, the course sprinkled in a good deal of valuable information with regard to facts, and with regard to the supplementary theories into which these facts were combined.

Through the larger towns of New England a similar disposition showed itself. Some of the local lyceums founded in that day are still existing as working societies. I think the Concord Lyceum was founded as early as the year 1830. These local lyceums had no neighboring universities to draw upon for lectures, but every decent minister of a parish considered it his duty to prepare at least one lecture which he could deliver not only to his own congregation, but to the neighboring towns. The more public-spirited teachers would do the same thing; and gradually, educated gentlemen regarded it as quite as much a part of their public duty to have a "lecture" which could be delivered when it would do any good, as they considered it their duty to attend to elections or to the government of the town.

Generally speaking, if these lectures were outside of the city of Boston, or some of the other large towns, the attendance on them was without tickets. The whole business was nearly gratuitous. The cost of lighting and warming the church in which the lecture was delivered, possibly the cost of the traveling expenses of the lecturer—these were the only expenses which the lyceum committee was at first involved in. Gradually, however, and naturally, it proved that some people lectured much better than others, and it also proved if a man were lecturing three or four times in a week and going from place to place, he could not do much else. The law of supply and demand established itself. It was whispered with more or less surprise that Mr. So-and-so had been paid for his lecture. The compensation at first was of the very humblest character, and I think that gentlemen who found they were receiving five dollars or ten dollars were astonished. I remember an intimation of this sort as late as James Russell Lowell's time. In one of his letters he says that somebody had paid him five dollars for his lyceum course, rather to his astonishment.

To the disgust of a large part of the people who had pro-

moted the "lecture system," came the same experience which had startled and confounded Archbishop Laud in England. For certain edicts and traditions prevented the discussion in most pulpits on Sunday of some subjects of very critical importance in national affairs. The anti-slavery question began to work its way to the front, and there were many people in New England congregations, perhaps the majority, who considered that "the North had no business with the South," and who would be very indignant were the subject of slavery introduced into the pulpit. Over the lyceum lecture, however, there was no such curtain of tradition. What it said, it said. Nobody was responsible for the lecture; and, in consequence, its utterances on matters of public interest were much more free than were the sermons of most of the churches. There came, therefore, upon the lecture platform a body of public speakers who had nothing to do with physical science and discussion of natural forces, but who discussed political principles, and that without hindrance. Such names as those of Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and Mr. Garrison, and names of speakers on temperance and other lines of philanthropic reform, will readily suggest themselves to the American reader. These lyceums, if one may speak of the lecture system by that name, became an important factor in the political, philanthropic, and other sociological movements of the time. It was no longer to be considered as a simple agency for instruction in physical and natural sciences.

It is hardly necessary to pass any general judgment on what is called the lecture system of to-day. Indeed, it is hardly a system. The "general public" of America has learned how much entertainment may be offered by spirited and wide-awake speakers, and is quite ready to give them an opportunity for delivering such lectures as they may prepare, if only these be entertaining. With the abolition of slavery the exciting subjects which did so much to give popularity to lectures a generation ago have been removed. And I do not know any course, so-called, which cares to attempt a lecture on the subject of tariff reform.

Wendell Phillips used to tell an excellent story of his own success in obtaining an audience for a subject which was un-

popular. When he arrived at the city where he was announced as lecturer for the evening, he asked the committee whether they wanted him to deliver an anti-slavery address or to read his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts." Unfortunately the committee had been divided exactly evenly, and could not determine which of the two the public should hear. Phillips, with his own facility, instantly said he would deliver both. He would deliver "The Lost Arts" first and have an intermission. He would follow it with the anti-slavery address. It need not be said that no one left the hall after he had heard the brilliant lecture on "The Lost Arts"; and Phillips, therefore, got exactly what he wanted—an audience of people friendly to himself whom he might convert or awaken.

I do not doubt that this system which provides so wide and innocent and general entertainment for the people of the nation, will extend itself and improve itself. I cannot but think that the volumes of which the reader holds the first in his hand, may do their part in such improvement and enlargement.

No view of the subject, however, would be perfect which does not allude to the signs which are evident, in various places, of the determination to return to courses of lectures distinctly instructive and prepared more fully on system than the courses which have been described.

As early as 1832 Mr. John Lowell, Jr., left a very large sum of money for courses to be delivered in the city of Boston. Similar courses have been established since in the larger cities of America and have been made a necessity of public education. The Lowell courses, the Graham courses, the Peabody courses, and others which could be named, have brought forward some very careful students of the specific subjects chosen by the lecturers. In many instances these lectures have been published together, and have proved valuable contributions in the scientific, ethical, and political literature of the time.

Granting now that the original system is at an end, by which a local board of educators provided a course of lectures for every winter, and setting aside what we have called the present system, as not even pretending to educate people, one is tempted to suggest an improvement in both. If the profes-

sional lecturer will regard himself as having a conscientious responsibility beyond the hour of an evening address, he will find he can do a great deal. Really his position is that of an apostle, with the walk of his apostleship, if you please, limited to a range not much wider than the subject of his lectures. But he ought to be willing to lead the community in which he speaks forward in the line of his particular subject. It is just as a Christian minister going into a new town, does not feel that his work is done when he conducts a Sunday service. He even goes from house to house, he uses the newspapers of the town as far as he can. In whatever way, he tries to influence public opinion, so that there may be a Methodist church or a Baptist church, or in general, a Christian church established which the town has not.

One can conceive thus of a gentleman, who proposes to lecture on American history, as going to a place where no course of lectures has been arranged for the winter. He would see the leaders of the town in their homes. He would lay before them the program of the subject which he means to consider. He would bring the people together to interest them in those subjects. In such a way he would obtain their permission and coöperation in "starting a course," as the phrase is. Now suppose that the course has been "started"; his business is not simply to go into a hall and read his course and go away again. His business is to be present for half an hour before the lecture, and he ought to make an appointment, either for the same evening or for the next day, in which he can meet those who are interested and give them suggestions as to their reading and their study. He ought to carry with him and leave on the spot some of the most important books of reference. A young reader is very much stimulated by merely dipping into a book. If you say, "You should look at Wilkinson's 'Herodotus,'" that means nothing to him, but if you show him Wilkinson's "Herodotus" and he reads two pages of it, he will probably resolve to read the whole.

If the subject were American history, the lecturer ought to be prepared to start his hearers on local pilgrimages, or to interest them in their local antiquities. If his subject were botany or geology, he ought to know how to interest them in the

botany or geology of their own neighborhood. And so in other instances, he ought to show them that he is not a bird of passage, flying across, in the hope that he might find for himself a fish in their pond. He ought to understand that he has come in as one of themselves, that their interests are his interests, and that their progress is his success; and that he occupies the same place to them, in the matter of science or literature, as a religious guide would occupy in the matter of religion.

In the suggestion which I have thus made, I do not draw upon fancy for a possibility, Utopian or imaginary, or such as has never been put in practice. Such courses are limited to a particular subject, and treat that subject in a continuous series, reinforced and illustrated by the personal advice of the lecturer, and by books well chosen by him, and lent to his hearers for their use. Such courses are those provided by what is called the "University Extension System." This is a very poor name invented for a convenient and practicable plan which has attained considerable success in England and has been introduced in this country.

This plan supposes that a number of gentlemen competent to teach, and thoroughly in earnest in their wish to teach, unite themselves as the governing body, undertaking, not amateur work, but a series of lectures improving, entertaining, and instructive, which they are ready to deliver. When the plan is fully carried out, it contemplates at least one lecture a week for the autumn, winter, and early spring, perhaps thirty lectures in all. So long a course might be divided between four topics. You might say eight or nine lectures on History, as many biographical lectures, to be followed by as many on Government and Administration, and again by as many on some subject of Natural History, Botany, perhaps, or Geology.

Each of these sub-courses would be delivered by one competent man. And it is supposed that for the time, he makes it his whole occupation. He would then go from town to town, lecturing perhaps four times a week or even five.

When the system is well established, the central committee is ready, with a well-selected library of books, of illustration or reference, on each of the subjects on which lecturers are to speak. Supposing the order named above to have been chosen,

the arrival of the first lecturer in any town is preceded by the arrival of the historical books, two or three hundred in number at the very least. These are arranged by the local committee, ready for prompt and easy consultation by the persons who take tickets for the lectures. If there is a town library the local committee does its best to strengthen that library on the different sides where the lectures will need illustration.

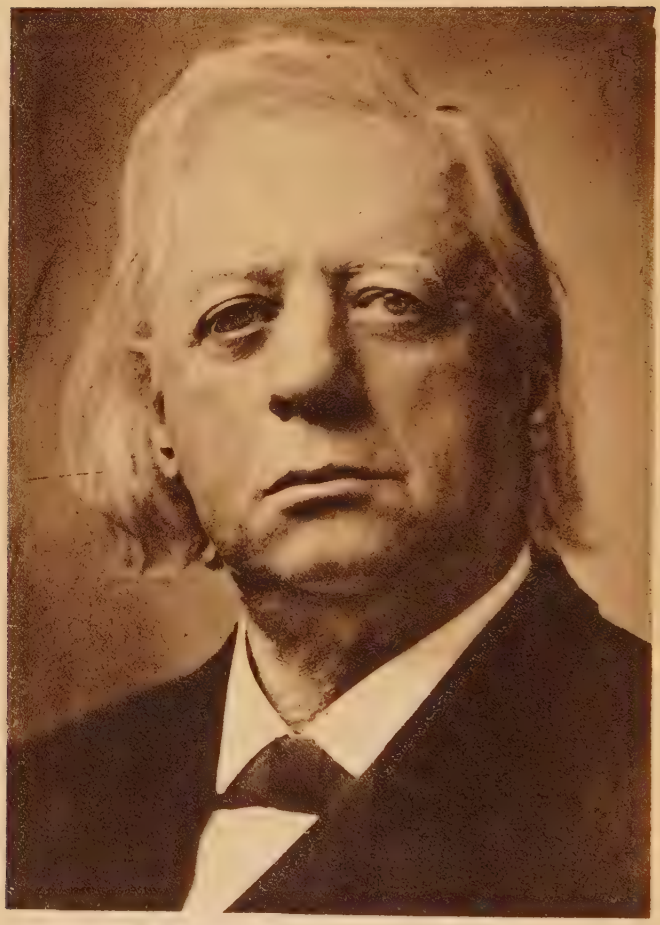
NOTE:—Dr. Edward Everett Hale's historical and reminiscent introduction has been reprinted here from the first edition of Modern Eloquence. It may be supplemented by Major Pond's lecture on "Memories of the Lyceum," printed in this volume.

It will be noticed that Dr. Hale's prediction of a return from entertaining to more instructive lectures has proved true. The method which he suggests in his closing paragraphs is substantially that adopted in numerous extension courses in our large universities and elsewhere. Lectures as a means of entertainment perhaps attract a smaller public than twenty or fifty years ago; but lectures offering instruction and requiring some preparation and study are now being eagerly sought by persons of all classes and all ages.

This volume contains some of the famous lectures that were given over and over to the continued delight of great audiences. And it represents the most eminent of our platform orators from Gough and Beecher to Conwell and Bryan. Though lectures increase in number and in variety, it may be doubted if ever again they offer such examples of entertainment, humor, fervor, and eloquence as are to be found in these pages.

FAMOUS LECTURES

HUMOROUS, INSPIRATIONAL, SCIENTIFIC



HENRY WARD BEECHER

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HENRY WARD BEECHER

THE REIGN OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

Lecture by Henry Ward Beecher (born in Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887), delivered first in Exeter Hall, London, August 19, 1886, when making his last tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The chairman on the occasion, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Lord Chamberlain of the City of London, was the same gentleman who presided when Mr. Beecher spoke in the same hall at the close of his previous visit to Great Britain in 1863, in the height of the American Civil War. Upon taking the chair Mr. Scott recalled the meeting in the same place twenty-three years before, and remarked that he had never regretted the part he took in it; he was present to act in a similar capacity now, as then, in response to Mr. Beecher's request. The audience was distinguished by the presence of a number of eminent English clergymen. Several other addresses by Mr. Beecher are given in Volumes I and XI.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The noise [referring to the applause and cheers with which he was greeted, the audience standing during the demonstration] very vividly recalls twenty-three years ago, although it is of a very different kind to what it was then. Twenty-three years in a man's life corrects a great many hasty impressions, gives more solidity and more sagacity of judgment. When I look back upon all the things that happened at and before the time that I was here, I can scarcely reproach the English people for their misjudgment of the meaning of that great issue which God was trying by the arbitrament of the sword. It is not strange. At that time the thought, the feeling, the institutions, the tendency, the genius of the American people were very little known abroad; they are better understood now; and notwithstanding the temporary and

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not unnatural irritation which prevailed when England was neutral, to say the least, with the passing away of that cloud a better feeling prevails everywhere. The pride of heritage comes to every generous American bosom; we are a younger oak than you are, but you bore the acorns which were planted for us, and we are of your lineage and of your blood, and if you are not proud of us we will make you so before we have done.

It has been the effect of modern investigation to throw light without illumination upon the most interesting period of human history. When the old chronology prevailed, and it was thought that this world was built about six thousand years ago, men had of necessity one way of looking at things; but now it is agreed upon all hands that we cannot count the chronology of this world by thousands, more likely by millions of years. Nor was the system of immediation in creation which prevailed at the time favorable to the discovery of truth. God who dwells in eternity has time enough to build worlds which require millions of years; and whatever may be the cause or the origin of the human race, and I have my own opinion on that subject—confidential, however—I think it may be said that the earliest appearance of man upon earth was in the savage condition. He began as low down as he could and be a man rather than an animal, and the question of profound interest is one that can probably never be answered except by guess—and guess is not philosophy altogether—How did man emerge from that savage condition? There were then no schools, no churches, no prophets, no priests, no books, presses—nothing. Wild tribes in the wild wilderness, how did they come toward civilization? You say that the first industries were those that supplied appetite—food, shelter, clothing. That is doubtless true, although we only infer it. But how did the brain, which is the organ of the man, begin to unfold—not the simple knowledge that lay close in the neighborhood of every man, but how did it come to build institutions, found communities, and develop them, till now the human race in civilized countries are as far removed from their ancestors as their ancestors were from the animals below them? It is on this broad field that light falls, but not illumination. But later down, supposing that indus-

tries were educators, supposing that men were educated by war itself, by combinations required by skill and leadership, by ten thousand forms of growing social life, by the love of property, the instinct that is fundamental to human nature—suppose that all this indirectly evolved the intelligence of the human family, how do we come at length to the period in which the unfolding of the hidden powers of the human soul became an object of direct instruction?

The earliest attempt to develop men, on purpose, was in Egypt, so far as we know. The Egyptian school has all the marks in it of antiquity and of primitive development, for it was limited in the numbers admitted and limited in the topics taught. Only the royal family could go to the schools of Egypt. That included, of course, the priesthood; and putting aside some slight mathematical teaching, it is probable that mysteries and superstitions were the whole subjects taught, and that mainly to teach men how to be hierarchs or rulers of some sort. When we cross over the sea to Greece, at a period much later, though how much we know not, we find that schools had developed, and that the idea of making more of men than natural law makes of them, or the casual influences of human society—the attempt directly to train intelligence and to produce knowledge—was farther advanced; for anybody could go to a Greek school that had the means to pay—anybody but slaves and women: they trained very near together in antiquity, and they are not quite far enough apart yet. And yet I am bound to correct myself when I say that women were not privileged; they were. It is probable that in no period of human history has more pains been taken with the education of women than was taken in Greece. In all their accomplishments, in learning, in music, in the dance, in poetry, in literature, in history, in philosophy, even in statesmanship, women were very highly educated, provided they were to live the lives of courtesans. The fact is simply astounding that in the age of Pericles intelligence and accomplishments were associated with impudicity, and were the signs of it, and that ignorance and modesty were associated ideas.

We have a side-light thrown on this subject in the New Testament, not well understood hitherto. That noble old Jew-

ish book, the Bible, reveals a higher station to womanhood in the ancient Israelitish days than in any other Oriental land; and from the beginning of the Old Testament to the end of it there is no limitation of a woman's rights, her functions, and her position. She actually was public in the sense of honor and function; she went with unveiled face if she pleased; she partook of religious services and led them; she was a judge, she was even a leader of armies; and you shall not find, either in the Old Testament or in the New, one word that limits the position of a woman till you come to the Apostle's writings about Grecian women; for only in Corinthians and in the writings of Paul to Timothy, who was the bishop of the Greek Churches in Asia Minor, do you find any limitation made. Knowing full well what this public sentiment was, Paul said: "Suffer not a woman to teach in your assemblies, let your women keep silence." Why? Because, all, in that corrupt public sentiment, looking upon intelligent teachers in the Christian Church would have gone away and said: "It is all done of licentiousness, women are teaching;" and in a public sentiment that associated intelligence and immorality, it is not strange that, prudentially and temporarily, women were restrained. But that has all gone, woman has risen, not only in intelligence, but as the universal teacher; not alone in the household, but in the school; not alone in common schools, but in every grade, till she has attained professorships in universities and even presidency in women's colleges—at least in our land. She is the right hand of the charities of the church; she walks unblushing with an unveiled face where men do walk; and she is not only permitted in the great orthodox churches of New England to speak in meeting, but when they send her abroad, ordained to teach the Gospel to the heathen, there she is permitted to preach; and when they come home women may still teach in a hall, but not in a church, and dear old men there are yet so conservative that they are reading through golden spectacles their Bibles, and saying: "I suffer not a woman to preach."

We hardly can trace the unfolding of human intelligence after it plunged into that twilight of darkness of the Middle Ages. Then we begin to find intelligence developed through

mechanical guilds, and in various ways of commerce; but schools, such as we now understand schools to be, are very imperfectly traced out in the Middle Ages. But when that new impulse came to the moral nature, and the civil nature, and the intellectual and philosophical nature, to art, to literature, to learning—when the Reformation came, whose scope was not ecclesiastical alone by any means—it was a resurrection of the human intelligence throughout its whole vast domain—schools began to appear, as John Milton says,

> Raked embers out of the ashes of the past,

and they began to glow again. And from that time on, the progress of the efforts to develop, by actual teaching, human intelligence grows broader, brighter, and more effectual down to our present day; and to-day in the principal nations of Europe education is compulsory, the education not of favored classes, not of the children of the wealthy, not of those that have inherited genius, but the children of the common people. It is held that it is unsafe for a State to raise ignorant men. Ignorant men are like bombs, which are a great deal better to be shot into an enemy's camp than to be kept at home, for where an ignorant man goes off he scatters desolation; and it is not safe to have ignorant men, for an ignorant man is an animal, and the stronger his passions and the feebler his conscience and intellect, the more dangerous he is. Therefore, for the sake of the commonwealth, our legislators wisely, whether they be republican institutions or monarchical institutions or aristocratic institutions, have at last joined hands on one thing —that it is best to educate the people's children, from the highest to the lowest everywhere. [Applause.]

And what, in connection with various other general causes, has been the result of this unfolding of intelligence among the common people? It has not yet gone down to the bottom; there is a stratum of undeveloped intelligence among the nations of Europe certainly; I am not speaking now of the residuum that falls down from the top like the slime of the ocean, but of those who are reasonable and honest and virtuous and useful. It may be said that, as the sun touches the tops of

the mountains first and works its way downward through the valley later and later in the day, so there is very much to be done in Europe yet to bear knowledge and intelligence, which is better than knowledge, to the lowest classes of the common people. But even in this condition, what has been the result in Europe of the education of the common people? All those heavings, all those threatened revolutions, all those civil and commercial developments that are like the waves of the sea, are springing from the fact that God in His providence has thrown light and intelligence upon the great under-mass of society; and the under-parts of society, less fortunate in every respect than those that are advanced, are seeking room to develop themselves; they are seeking to go up, and no road has been found along which they can travel as yet. I do not believe in Nihilism in Russia. If I had been born and brought up there, and had felt the heel on my neck, I would have been a Nihilist. I am poor stuff to make an obedient slave out of! Nevertheless, they are like blind men trying to find their way into the open air, and if they stumble or go into wrong departments, are they to be derided and cursed? Because they are seeking to construct a government after they shall have destroyed government and made a wilderness, are they, because they are doing the best they know how—are they, therefore, to be cursed? or pitied, better directed, emancipated? When they come to America to teach us how to make commonwealths, we think they are out of place, decidedly. Well, that is our trait. We thank Europe for a great deal—for literature, ancient and modern; we thank Europe for teachers in art, in color, in form, in sound; we are grateful for all these things; but when the Socialists of Germany, and the Communists of France, and the Nihilists of Russia come to teach us how to reorganize human society, they have come to the wrong place. Their ignorance is not our enlightenment. [Applause.]

The main cause of all this, the cause of causes, lies in the swelling of the intelligence of the great, hitherto neglected, and ignorant masses of Europe. They are seeking elevation, they are seeking a larger life, and as men grow in intelligence life must grow too. When a man is an animal he does not want much except straw and fodder; but when a man begins to be

a rational and intelligent creature, he wants a good deal more than the belly asks; for reason wants something, taste needs something; conscience needs something; every faculty brought into ascendancy and power is a new hunger; and must be supplied. No man is so cheap as the brutal, ignorant man; no man can rise up from the lower stations of life and not need more for his support from the fact that he is civilized and Christianized, and although he may not have it individually, the community must supply it for him. He must have resources of knowledge, he must have means of refinement, he must have limitations of taste or he feels himself slipping backward; and as I look upon the phenomena of society in Europe they are the phenomena of God calling to the great masses of a growingly enlightened people, "Come up," and they are saying, "Which way? By what road? How?" And they must needs pass through the experiment of ignorance, tentative ignorance, and failure in a thousand things. They must pass through these preliminary stages, for as it was necessary when they came out of the bondage of Egypt that the children of Israel should go through the wilderness for forty years, so all people have to go forty years and more through the wilderness of trials and attempts that fail; and it may be said, indeed, that the pyramid of permanent society is built up on blocks of blunders, and it is mistakes that have pointed out the true way to mankind. Now what has taken place among the common people? Once they thought about their own cottage and their own little steading; they have gradually learned to think about the whole neighborhood. Once they were able to look after their own limited affairs; they recognize the community of men, and are beginning to think about the affairs of other men—as the Apostle said: "Look ye every man on his own things, but also every man on the things of others." They are having a society interest among themselves. Once they had limited thoughts and bits of knowledge; now they have the mother of knowledge—intelligence; they are competent to think, to choose discriminately; they are competent to organize themselves; they are learning that self-denial by which men can work in masses of men; they are beginning to have a light in light transcendentally higher than the old contentment of the bestial state of

miserable labor in miserable Europe. [Applause.] Such are the results, briefly stated, to which God in his providence has brought the masses of the common people, and the promise of the future is brighter even than the fulfilment of the past. What the issues will be and what the final fruits will be God knows and man does not know!

Now, if you cross the sea to our own land, my own land, the land of my fathers, we shall find that there are influences tending to give power to the brain, alertness, quickness; to give to it also a wider scope and range than it has in the average of the laboring classes in Europe. Here and there are communities, which if transplanted on the other shore, will scarcely know that they were not born and brought up there; but this is not true of the great mass of the common people of all Europe. Our climate is stimulating. Ship-masters tell me that they cannot drink in New York as they do in Liverpool. Heaven help Liverpool! There is more oxygen in our air. It has some importance in this, that anything that gives acuteness, vivacity, spring, to the substance of the brain prepares it for education and larger intelligence. A dull, watery, sluggish brain may do for a conservative; but God never made them to be the fathers of progress. They are very useful as brakes on the wheel down hill; but they never would draw anything up hill in the world. And yet, in the fanatic influence that tends to give vitality and quickness, force and continuity to the human brain, lies the foundation for the higher style of manhood; and although it is not to be considered as a primary and chief cause of smartness, if you will allow that word, yet it is one among others. And then, when the child is born on the other side, he is born into an atmosphere of expectation. He is not out of the cradle before he learns that he has got to earn his own living; he is hereditarily inspired with the idea of money. Sometimes, when I see babies in the cradle apparently pawing the air, I think that they are making change in their own minds of future bargains. But this has great force as an educating element in early childhood: "You will be poor if you do not exert yourself;" and at every future stage it lies with each man what his condition in society is to be.

This becomes a very powerful developer of the cerebral mass,

and from it comes intelligence and power of intellect. And then, up side of that, when he goes into life the whole style of society tends toward intense cerebral excitability. For instance, as to business, I find in London that you may go down at nine o'clock and there is nobody in his office; at ten o'clock the clerks are there, at eleven o'clock some persons do begin to appear. By that time the Yankees have got half through the day. And it is in excess; it is carried to a fault; for men there are ridden by two demons. They desire excessive property—I do not know that they are much distinguished from their ancestors—they desire more than enough for the uses of the family, and when a man wants more money than he can use he wants too much. But they have the ambition of property, which is accursed, or should be. Property may be used in large masses to develop property, and coördinated estates may do work that a single estate cannot do; I am not, therefore, speaking of vast enterprises like railroads and factories. But the individual man thinks in the beginning, "If I could only make myself worth a hundred thousand dollars, I should be willing to retire from business." Not a bit of it. A hundred thousand dollars is only an index of five hundred thousand; and when he has come to five hundred thousand he is like Moses—and very unlike him—standing on the top of the mountain and looking over the promised land, he says to himself, "A million! a million!" and a million draws another million, until at last he has more than he can use, more than is useful to him, and he won't give it away—not till after his death. That is cheap benevolence. [Applause.] Well, this is the first element of mistake among large classes of commercial life in America.

The second is, they want it suddenly. They are not willing to say, "For forty years I will lay gradually the foundations, and build the golden stones one above another." No; they want grass lands. They want to win by gambling, for that is gambling when a man wants money without having given a fair equivalent for it. And so they press nature to her utmost limits till the very diseases of our land are changing; men are dropping dead with heart disease; men are dropping dead—it is paralysis; men are dropping dead—it is Bright's disease.

Ah! it is the violence done to the brain by excessive industry, through excessive hours, and through excessive ambition, which is but another name for excessive avarice.

But outside of that there is still another excitement, and that is politics. Now, you in this insular and cool climate are never excited in politics at all; but we are in our sunshiny land. Especially are we so once in four years, when the great quadrennial election comes off, and when the most useless thing on God's earth is built on God's earth—namely, a political platform, which men never use and never stand on after it is once built. Then the candidates are put forth, and every newspaper editor, and every public-spirited citizen and elector goes before the people and declares to them that the further existence of the Government depends on the election of both parties. [Laughter.] Now, nations have a wondrous way of continuing to live after they are doomed to death, and we contrive to get along from four years to four years. Nevertheless the excitement is prodigious. Men say these wild excitements are not wholesome; I say they are the best things that can happen to the community. I say the best speeches of the community scattered through the land, discussing finance, taxes, education, are the education of the common people, and they learn more in a year of universal debate than they would in twenty years of reading and thinking without such help.

Well, outside of that there is still another excitement, and that is in the Church, which is the hottest place of all. I do not mean a torrid heat; I do not mean a fuliginous kind of heat; I mean simply this—honest—that, even under its poorest administration, religion brings to bear upon the human brain the most permanent and the most profound excitements that are known to humanity. Now, if you take denominations as they are now, you could not illustrate by them, for they are mere incidents in the history of time, and they are no permanent, cohesive, systematic developments. You must shuffle the cards and have a new deal for an illustration, and I divide all Christian denominations into three sections: those that work by emotion, and those that work by devotion. The men that work by doctrines are men that think they have found out the universe; they have not only got it, but they have formulated it;

they know all about the Infinite, they have sailed round Eternity, they know all about the Eternal and the Everlasting God, and you will hear them discuss questions of theology: "Now, God could not, consistent with consistency, do so-and-so." They know all His difficulties; they know how He got round them. One might easily come to think that God was their next-door neighbor. Well, after all, whether it is true or false —their systematic views, their dogmas—the pedagogic views are very important to teach young and middle-aged and old to attempt, by philosophic reasoning, to reach into these unfathomable depths. They produce a power upon the brain of the most transcendent importance; they in their way may not increase the sum of human knowledge, but they increase the capacity of the human brain for profound thought and investigation.

Then there are the joyous churches, that love hallelujahs, songs, hymns—revival churches, Moody and Sankey movements, Methodist movements of all kinds. I need not undertake to show you that this emotion tends to produce cerebral activity, and has an educating force in regard to the facility with which the brain acts.

Then there come those churches that run on devotion, formulated prayers, printed services. One would not think that stereotyped prayers read in the dim light of a painted window would produce great conflagration! Nor, indeed, do they. But when you come to the inner life [a Voice: "We cannot hear!"] —that was a part I did not want you to hear [laughter]—when you come to look at the interior life of these churches, you shall find that their charities, their sense of responsibility to the weak and the poor and to the ignorant, are perpetually acting as an inward fire, developing intelligence in ways not common to the other forms of religious worship.

Well, what has been the result of all these influences which have been superadded to those universal stimuli to which all the civilized world outside of our land has been subject? What has been the result on our side? We have 60,000,000 men, women, and children in America; we have common schools for every living soul that is born on that continent—except the Chinese. Now, in the States where, twenty-five years ago, it

was a penitentiary offense to teach a slave how to read, we are sending out a thousand educated colored teachers to teach schools, to practice law and medicine through the colored population of the South; the Government is enlisted in their behalf, and the States are proud of their colored schools that a little time ago would have burnt a man who dared to advocate the education of the slave. We are the harbor to which all the sails of the world crowd with emigrants, and we bless God for it. Their letters go back thicker than leaves in autnmn, to those that are left behind; and we have a vast population from Spain, from Portugal, from Italy, from Hungary, from Austria, from Germany, from Russia; we have a vast population from all the Scandinavian lands, from Scotland, from England, and occasionally from Ireland. Let them come; if you don't want them we do. It takes a little time, you know, to get them used to things; but whenever the children of foreign emigrants, of whom we have 8,000,000 born and bred in our land; whenever these children have gone through our common-schools, they are just as good Americans as if they had not had foreign parents. The common-schools are the stomachs of the Republic, and when a man goes in there he comes out, after all, American.

Well, now, we are playing the experiment before the world on a tremendous scale, and the world does not quite believe in it. I do. They say: "With regard to your success in government of the people, by the people, for the people, in the language of the Liturgy, you are dependent upon extraneous conditions; it is not philosophically to be inferred from the principles of your government; you have got so much land, wait till the struggle for existence takes place, as in the denser populations of Europe, and then you will find that self-government will be but flimsy to hold men's passions in check, and then, by and by, you will go from anarchy to a centralized and strong government." I do not blame them for thinking so. If I had been brought up as they have been, perhaps I should think so; but they do not understand it; they do not understand the facts which actually are in existence, and are fundamental. For we are not attempting to build Society; we are by Society attempting to build the individual. We hold that the State is strong in

the proportion in which every individual in that State is free, large, independent. You have a finer educated upper class than we; you have nobler and deeper scholars in greater numbers than we have; you have institutions, compared with which ours are puny; you are educating the top, we are educating society from the bottom to the top; we are not attempting to lift favored classes higher; we are not attempting to give to those that already have; we are attempting to put our hands under the foundations of human life, and lift everybody up. That is a slower work; but when it is done and its fruits are ripe you will never doubt again which is the wisest and best policy.

I do not suppose that if you were to go and look upon the experiment of self-government in America you would have a very high opinion of it. I have not either if I just look on the surface of things. Why, men will say: "It stands to reason that 60,000,000 ignorant of law, ignorant of constitutional history, ignorant of jurisprudence, of finance, and taxes and tariffs and forms of currency—60,000,000 people that never studied these things—are not fit to rule. Your diplomacy is as complicated as ours, and it is the most complicated on earth, for all things grow in complexity as they develop toward a higher condition. What fitness is there in these people?" Well, it is not democracy merely; it is a representative democracy. Our people do not vote in mass for anything; they pick out captains of thought, they pick out the men that do know, and they send them to the Legislature to think for them, and then the people afterward ratify or disallow them.

But when you come to the Legislature I am bound to confess that the thing does not look very much more cheering on the outside. Do they really select the best men? Yes; in times of danger they do very generally, but in ordinary times "kissing goes by favor." What is that dandy in the Legislature for? His father was an eminent judge, and they thought it would be a compliment to the old gentleman to send his son up to the Legislature, not because he knows anything, but because his father does. It won't do to make too close an inquisition as to why people are in legislatures. What is that weasel-faced lawyer doing there? Well, there may be ten or twenty gentlemen who wanted legislation that would favor their par-

ticular property interest instead of the commonwealth, and they wanted somebody to wriggle a bill through the Legislature; and so he sits for the commonwealth. That great blustrous man squeezing on the front seats; what is he there for? He? He could shake hands with more mothers, kiss more pretty girls and more babies, and tell more funny stories in an hour than any other man in a month, and so they send him up to make laws. [Laughter.] When they get there it would do your heart good just to go and look at them. You know what the duty of the regular Republican-Democratic legislator is. It is to get back again next winter. His second duty is what? His second duty is to put himself under that extraordinary providence that takes care of legislators' salaries. The old miracle of the prophet and the meal and the oil is outdone immeasurably in our days, for they go there poor one year, and go home rich; in four years they become money-lenders, all by a trust in that gracious providence that takes care of legislators' salaries. Their next duty after that is to serve the party that sent them up, and then, if there is anything left of them, it belongs to the commonwealth. Some one has said very wisely, that if a man traveling wishes to relish his dinner he had better not go into the kitchen to see where it is cooked; if any man wishes to respect and obey the law, he had better not go to the Legislature to see where that is cooked. This, I presume, is entirely an American point of view. [Applause.]

Well, there are a great many more faults in self-government, but time will not permit me to enumerate them all, and yet I say that self-government is the best government that ever existed on the face of the earth. How should that be with all these damaging facts? "By their fruits ye shall know them." What a government is, is to be determined by the kind of people it raises, and I will defy the whole world in time past, and in time present, to show so vast a proportion of citizens so well off, so contented, so remunerated by their toil. The average of happiness under our self-government is greater than it ever has been, or can be, found under any sky, or in any period of human history. And the philosophical reason is not far to find; it belongs to that category in which a worse thing is sometimes a great deal better than a better thing. William has

been to school for over a year, and his teacher says to him one day: "Now, William, I am afraid your father will think that I am not doing well by you; you must write a composition—you must send your father a good composition to show what you are doing." Well, William never did write a composition, and he does not know how. "Oh, write about something that you do know about—write about your father's farm," and so, being goaded to his task, William says: "A cow is a useful animal. A cow has four legs and two horns. A cow gives good milk. I love good milk.—William Bradshaw." The master looks over his shoulder, and says: "Pooh, your father will think you are a cow. Here, give me that composition, I'll fix it." So he takes it home and fixes it. Here it reads: "When the sun casts off the dusky garments of the night, and appearing o'er the orient hill, sips the dew-drops pendant from every leaf the milkmaid goes afield chanting her matin song," and so on, and so on. [Applause.] Now I say that, rhetorically, the master's composition was unspeakably better than William's; but as a part of William's education, his poor scrawly lines are unspeakably better than the one that has been "fixed" for him. No man ever yet learned by having somebody else learn for him. A man learns arithmetic by blunder in and blunder out, but at last he gets it. A man learns to write through scrawling; a man learns to swim by going into the water, and a man learns to vote by voting. Now we are not attempting to make a government; we are attempting to teach 60,000,000 of men how to conduct a government by self-control, by knowledge, by intelligence, by fair opportunity to practice. It is better that we should have 60,000,000 of men learning through their own mistakes how to govern themselves, than it is to have an arbitrary government with the whole of the rest of the people ignorant.

Thus far I have spoken of the relation of the development of the common people—their relations to political economy and to government and politics, but I have left out the more important, the less traversed part. I affirm that the intelligence of the great mass of the common people has a direct bearing upon Science, upon Art, upon Morality, upon Religion itself. It would not seem as though the men that were superior in

education and knowledge could receive anything from those below; perhaps not, perhaps yes, for that which education gives is more nearly artificial than that which is inspired by the dominant sense and lower condition of the human mind that unites people in greater mass. Why, two hundred years ago there was but one doctor in the village; nobody but him knew anything of medicine. To-day, hygiene and physiology are taught in our schools, are spread abroad by newspapers or in lectures, or from the pulpit, and the common people, at any rate in our land, have their dividends of human knowledge. A woman that has brought up six children knows more about medicine than the village doctor two hundred years ago did. Two hundred years ago nobody knew anything about law but the judge and the counselors. To-day everybody knows something about law. We have broken open the arcana, we have distributed its treasures of knowledge, and the laborer knows something about law, the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant—everybody has an elementary knowledge of law. Has it destroyed the profession of the law? There never were so many highly educated men as now in the profession of the law, never were they more trustworthy and honorable, never had larger interests put into their hands, never had larger fees, and never were more willing to have them than they are now.

Well, how is it with regard to the Church? Just the same; just the same. Three hundred years ago there was but one Bible in a parish in England, and that was chained to a column in the church; and there was but one man to read it—the priest. And the people did not understand it then, and it was a part of official duty to go from house to house on the theory that the average parent did not know enough to teach the children the first principles of morality and religion. Go to-day over the same community, and on the Sabbath morning you shall see the girls and the young men with Bibles under their arms, themselves teachers, going down to mission schools, going down to instruct their inferiors. The profession has distributed its functions among the common people. Has it destroyed the profession? It never was stronger, never was as strong as it is to-day. Thank God as to mere professional nomination, say by ordination, say by some endowment from without, there

never was a time when they had so little influence since the Advent as they have to-day: and it is growing less and less, and with the ages they will grow so pale that they cannot cast a shadow. There never was a time when the man of God, because he was a man moved by the Holy Spirit of God to unfold his own moral consciousness, living among men, tied to them by no other ties than the sympathies of love, there never was a time when he had so much influence as he has to-day. [Applause.] And let me say that with regard to the title "ministers of the Gospel" everywhere, who have great and proper influence, it is not the paraphernalia, but it is the man inside of all these things that is the power. An ennobled manhood is coming into a position of influence in this world that it never had in any other period, nor in any other nation. This great English stock is the root, as the Germanic from which it sprung, of the grandest manhood that ever has been; but the stature has yet to be greater, and the power and the character are yet to be greater. Now, has it changed the economy of the Church? has it destroyed it? The Church was never so strong as it is to-day. It is not the pastor's business any longer to go from house to house as if the people were ignorant. Fathers and mothers of the children have now more knowledge than three hundred years ago the minister himself had, and the families are the bulwarks of the Church. It may be said that the Church has protected the family, but the Church itself has had its life from the family emancipated and made larger and nobler. Well, has it promoted morality? Yes! Of all the schools on earth where intelligence and piety dwell together, the father lip and the mother love have been the instruction of the children. There is more in these centers of real purity, and stanch honesty, and thorough integrity, than in any other institutions that are upon the earth.

Well, has it made any difference with theology? Yes, thank God, a great deal of difference. Theology in every age is the best account that men can give of the relations of the human family to God, and the types must be the types that society in those periods is best acquainted with; and when men thought that the King was divinely King, and that the channel of instruction to mankind came through the King, it was almost

inevitable that the God should be nothing but a superhuman King, having no consideration for the individual, but only thinking about His law, and about the universe, and about the national life, not the individual life; and that theology underlays much of their Evangelicanism, and men are running round it or creeping over it, or running against it and knocking their brains out. Well, what has the education of the common people done in that regard? It has taught men the meaning of the first words of the Lord's prayer: "Our Father." The old theology is from the forge, from law, from government among men; the New Testament theology takes its center in the Fatherhood of God and in the Divine love. And how has that theology been changed? If there be one thing which the family can teach men it is the doctrine of love, and if there be one priestess that can teach it above all others it is the mother. Hers are the sufferings that precede the child's existence; through the pangs of the mother it comes to life. She is the food of the child; she watches it. If it is sick, she is the nurse; if it suffers she suffers yet more. She gives up all her natural liberty, she accounts no assembly so full of pleasure, and nowhere else is her life so sweet to her as by the side of the cradle or with the babe in her lap. For this she suffered, for this she gives up all her knowledge; and as it grows up step by step she feeds it, and she becomes its knowledge and its righteousness, and its justice and its sanctification; she stands for it, and out of her it lives. And when the father even has lost out of his ear the funeral bell when the child is gone, the mother hears it toll to the end of her life. Or, when, misled and overtempted, a child in ascending years breaks away from family influence and goes down step by step to disgrace and misery, and at last is afar off, the dear child sends back word: "Oh, mother, may I come home to die?" there is no reproach, the one word that rings out like an angel's trumpet is: "Oh, my child, come home," and the mother's knee to the returning prodigal is the most sacred place in the universe this side of the feet of Jesus Christ; and if there be one single creature out of Heaven or on the earth that is able to teach the theologian what is the love of God, it is the mother. [Applause.] And that work has but begun. And both the teacher, the preacher, and

the Church are to see balmier and better days in the time to come, when at last we shall have a theology that teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Men are alarmed, they want peace. Well, you can find it in the graveyard, and that is the only place. [Laughter.] Among living men you can find no peace. Growth means disturbance; peace means death in any such sense as that of non-investigation, not changing, and if men say: "If you give up the old landmark you do not know where you will land," I know where you will land if you do not. Do you believe in God? I do. Do you believe that He has a providence over human affairs? I do. And I believe that that hand that has steered this vagrant world through all the dark seas and storms of the past has hold of the helm yet, and through all seeming confusions He will steer the nations and the people to the golden harbor of the millennium safe. Trust Him, love Him, and rejoice. [Applause.]

EDWARD WILLIAM BOK

THE KEYS TO SUCCESS

Edward Bok was born in Helder, Holland, in 1863 and came to this country at the age of six. He has told the story of his life most graphically in "The Americanization of Edward Bok." From 1889 to 1919 he was editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal.* This lecture, which won wide popularity, is the only one that Mr. Bok has delivered.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—At a large dinner party in Washington, a lady sitting next to William M. Evarts, then Secretary of State, said to him: "Mr. Evarts, don't you think that a woman is the best judge of other women?" "Ah, madam," said the great lawyer, "she is not only the best judge, but she is the best executioner."

Perhaps Mr. Evarts might have said the same thing had he been asked if a young man is the best judge of other young men.

Of one thing I am certain: I do not ask for that remarkable confidence which the young English laborer showed in his family physician. He went to the register's office, you know, to record his father's death, and when the register asked the date of death, said: "Well, father ain't dead yet. But he will be dead before morning, and I thought it would save me another trip if you would put it down now." "Oh, that won't do at all," said the register. "Why, your father may be well before morning." "Ah, no, he won't," said the young laborer. "Our doctor says he won't, and he knows what he's given father."

Now, my friends, it is a position just between these two that I would like to take this evening; as a young man in the thick of the battle for success, who leaves the battlefield just for a few moments to talk with his comrades. To strike that same key-note which Chauncey M. Depew struck the other day

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when a young man asked him: "Mr. Depew, what is the secret to success?" And Mr. Depew answered: "My boy, there is no secret to it. It is just dig, dig, dig."

And that is exactly the key-note which every young man must learn who is striving to succeed. He must put success in its rightful, simple place. For there is nothing simpler; so long as we do not give it a wrong meaning.

Take ten young men, for example, and ask them what success means, and nine of them will associate it with something for only those who are exceptionally clever. That is the popular impression: that success means the possession of some commanding talent. We look at a man of exceptional capacity, who has done something unusual in the world, and we say: "He is a successful man." Of course he is, but his is the success of the leader, and very few of us are born to be leaders. But success does not stop at such heights. The men, for example, who sailed with Lieutenant Hobson on that short but perilous voyage into the mouth of Santiago harbor, accomplished just as much in their positions as did their lieutenant in his. Each had to accomplish; each had to do what and all that he could do. It was as important that the man in the hold with his hand on the engine which propelled that ship should make a success of his position and keep the ship moving, as it was for Hobson to order her to stop at the right point in the channel, drop the anchors, and sink the big collier. Both had to carry to a successful termination what they started out to do; and that is what success really is and means. What a man does well, he succeeds in.

Now, a young man, before he starts out to succeed, must get that truth well fixed in his head. He must fix success in its rightful place; then it becomes possible to him. Let him fix it too high and it becomes an impossibility; a discouragement instead of a stimulus.

The correct definition of success is accomplishment; the favorable termination of anything attempted—anything, remember—a result, in other words, which answers the particular purpose intended.

Nor must a young man compare himself with others or measure his success by theirs. It makes no difference how other

men succeed. Their success is theirs; not yours. It matters nothing to me that Edison can invent the electric light and I can't; that Kipling can write a "Recessional" and I can't; that you can plead the law and I can't. You can do one thing; I try to do another. But success is for both of us just so far as we do well what we can do. Every man is himself, and it is in proportion as he gets out of himself the power there is within him that he succeeds—succeeds in doing the thing he is best fitted to do.

We must not get ourselves into the frame of mind of the two little English girls, one the daughter of a curate and the other of an English bishop, who were quarreling over the comparative success of their fathers in the ministry. "My father can preach better than your father, because he is a bishop," said one. That was too weighty a reason for the curate's little girl. But she quickly recovered and said: "Well, anyhow, we've got a hen in our yard which lays an egg every day." "That's nothing," retorted the bishop's daughter; "my father lays a corner-stone every week."

Nor must young men get the idea that if a man is known he is a success. Reputation is not success. Many a man has achieved reputation without having achieved success. Every good business man will tell you that the success most highly regarded in the business world of to-day is that which is won on conservative lines. The meteors in the commercial heavens, so admired by the average young man, are viewed only with suspicion by experienced business men. That was clearly enough demonstrated last spring when a young Chicago speculator set out to control the wheat of the world. In a few months he found his level, and at the same time a shortage in his bank account of ten millions of dollars. The man who goes up like a rocket always comes down like a stick. True success is earned slowly, and by doing everything we do the best way we can.

That is success. And that is all there is to it. It has no secret, as Mr. Depew said. There is nothing mysterious about it. All it has is a price. Any young man in this house can make a success in proportion to his capacities, as he is willing to pay the price: first, hard work; and, second, personal sacri-

fices. Edison, you know, when recently asked his definition of genius, answered: "Two per cent is genius, and ninety-eight per cent is hard work." And when the great inventor was asked upon another occasion: "Mr. Edison, don't you believe that genius is inspiration?" he replied: "No! Genius is *per*-spiration."

Now, when I speak of hard work, I do not mean work which a man accomplishes simply as an incident of his life. I mean an unflagging industry—an absolute love for one's work. There is no better test of a man's fitness for his work than his love for it. And that is the answer and the only one which can be made to the question so often asked by young men: "How can I tell for which particular trade or profession I am fitted?" If a man loves his work, no matter what it may be, that is the work he is best fitted for.

And I would like to say one word just here to the parents in this audience. Be careful, my friends, how you try to dissuade your son from the kind of work for which he hungers or shows decided taste. It may not be agreeable to you that he wishes to be a physician. You would rather see him a lawyer, as his father is. But, remember, it does not necessarily follow that he can be one. If your son's tastes tend toward medicine, be careful how you try to turn them toward the law. There are enough bad lawyers now who might have been great doctors had they been left to choose their own careers. A prominent New York man identified with the two leading law and medical schools of that city told me not long ago that each year these schools were turning out scores of young men who drifted at once into car conductors, station agents, and commercial clerks. And this is simply because of the mistakes of parents in attempting to force round pegs into square holes. It cannot be done. No sight is so sad as that of a son forced by his parents into a trade or profession which is uncongenial and distasteful to him. A young man cannot honestly make a success in any business unless he loves his work, any more than a married man can be happy in his home unless he loves his wife.

Now, really hard work is understood by very few young men. The average young man is either afraid of it or he has no taste for it. I am afraid that there was a good deal of

truth in the answer made to the editor of a Western newspaper who sent to all the successful men in his city the question: "Why is it that not more of our young men succeed?" And one answer came in his laconic phrase: "Because too many of them are looking for white-shirt jobs." It was a homely way of putting it, but there is much truth in it. Young men want success, but they are unwilling to work for it.

But hard work must become a habit before any degree of success whatever is attained. And it must be an absolute devotion to one purpose. Not several, for this is an age of specialties. If there ever was a time when it was demanded of a man that he should do one thing supremely well, it is now. I know we hear it said sometimes of a man, disparagingly, that he knows nothing outside of his one line of work. But it must not be forgotten that competition is so keen to-day that a man who would be supreme in his own line has not much time to know more than one thing well.

The man of to-day who has to do with the employment of men, witnesses no sadder sight than the procession of unemployed men who are exemplary in life, have some general intelligence, are respectable, honest, and frequently of good social position, and yet who can get only menial, routine places. The reason of this is that they have no definite knowledge; no special experience. "They can do almost anything," they say, which really means that they can do nothing. The successful man of to-day is the man who in business knows the one thing which he is doing better than any other man does. To do one thing supremely well takes a great man.

Now, I know there seem to many young men to be instances of exception to success won by hard work. But they are all in the seeming. Things in this world never just happen. There is always a reason for everything if you will only look for it. So with success. It is not a thing of chance. It comes to men only because they work intelligently for it and along legitimate lines. No man in this world ever made a lasting success except by hard work. Study the lives of successful men, and the story will be found in each case exactly the same. The methods vary, as they must, but the actual basis of every successful life is the persistent, hard, hard work of years, and many a personal sacri-

fice. This is not always apparent, simply because we are all too apt to look at a man when he has achieved his success. But there was a digging period.

In a business transaction with Henry Ward Beecher I had occasion one time to give him a check for $250. "Well," said the great preacher, looking at the check, "I know the time when I would have done ten times as much work for two hundred and fifty cents. Time makes a difference." "Is it only time?" I asked. "Well, with thirty-eight years of hard work packed in," was the reply. And there was hard work packed in there. Three hundred dollars a year was Mr. Beecher's first salary, and so small were the quarters in which they lived that Mrs. Beecher had to go out on the porch and make up the bed through the window.

I might go on indefinitely with such stories. I could tell you of the small boy in Philadelphia who for $2 a week ran errands in a store and swept the sidewalk each morning. But that boy ran those errands so well and swept that sidewalk so thoroughly that when he died the whole country knew of George W. Childs and his wealth.

Or of that boy who came to New York penniless and a beggar, and who in three years earned just $300. But he kept at it. He worked day and night, and always beside a tank, foul with the smell of oil. Yet he made that oil so well that now scarcely one of us in this entire country can burn a drop of oil that is not bought of his vast Standard Oil Company.

We are apt to say of these men that they rose from nothing; and that is generally true. But upon that nothing they built a lot of tremendous hard work.

Years ago, in one of our Western towns, a young man sat in a dingy office digging away at the law. He had no teacher; no one to help him. But he kept digging away until he made himself the ablest constitutional lawyer in America, and the people made Benjamin Harrison President of the United States. But he worked hard, and he loved his work.

Some few years ago two men sat in a small insurance office in New York and found that the loss of their company for the previous month was just $400. At the end of the next month their loss was $900. Month after month went by and the losses

increased. But they kept at it. All comforts and pleasures were put aside. "Many a time," said one of these men to me, "we went to the office on Monday morning and never left it until Tuesday midnight." Finally, at the end of fourteen months of constant losses, a balance of $6 was shown as the first profit the company had ever seen. The tide had turned. To-day the company, of which one of these men is president, has the largest number of policy-holders on its books of any single company in America, and it puts aside each year $2,000,000 as invested profits.

It is one thing to work hard when things are all going your way. But when everything seems to be going the other way, when there is so much to discourage and so little to encourage —then hard work becomes doubly hard. The only thing then that can save a man is his enthusiasm for his work—his love for it. That is the power which impels men onward. He must have confidence in his work: more confidence than did the little boy who had been put to bed during a violent thunder-storm; the poor little chap was scared half to death, but his mother told him that he need not be afraid: that God was with him and would take care of him. "Yes, I know," said the little boy, "but why can't I go down-stairs and stay with papa, and you stay up here with God?" Now, that boy lacked confidence.

Now, some one may ask: "Is success worth this price? Is it worth while?" That, my friend, you must decide for yourself. I believe it is. I think it is a magnificent thing for a young man to rise to the very best that is within him; to make the most of what he is. This hard work does for him. It brings out what he has in him.

See what hard work will do for a nation. Into the soil of no other nation on this earth has there been put more hard work than the American man has put into this American continent. What is the result? We cannot begin to eat what we grow; we cannot begin to use what we produce. We have become stewards of the world.

Now, some people have an idea that hard work hurts and sometimes even kills a man. It doesn't. Hard work never yet killed a man, nor hurt him. Worry kills, but not work. What is called overwork is nothing but overworry. The healthiest

men are the men who work the hardest. A man feels well after he has worked hard. He goes to bed at night with a healthy fatigue. There is nothing so satisfying to a man as a healthy, busy day—a day which at its close makes him feel glad that he was part of it. Hard work is not irksome; it is a healthy price which any man pays for success. Spasmodic work tires, but constant, persistent work becomes a pleasure. It is the man that sticks, who keeps everlastingly at it, that makes a success.

When a young man goes into business he must have two keys to success: a principle, and a method. When you say to a young man that the only principle he can follow in business is honesty, it sounds very trite to him. But let me explain why there can be no other. Just stop and think what business really is and means. Business is simply a system of trade, of exchange between men: a system by which one man transfers to another certain goods in trade or performs certain services in a profession. A fixed amount of money is paid as an equivalent for the goods or services. That is the visible part of the transaction. But what is the real basis? The confidence of man in man that certain goods or services rendered are what they are represented to be. Now, that is all that business is; it rests upon the trust of one man in the word of another. Consider, for instance, the striking fact that only five per cent of the world's entire business is conducted on a cash basis; ninety-five per cent on credit, or, in other words, on confidence in the integrity of man. Now, let a man destroy that confidence, and what is there left? Absolutely nothing. Therefore, the question of whether a man can or cannot, whether he should or should not be honest in business, answers itself by the very condition of business itself. It is not a case of can, or should, but one of must.

If one-tenth of what we constantly hear about dishonesty in business were actually true, business would cease. But it does go on, because there are far more honest than dishonest men in business.

I know it is sometimes very hard for young men to believe this. They see some dishonest man prosper. But watch him, and sooner or later you will see the turn in the road. It is bound

to come. There is no escaping it. He may go on for years, perhaps, but the longer he lasts the greater will be his drop when the fall does come. We cannot get away from it, my friends: a young man must be honest in business. And he must be steadfast and unbending in this. Without absolute honesty success is impossible; it is simply out of the question.

Now, with honesty as a principle, we must adopt a method. And the best one is that given by H. B. Claflin, the great New York merchant, to a young man, who asked him: "Mr. Claflin, can you, in one word, give me the key to successful business?" and the millionaire merchant said: "Yes, thoroughness." And never was there given to young men a better word to remember in business—thoroughness. It is the surest key to success in business: thoroughness in everything a man does; thoroughness, especially in little things. An absolute regard for the small things is necessary in every undertaking. It is the little courtesies of every-day life which make life worth the living; so details are the bone and sinew of any success. The most important results sometimes hang on small things. For instance, in a lawsuit in New York not long ago, the entire proceedings turned upon one sentence in a letter. The stenographer to whom the letter was dictated had destroyed her notes. The letter itself was lost. There was nothing left but the impression of it in the firm's copying-book. But the office-boy had hastily copied it; the impression was so faint that although every ingredient known to chemistry was tried it could not be made clear. This was simply a lack of thoroughness on the part of the office-boy. The mere copying of that letter was too small a thing to him to be considered of importance. And yet the absence of that letter was the sole basis for a judgment for $350,000. An important will-suit, only last year, was lost because of the failure to date a letter. A thing half or three-quarters done, my friends, is far worse than not done at all.

One of the largest and most prosperous business houses I know of never allows abbreviations of any sort in its correspondence. Everything about its letters has a finished look; evidence of thoroughness. If a letter is addressed to a correspondent in Baltimore, the word Maryland is written out in

full, the same as the city. But isn't that going pretty far? some one may ask. Not at all; the character of a business house is unmistakably shown in its correspondence, and where the practice is most fruitful is in the lesson of thoroughness in small things which it teaches to its employees. When a young man in business overlooks the small things, or thinks they are not important enough to do them well and thoroughly, he leaves out of his calculations one of the most important elements in success.

There is everything in that one word—thoroughness; personal interest; concentration; patience; forgetfulness of self; close application; honest work. It completely does away with those two unfortunate Americanisms, "That will do" and "That is good enough." A thorough workman never says, "There, that will do," but "There that is *it*." And this is what every young man in business should learn: that absolutely nothing is good enough if it can be made better, and better is never good enough if it can be made best.

The real peril of the American young man of to-day is that he is too content to be of the average, rather than of the best. It is getting to be the exception to find in business a young man who is something more than a mere automatic machine. He comes to his office at nine o'clock in the morning; is faithful in the duties he performs. He goes to lunch at twelve. He comes back at one. If by some chance he happens to return five minutes before one, he stands outside the door until the clock strikes, fearful lest he should give one single extra moment to his work or his employer. He takes up whatever he is told to do until five, and at the stroke of the clock closes his desk and goes home. His work for the day is done. One day is exactly the same to him as another. He has a certain routine of duties to do, and he does them day in and day out. He is the same yesterday and to-day. No special fault can be found with his work. He does it just as a machine would. He works with no definite point or plan in view. He is a mere drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine. You pay him so much; you get so much. If he detracts nothing from his employer's business, he certainly adds nothing to it. "But," he says, "I do everything I am told to do. What more can I do?" And that is just where

so many young men fail, just at that "more" point. What more can they do?

It is the extra service rendered in business that tells with the employer; not giving him exactly what he bargained for, but a little more; a great deal more, if necessary; doing his business thoroughly no matter how long it takes.

It is no special art and it reflects very little credit on a young man simply to fill a position. That is expected of him; he is engaged to do that. The art lies in doing more than was bargained for; in proving greater than was expected; in making more of a position than was ever made before. The difference between a successful clerk and an unsuccessful clerk is that the one makes his position greater than he found it; the other keeps it where he found it, and it keeps him there.

Now, I would not be understood as belittling the value of faithfulness in an employee. But, after all, faithfulness is nothing more or less than a negative quality. It is not enough that a young man be faithful; he must be something more. Faithfulness must exist; but only as a foundation on which to build other qualities.

Now, young men sometimes say: "There is no advancement where I am. My employer is unappreciative. He is unjust." There are such instances, of course. There are mean men in business, no doubt. In a case where a circumstance cripples a young man, he must change the circumstance. But, as a rule, the fault lies more often with the young man than with his employer. Very few employers will prevent the cream of their establishments from rising to the surface. It wouldn't be good business to do so. The advance of an employee always means the advance of the employer's interest. If it didn't the employer wouldn't advance the employee. Men are in business for business; not for sentiment.

There are, of course, exceptions, as there are to every rule, but as a general thing a man gets paid in business about what he is worth, or not very far from it. The man who most loudly complains of being underpaid is generally very apt to be already overpaid.

The cause of discontent in business is generally found in inability of some sort. Business houses are not underpaying

the right sort of young men who are valuable to them. They can't afford to. Young men of that kind are too scarce.

A. T. Stewart used to say that he always had plenty of vacancies in his store which he could not fill, although he wanted to, for $10,000 employees. And this is just as true of merchants of to-day. Let an important position open and every employer knows how hard it is to fill it: impossible, in fact, sometimes. It is not that the positions are not there: it is that the men are not there. If a young man has qualities in him that are worth $10,000 a year to an employer, the position will present itself to him fast enough. He doesn't need to be told where such a chance exists. He doesn't wait for others to show him the way. He finds the way himself.

A good deal of discontent in business comes from young men in what we call the smaller cities. They feel that if they could only get into one of our larger cities they could succeed. But, all the same, a man's success never depends on the place in which he lives: it depends on the man.

It is the man, not the place that counts. The magnet of worth is the drawing power in business. It is what you are, not where you are. If a young man has the right stuff in him, he need not fear where he lives or does his business. Many a large man has expanded a small place. The idea that a small place retards a man's progress is pure nonsense. If the community does not offer facilities for a growing business, they can be brought to it. Proper force can do anything. All that is needed is right direction. The vast majority of people are like sheep: they follow a leader. Success is the most courageous thing on earth: people love to be identified with it. And in a small community a young man has some chance to lead. A man can often throw a stronger light upon a metropolis when he is a little away from it than he could if he were in it and of it.

The higher salaries of the larger cities are, perhaps, what attract young men more potently than any other factor. But these salaries are not so high as they are often said to be, nor will the city income buy as much in the metropolis as is frequently believed. It is a common mistake of young men to base the higher salary of the larger city on the smaller

expenses of the smaller city. This is always an attractive calculation; but, unfortunately, it won't work out. A salary of $2,000 a year in the big city will not bring a young man by far the comfortable living which $1,000 a year means to him in the smaller community. A rising young clerk, manager, or business man in the small city lives like a king in comparison to the man of equal position in the large center. He need only earn a thousand a year to have his own little home, by lease or purchase, with God's pure sunshine on four sides of it; not a few filtered rays of light through an air-shaft. To the wife of such a man her neighbors mean her friends. She has time for her children, her home, her social duties, her reading, and her church. Her children have their own grass-plot for their play-ground. The fields and woods are within view or walk. The husband's friends live all around him. He knows the man who lives next door—the man in the large city doesn't. His neighbor's children are his children's playmates. His social life has a meaning to it. He has time to read, something which the man in the larger city, whom he envies, has not. His church is to him like a family gathering every Sunday morning. The blood of health rushes through the veins of his children as they sleep and play in an unpolluted atmosphere. Every step of progress which he makes in business is known to his friends. Life means something to such a man; it means happiness, and the wise man is he who stays where he is happy.

No young man need ever feel that, by reason of his residence in a smaller city, he is not a part of the life of the country. That very fact makes him an essential part of it. He is the producer. His city makes possible the greater center. The sensible young man stays in the smaller city these days. Suppose the measure of success is smaller: the measure of happiness is greater. Happiness does not depend upon success any more than success means happiness. Emerson, in that magnificent essay on "The Young American," well says: "Money is of no value: it cannot spend itself. All depends upon the skill of the spender." Great successes do not by any means bring corresponding happiness. It is what a man gets out of his life that makes him happy.

I tell you, my friends, the really fortunate young man today, although he may not know it, is he who has good health, honest principles, a determination to succeed, lives in a small city and is content to stay there. He will find plenty of opportunities there for any talents he may possess, for any measure of success he can achieve. No town is too small for any success, any more than nothing is too small to be thoroughly done. A small thing is a pin, for example. But yet it takes seven men to make a perfect pin.

Thoroughness is the earning power of success, and success must always be earned. You cannot hurry it. It is like respect; you must earn it. It comes only to a man when, with honest principles and thoroughness of method, he has prepared himself for it, and when he is ready for it.

The best man is the man who does his best. When we make the most of what we do, we make the most of what we are.

I said a little way back that success called for certain sacrifices, and this especially applies to a young man's social life. Now, some young men have a dangerous belief that employers have no jurisdiction over their evening hours. But the fact is that an employer has some rights in this respect. He has a perfect right to expect that his employee shall not only carry himself respectably in his social life, but that he shall temper his social habits to business demands. No employer can afford to intrust responsibilities in the hands of a man in the daytime who endangers them by his social habits after nightfall.

The average young man is very apt to go to extremes in this. On the one hand there are those who so immerse themselves in business that they shut out every social pleasure. They get so weighted down with the serious problems of life that they become impatient with the lighter side of living as being frothy and silly. A young man who allows himself to get so thoroughly wedded to business that he can see no good in social life is his own worst enemy. He becomes unprofitable to himself, and uninteresting to other people. He stagnates. Business is like water and fire, my friends, an excellent servant, but dangerous if you allow it to become your

master. Nothing in the world can make a man more thoroughly selfish and so forgetful of the rights and comforts of others in his home as too close an application to business. Business is for the office; very little of it for the home.

Every young man must have a certain amount of social life. It is good for him. His nature demands it. We must play in order to work better. The mind needs a change of thought just as the body needs a change of raiment. A wholesome social life broadens a young man: it rounds him out. But, on the other hand, there are young men who go to excess in their social life, and this is just as deadly as the other is stagnating. Social pleasures are like everything else in this world; their danger lies not in their use, but in their abuse. No mind can be fresh in the morning that has been kept at a tension the night before by late hours. A young man at twenty-five needs more sleep than does a man at fifty. It is his building time. Any young man who, except upon rare occasions, grants himself less than eight hours' sleep robs himself of just so much vitality. That should be every young man's positive rule. The midnight hours of eleven and twelve o'clock should always be passed in sleep. Asleep by eleven and up by seven is the course which hundreds of successful men have laid out for themselves. The loss of vitality brought by less than eight hours' sleep may not be felt or noticed at first. But sleeping is only Nature's banking system of principal and interest. A man to be a factor in the business world must have a fresh mind and a clear brain, and that is only possible where he gives them proper rest. Social excesses make this impossible. I care not how strong or robust a young fellow may be, social dissipation will sooner or later influence his work.

Now, I am not a crank; I do not advocate total abstinence of any habits to which human nature is prone. There are many good people who say to young men that they mustn't smoke, they mustn't dance, they mustn't play cards, they mustn't go to the theater, they mustn't do this and they mustn't do that. I know I am treading on thin ice here, and I do not propose to advise any young man which of these things he may do and which he may not do. Every young man knows in

his own heart what is good for him and what is not good. But one thing I do say, and it is this: I think a young man should have all the good time he can during those years when he enjoys a good time most.

Of course one's ideas of good times differ, like the two little girls who had been in the country all day, and when asked by their mother if they had enjoyed themselves, replied, with fervor: "Oh, yes, we had a bee-autiful time. We saw two pigs killed, a house burn down, and a man buried." Young men will have their pleasures and their fun, and so long as those pleasures are wholesome no rigid rule of unbending principles should be forced upon them.

Taking a young man to task for questionable pleasures always brings up the story of the young English curate who was censured by his bishop for going fox-hunting. It seemed to the bishop to be too worldly. The young minister replied that his fox-hunting didn't seem to him any more worldly than did the fact of the bishop's presence at a large masquerade ball a few evenings ago. The bishop explained that while it was true he had been visiting the house where the ball had taken place, he had not been within three rooms of the dancing any time during the evening. "Oh, well, if it comes to that," said the young minister, "I never get within three fields of the hounds."

There is no sense in saying to an active, healthy young fellow that he must sit home five nights in a week and read a book, and the other secular night go out and take a nice little walk. He won't do it, and I don't blame him. It's unnatural. Little Lord Fauntleroys are all very agreeable to read about, but I don't think we want them in actual life.

Now, young men often ask what are these social pleasures and indulgences which seriously affect a young man's success? A specific answer cannot be given. No one set of rules can be applied to all. An exhilarating pleasure to one is often a positive injury to another. The only rule by which a young man can live in his social life is this: any social pleasure which affects a young man's health, which clouds his mind, from which he rises the next morning tired rather than refreshed, is bad for him and affects his success. Good health is the

foundation of all possible success in life; affect the one and you affect the other. If a pleasure refreshes and elevates your mind and body, if you feel better for it next morning, that is a pleasure good for you. No other rule can be given. Only one point of self-indulgence do I wish this evening to dwell upon in a specific manner, and that is an indulgence in alcoholic liquors. When I speak of this question I take it entirely away from any religious or moral standpoint. To me it is not a question of whether it is right or wrong for a young man to indulge in spirituous liquors. It is rather can he do it than should he do it. Is it wise rather than is it wrong? And I say to him, plainly and directly, he cannot do it. I say this to every young fellow in this audience honestly from my own observation and experience as a mere boy who, when he started out, did not know exactly what position to take in this matter.

Some years ago there was in Brooklyn a boy about sixteen years old who began attending public dinners as a reporter. Wines were then more freely used at dinners than now. The first public dinner he was sent to report was a New England Society banquet. He was extremely anxious to succeed, because it would mean other assignments. He had been brought up in his father's home with wine on the table, because in his native country, Holland, light wine is the common beverage and not an intoxicant. The decision which the young reporter had to make in Brooklyn that night was, therefore, not approached with prejudice. His common-sense simply argued it out for him that if he drank liquors his mind might not be so clear to report the speeches he was sent there to take. And so he shielded his wine glasses—a practice which he has followed ever since.

Now, that young reporter simply argued to himself what was the wisest thing for him to do, and he did it. And that is the way I want every young man to decide this question. Never mind going into the question of whether it is right or wrong. That might lead to controversy or doubt. Simply take the hard common-sense view of it. The temporary exhilaration which is supposed to come from alcohol, either in diffused or concentrated form, is unnecessary to a young man in good health. Therefore, it can do him absolutely no good.

He does not need it, and not an ounce of better health will come to him by reason of it. But it may do him harm. The chances are that it will. And no young man can afford to take a single risk or chance in the morning of a business career. He needs the unhampered use of all his powers; all his health, all his intellect, and all his manners.

I do not ask him to accept this on any ground but that of expediency. He will see for himself that for every young man in business who does drink, no matter how moderately, there is some young man of the abstaining kind waiting around the corner for his place and who will do his work all the better because he does abstain. And employers prefer the abstaining sort. The presidents of the two largest railroads in this country have each told me personally within the past year that they will no longer employ any man for any position on their roads who drinks even moderately. And this is growing to be a common custom in all branches of business. Alcohol is becoming more and more each day to be regarded in the business world as a positive detriment to a man's greatest usefulness.

I cannot, as a return for sobriety, promise to any young man the remarkable reward of that little boy in Denver, who, with his class in school, was requested by his teacher to write a story. Each boy was to choose his own subject, and the story was to be read without revision by the teacher. So this particular boy chose as his subject: "Virtue Has Its Own Reward," and this was his story: "A poor young man fell in love with the daughter of a rich lady who kept a candy-shop. The poor young man could not marry the rich candy lady's daughter because he had not money enough to buy furniture. A wicked man offered to give the young man twenty-five dollars if he would become a drunkard. The young man wanted the money very much so he could marry the rich candy lady's daughter, but when he got to the saloon he turned to the wicked man and said: 'I will not become a drunkard even for great riches. Get thee behind me, Satan.' And as he turned around to go home he saw lying on the sidewalk a pocketbook containing a million dollars in gold. Then the young lady consented to marry him. They had a beautiful

wedding and the next day they had twins. Thus you see that 'virtue has its own reward.'"

Now I cannot promise you a reward quite as speedy nor as rich as this. I can tell you, however, of a more likely one, a more possible one at least—the somewhat curious reward which unexpectedly came to the young reporter at that Brooklyn dinner, of whom I spoke before. One of the speeches he was to report at the banquet was that of the President of the United States, and, not being very expert in his stenography, he failed to get a large part of the speech. So, after the dinner was over, he sought the President, explained his plight, and asked the Chief Magistrate if he could give him a printed copy of the speech. The reporter found the eyes of the President curiously fixed upon him, and heard him say: "My boy, can you wait a few minutes? I want to speak to you." Of course, it was very easy for the boy to wait for the President of the United States and he did so. After fifteen minutes the President beckoned the boy reporter to him and said, abruptly: "Tell me, why did you refuse wine at the dinner this evening?"

Naturally the reporter was surprised. But he explained the resolution he had made for the first time that evening; whereupon the President, reaching for one of the plate cards on the table, said: "I wish you would write your name and address on this card, please." Well, my friends, to make a long story short, that young reporter's paper the next day had the only verbatim report of the President's speech, whereas he himself received this note:

My dear young friend:—

I have been telling Mrs. Hayes this morning of what you told me at the dinner last evening and she was very much interested. She would like to see you, and asks if you will call at where we are stopping in Brooklyn, this evening at 8:30.

Very faithfully yours,

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

It was a valuable friendship which that young reporter made that evening, my friends. Other friendships were constantly made possible to him through it. And it's easy for that young

reporter, speaking to you to-night, to look back and trace his starting point of acquaintance and opportunities to that unexpected friendship with the President of the United States and continued by a constant interchange of letters and advice until only a few days before his passing away.

I have told this story chiefly to impress upon young men the fallacy of the idea that a strict adherence to a principle, whether it relates to spirituous liquors or anything else, makes a young man appear rather "babyish," that he is tied to his mother's apron-strings as it is sometimes called, and in consequence is sometimes a barrier to his social popularity. In all the nineteen years in which that Brooklyn reporter has since refused to drink liquor at dinners, public or private, he has never found that he lost a single friend by his refusal. A young man who starts out in life with a fixed principle, whether it be that he will not drink, nor smoke, nor indulge in anything which in his heart he feels is not good for him, or in which he does not conscientiously believe, and adheres to that principle at all times, holds in his hand one of the most powerful elements of success in the world to-day. There is a great deal of good common-sense abroad in this world of ours, and a young man with a good principle is always safe to depend upon it. Aside from the specific habit I have touched upon, the key to success for a young man in his social life is that of moderation—of temperance. In the English language there is no more beautiful word than that of temperance—not as we so commonly understand it as applying only to one indulgence and that in a prohibitive sense; I mean its true meaning —moderation. His social indulgences must be tempered with reason or common-sense. A young man whose thoughts during business hours recur to a pleasure of the evening before, or are constantly fixed upon a sport of the morrow, soon finds himself outdistanced in the race for success by those who keep such things in their proper places. When a young fellow knows the standing of the base-ball clubs in the various leagues, or the minute records of the crack bicyclists better than he knows the prices of the goods he is paid to see, or the discounts which his house gives to its customers, his interest in sports is directed against his own good. What are called

"base-ball cranks," or "bicycle fiends," or "foot-ball enthusiasts" are never good business men, and their standing in the community is always on a par with their overwrought interest.

In other words, a young man must remember that his days are for work—not for pleasure or thoughts of pleasure. If he feels that success allows him no leisure, he must remember that leisure is not for young men. That is something for which a man works. It comes when it is earned, and it generally comes at the right time in a man's life; when he has years enough and sense enough to know what to do with it. Young manhood is the time for work.

See how men are becoming more moderate; more temperate in every phase of life. Self-control is to-day the ruling tendency with men. In every direction we see a striving for self-poise. The finest type of man who exists to-day is he who takes no extreme position on any point, but who is calm in his demeanor, temperate in his judgment, judicial in his bearing, a man who has himself well in hand.

Prudence is teaching men that they cannot afford to have habits which put their health and self-control in peril. One sees this moderation in all things. See how swearing is going out of vogue. The man whose speech is punctured with the oaths which characterized the conversation of gentlemen in former days, is to-day stamped as vulgar, as coarse. A drunkard to-day is declared a nuisance in the same society which only a few years back shielded his weakness. Coarse indulgences of all kinds have fallen under reproach. They are to-day offensive to good taste. So to say to a young man to study self-control, self-poise, temperance, moderation, is not alone to tell him what is best for him, but it is to place him exactly in line with the tendencies of other men.

The confusing assertion is sometimes made by young men that men are not so religious as they were. But the facts are that true, honest, practical religion actually holds a more secure place in the hearts of strong men than ever before. And this is the point I want to impress upon young men so far as their religious life is concerned; that religion does not imply a sickly sentimentality, as some young men believe. It is not a mark

of intelligence to scoff at sacred things. A true belief in God is one of the manliest qualities which a young man can possess. Without a respect for sacred things no man can earn respect for himself. Religion is too much a matter of one's innermost feelings to be governed by rule. But in these days, when many of the truths which our forefathers held sacred are being discussed in so-called "new lights," and when the beliefs of many are in a sense disturbed by reason of these "new doctrines," it is well that young men should have it said to them to bear in mind one or two fundamental truths.

No matter what present revelations or subsequent discoveries may prove or seek to disprove as to religious teachings, one great essential can never be altered: that is, the necessity of a firm faith, an absolute belief that a wise God rules over this universe and over the destiny of each man, woman, or child. Whatever constitutes that God is not for us to solve. Enough is it for us to know that there is a God, that there is a Supreme Being, a Creator, a Ruler. No one should doubt that one great and essential fact, and the young man who hesitates or refuses to believe in the existence of that God makes the greatest and most monstrous mistake of his life. Without that faith, without that absolute conviction, he will be hindered and crippled in whatever he undertakes. On that point he cannot afford to err; to doubt it, even in the light of the most advanced knowledge that can ever be presented, he cannot for one single moment allow himself. This much is absolute. Another point is that every person can go to that Creator and Dispenser of all good and receive, through supplication, guidance in all affairs. He must have, because he can have, an earnest, a heartfelt, an honest belief in prayer. Whatsoever arguments may be brought to bear upon this question, one thing remains undisputed: that an honest and earnest prayer sent forth from the human heart to its Heavenly Father, for guidance or for help, is sure, and absolutely sure, to bring strength to the soul and enlightenment to the mind. Nothing can ever refute this. Too many millions of people have experienced the truth of this in their lives. Argument on this point is fruitless. A young man might as well argue that he loved his mother. Conscious experience does more than theoretical argument, and that con-

scious experience has taught the happiest men and the best women that there is a direct communication between God and the humblest person on His footstool. A prayer for guidance sent from the heart of man to that God is never lost.

Have, then, an absolute faith in God and in prayer, and only one thing more is needed to complete the fundamental basis of all religions: an honest effort to live according to our conscience, to the best and truest that is within ourselves, and to do for others what we might wish they would do for us. For the greatest and final test of a Christian life is that, the love of one for another. Here is a simple code of religion for any young man. If his heart craves it and his mind can compass it, he can go deeper and believe more. But less he cannot accept. Nor, if he is wise, will he wish to accept less. It asks for no great mental capacity; it is beyond the mental power of none. It will stand the severest test. It is simple and yet ample.

I do not say that a young man should stop with this simple code. But, nevertheless, the great fact must not be forgotten that one reason why young men do not accept the principles of religion more than they do, is because those principles are, as a rule, made too complex for them: they are carried beyond their understanding. The simpler this whole question of religion is made, the better: the more attractive it is, the more appealing it becomes. For the true greatness of religion lies in its simplicity. Take a young man into the realm of creed and doctrine and you confuse him. I believe it is better to leave those questions, complex at their best as they are, and open to individual construction, until the judgment of maturity comes to the young man to help him to handle them intelligently.

I tell you, my young friend, you who sometimes are inclined to doubt the necessity or the efficacy of such a belief, there come times in the life of every man when absolutely nothing satisfies him short of a heart belief in a God and a faith that he can go to that God and pour out to Him the fulness of his heart. What I want young men to do is not to think of God as One unseen and unreachable, but as a Father, a Friend, a personal God, One to whom they can go at any time and

talk as they would to an earthly father. Such a faith partakes of no gloom, but sheds light upon a man's every action. It means no depression of spirits, as so many young men interpret religion. On the contrary, it means an uplifting—an elevation of one's nature with which nothing that he can bring into his life can compare. For the only help, my friends, that, after all, really helps a man is when he looks up.

And now just a word on a subject always fresh and always interesting, that is—marriage, and then I am through.

When a young man deliberately lays out for himself a single life, based upon some wrong fancy, some idle notion, or pure selfishness, I believe he makes the mistake of his lifetime. "But," say the young men, "the girls are so gay; so frivolous. They are too expensive." But I am inclined to think that the gayety and the frivolity which are sometimes attributed to girls as their characteristics might be found to be nothing more than superficialities if our young men took the trouble to find out. Girls are pretty much as men appeal to them. They show their best side when that side is appealed to. And if a young man can't find it, it doesn't prove that it isn't there, by any means. What is worth having is worth taking some trouble to find. As to the girls being expensive, well, good things are expensive, and a good wife is a pretty good thing. If she costs a bit, she's worth it. And the better she is, the more she's worth. But young men must remember one thing: a good wife never impoverishes a man. She always makes him richer. A good wife always brings more to a man than she takes from him. Nor are our girls quite so expensive as they look. The fact is, that girls are not given credit enough for a willingness to do without. But a good deal depends upon who asks them to do without. If it is the father, and he has a comfortable plenty, and the girl knows she can have pretty things just as well as not—well, she loves her father, of course; but she doesn't like to do without. Suppose, however, some one else asks her to do without; some one who asks her something else first and then asks her to do without. And she happens to think that that somebody is the only person in the world whom she wanted to ask

her the something else first. Then will she refuse or even pout if he asks her to do without? I don't think so; not the girl you ought to marry, at any rate.

"Well, all the same, I'm in doubt about them," still says the young man. But that is only because he hasn't met the right one. When he does, he won't be in doubt. A man is never in doubt about the girl he loves, and he never stops to argue whether she is frivolous, or gay, or expensive. That isn't the way love works. It doesn't stop to analyze. If it does, it isn't the kind of love on which it is safe to marry. True love doesn't stop to consider how a girl appears; whether she is talented; whether she is graceful, or pretty; whether she is educated or traveled; whether she can dress well or entertain well. When a man loves a girl he loves her for what she is. He doesn't marry a dictionary for his library, or an ornament for his home: he marries her because he feels that no home could be a home without her. A woman's charm lies not in what she knows, but in what she is. That is an old-fashioned idea, my friends, very old-fashioned in these days when we hear so much of the higher education of women. But we still have to prove that all things new are better than some of those old-fashioned ideas.

To marry a girl because of some particular trait; because a young man likes her better, perhaps, than he does some other girls; because, maybe, he respects, fancies, or admires her; because there happens to be some bond of sympathy in her nature and his: that is not the right basis for a happy marriage. They are things which appeal to us in any dear friend, man or woman. The girl that a young man should marry is she who fills all his life, his every thought, who guides him in his every act, whose face comes before him in everything that he does—the girl, in short, who is necessary to him; without whom he feels life would be a blank; without whom he could not live; who is the whole world to him; all that there is in life and all that there is in death. If you ask what love is, that is what it is. It is all or nothing. And when a young man feels that way for a girl, that is the girl he loves and the girl he ought to marry. It will make little difference to him whether she be rich or poor, pretty or homely, talented

or not. Enough is it for him, as it should be, that she is affectionate in her nature, sympathetic with his aims in life, responsive to his thoughts, appreciative of his qualities. These are the traits in a woman which last the longest and remain with a man throughout his life.

The feeling upon which marriage should be based is the feeling upon which rested that exquisite tribute which that sweet spirit of American literature, Nathaniel Hawthorne, always paid to his wife by never opening a letter from her until he first washed his hands. Or, that graceful and most beautiful of all tributes I know of ever spoken by man of his wife, said by Joseph H. Choate, the great New York lawyer, who when some one asked him: "Mr. Choate, if you could not be yourself, whom would you rather be?" replied, "Mrs. Choate's second husband." When a man feels that way about a woman, that is the woman God intended for that man's wife. That is love.

And now, my friends, I have tried to give, not a new interpretation of success and the keys which are factors in it, for that is hardly possible for any man to do. Anything said on this subject is, of necessity, old; all that one can hope for is to say old things in a different way. Some of you may perhaps think that what I have said lacks idealization; that I have made success too material. But that has been my purpose; to aim only at material success, because I believe that that must come first to a young man. He must understand first what he must do for himself before he can do for others. He must put himself right first; then he can set others right. Understanding success himself, it will be made clear to him that a success which is of self alone is no success at all. He will find out for himself what success enables its possessor to do for others; that success is only satisfying to its possessor as it is made the instrument of helping others. Experience alone can teach him that higher meaning of success. Power simply for power is failure. The greatness of power is the good we do with it.

But all that comes afterward, as I say. The best way to help others, the community at large, as well as those of

one's own immediate environment, is to do one's simple duty in one's proper sphere. If there is any one who doubts this, let him test the proposition by reflecting how the unsuccessful man clogs his immediate surroundings; how costly he is to a community, and of how little aid he is in those contingencies which call for help for others. Nothing hinders others so much as our own failures; nothing, on the other hand, can make the success of so many possible as our own success. We cannot rise in this world without helping others to rise. But it all comes back to ourselves first. We must achieve success for ourselves before we can apply success to others and in its very best sense. We ourselves must learn before we can teach others. Peter Cooper, George Peabody, Stephen Girard, George W. Childs—all those whose lives meant something for others, had to make their own way first. And as they made their own way they did what all should do and must do to get the only pleasure and reward there is in any success—they practiced that highest altruism which made their names immortal and their memories sweet.

And so I leave these words with you. It is only a young man's message to young men. The message is simple enough. There's nothing impossible about it to any young man, so long as he bears in mind the salient points: First—What success means; the successful doing, the doing well of whatever he does in whatever position he is. Second—The price of success; hard work, patience, and a few sacrifices.

Then for his keys—In his religious life: A firm, unwavering belief in God and in prayer, and a life consistent with that belief for himself and for others. In his social life: Moderation. In his marriage: Love. And in business: Thoroughness. Not thoroughness alone in large things or what is apparent to the eye; but thoroughness in all things; not slighting the small things.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE

("ARTEMUS WARD")

THE MORMONS[1]

Lecture by Charles F. Browne—"Artemus Ward"—humorist (born in Waterford, Maine, April 26, 1834; died in Southampton, England, March 6, 1867), delivered upon his first appearance before an English audience, in Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London, November 13, 1866. This was the most elaborate of all of his lectures, and included passages from both "The Babes in the Woods," and "Sixty Minutes in Africa," the delivery of which in various cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, before he went abroad, had established his reputation as an American humorist. It was received by his English hearers with flattering comment. His jokes, one newspaper-writer remarked, "always came just in the place one least expected to find them. Half the enjoyment of the evening lay, to some of those present, in listening to the cachinnation of the people who only found them out some two or three minutes after they were made, and who then laughed apparently at some grave statement of fact. Reduced to paper, the showman's jokes are certainly not brilliant; almost their whole effect lies in their seemingly impromptu character. They are carefully led up to, of course, but they are uttered as if they were mere afterthoughts of which the speaker is hardly sure." Another critic has observed, "However much he caused his audience to laugh, no smile appeared upon his own face. It was grave even to solemnity while he was giving utterance to the most delicious absurdities." The inimitable drawl—impossible of suggestion or reproduction in type—which characterized his speech also added to its humor; while the droll mixture of fact and fancy, serious statement with extravagant flight, gave piquancy to the performance. The lecture was illustrated by a panorama, and the printed program, reproduced in facsimile on the following pages, gave a whimsical synopsis of the production, with a special note announcing that "Mr. Artemus Ward will call on the citizens of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand."

[1] From "Complete Works of Artemus Ward," edited by "Eli Perkins" and published by the G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Copyrighted.

EGYPTIAN HALL
PICCADILLY

Every Night (except Saturday) at 8

SATURDAY MORNINGS AT 3.

ARTEMUS WARD
AMONG THE MORMONS

During the Vacation the Hall has been carefully Swept out, and a new Door-Knob has been added to the Door.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD *will call on the Citizens of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand.*

A person of long-established integrity will take excellent care of Bonnets, Cloaks, etc., during the entertainment; the Audience better leave their money, however, with MR. WARD; he will return it to them in a day or two, or invest it for them in America, as they may think best.

☞ Nobody must say that he likes the Lecture unless he wishes to be thought eccentric; and nobody must say that he doesn't like it unless he really *is* eccentric. (This requires thinking over, but it will amply repay perusal.)

The Panorama used to Illustrate Mr. Ward's Narrative is rather worse than Panoramas usually are.

MR. WARD will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

PROGRAMME

I.

APPEARANCE OF ARTEMUS WARD

Who will be greeted with applause. ☞ The Stall-keeper is particularly requested to attend to this. ☜ When quiet has been restored, the Lecturer will present a rather frisky prologue, of about ten minutes in length, and of nearly the same width. It perhaps isn't necessary to speak of the depth.

II.

THE PICTURES COMMENCE HERE, the first one being a view of the California Steamship. Large crowd of citizens on the wharf, who appear to be entirely willing that ARTEMUS WARD shall go. "Bless you, Sir!" they say. "Don't hurry about coming back. Stay away for years, if you want to!" It was very touching. Disgraceful treatment of the passengers, who are obliged to go forward to smoke pipes, while the steamer herself is allowed 2 Smoke Pipes amidships. At Panama. A glance at Mexico.

III.

THE LAND OF GOLD

Montgomery Street, San Francisco. The Gold Bricks. Street Scenes. "The Orphan Cabman, or the Mule-Driver's Step-Father." The Chinese Theater. Sixteen square yards of a Chinese Comic Song.

IV.

THE LAND OF SILVER

Virginia City, the wild young metropolis of the new Silver State. Fortunes are made there in a day. There are instances on record of young men going to this place without a shilling—poor and friendless —yet by energy, intelligence, and a careful disregard to business, they have been enabled to leave there, owing hundreds of pounds.

V.

THE GREAT DESERT AT NIGHT

A dreary waste of Sand. The Sand isn't worth saving, however.

Indians occupy yonder mountains. Little Injuns seen in the distance trundling their war-hoops.

VI.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GREAT SALT LAKE CITY

With some entirely descriptive talk.

VII.

MAIN STREET, EAST SIDE

The Salt Lake Hotel, which is conducted on Temperance principles. The landlord sells nothing stronger than salt butter.

VIII.

THE MORMON THEATER

The Lady of Lyons was produced here a short time since, but failed to satisfy a Mormon audience, on account of there being only one Pauline in it. The play was revised at once. It was presented the next night, with fifteen Paulines in the cast, and was a perfect success.

☞ All these statements may be regarded as strictly true. Mr. WARD would not deceive an infant.

IX.

MAIN STREET, WEST SIDE

This being a view of Main Street, West side, it is naturally a view of the West side of Main Street.

X.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM

Mr. Young is an indulgent father, and a numerous husband. For further particulars call on Mr. WARD, at Egyptian Hall, any Evening this Week. This paragraph is intended to blend business with amusement.

XI.

HEBER C. KIMBALL'S HAREM

We have only to repeat here the pleasant remarks above in regard to Brigham.

INTERMISSION OF FIVE MINUTES.

XII.

THE TABERNACLE

XIII.

THE TEMPLE AS IT IS

XIV.

THE TEMPLE AS IT IS TO BE

XV.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE

XVI.

THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE

The Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of his faith here. The Mormon's religion is singular and his wives are plural.

XVII.

ECHO CAÑON

XVIII.

THE DESERT, AGAIN

A more cheerful view. The Plains of Colorado. The Colorado Mountains "might have been seen" in the distance, if the Artist had painted 'em. But he is prejudiced against mountains, because his uncle once got lost on one.

XIX.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HIS WIVES

The pretty girls of Utah mostly marry Young.

XX.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

XXI.

THE PLAINS OF NEBRASKA

XXII.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE

RECOMMENDATIONS

TOTNESS, *Oct. 20th,* 1866.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD: My dear sir—My wife was dangerously unwell for over sixteen years. She was so weak that she could not lift a teaspoon to her mouth. But in a fortunate moment she commenced reading one of your lectures. She got better at once. She gained strength so rapidly that she lifted the cottage piano quite a distance from the floor, and then tipped it over onto her mother-in-law, with whom she had had some little trouble. We like your lectures very much. Please send me a barrel of them. If you should require any more recommendations, you can get any number of them in this place, at two shillings each, the price I charge for this one, and I trust you may be ever happy.

I am, Sir,
Yours truly, and so is my wife, R. SPRINGERS.

An American correspondent of a distinguished journal in Yorkshire thus speaks of Mr. Ward's power as an orator:

It was a grand scene, Mr. ARTEMUS WARD standing on the platform, talking; many of the audience sleeping tranquilly in their seats; others leaving the room and not returning; others crying like a child at some of the jokes—all, all formed a most impressive scene, and showed the powers of this remarkable orator. And when he announced that he should never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deafening.

Doors open at Half-past Seven. Commence at Eight.
Conclude at Half-past Nine.

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SATURDAY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS AT 3 P. M.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—You are entirely welcome to my little picture-shop. [Alluding to his panorama.]

I couldn't give you a very clear idea of the Mormons—and Utah—and the Plains and the Rocky Mountains—without opening a picture-shop——and therefore I open one.

I don't expect to do great things here—but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain. I'd rather live in Margate—or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

If you should be dissatisfied with anything here to-night —I will admit you all free in New Zealand—if you will come to me there for the orders. Any respectable cannibal will tell you where I live. This shows that I have a forgiving spirit.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America. [He wore a fashionably cut dress suit.]

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an Artist. I don't paint myself——though perhaps if I were a middle-aged single lady I should——yet I have a passion for pictures.—I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—rather sweet to look at for a short time—and as I said before, I like them. I've always loved pictures. I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once

drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. ——The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that Time passes on.—It is a kind of way Time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who——takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome——Rome in New York State, I mean ——a distinguished sculpist wanted to sculp me. But I said "No." I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands—he would have flooded the market with my busts ——and I couldn't stand it to see everybody going round with a bust of me. Everybody would want one of course—and wherever I should go I should meet the educated classes with my bust, taking it home to their families. This would be more than my modesty could stand——and I should have to return to America———where my creditors are.

I like art. I admire dramatic art—although I failed as an actor.

It was in my school-boy days that I failed as an actor.—— The play was "The Ruins of Pompeii."——I played the ruins. It was not a very successful performance—but it was better than the "Burning Mountain." He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

The remembrance often makes me ask—"Where are the boys of my youth?" I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here——some in America——some are in jail.

Hence arises a most touching question—"Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married——some would like to be.

Oh my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am—Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears

in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm——and wanted to borrow £200. I lent him the money——and he went away. Some time afterward he returned with more tears. He said he must leave forever. I ventured to remind him of the £200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so told him I would throw off £100. He brightened—shook my hand—and said—"Old friend—I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality——I'll throw off the other hundred."

As a manager I was always rather more successful than as an actor.

Some years ago I engaged a celebrated Living American Skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh anything scarcely——and I said to myself—the people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity. It is a long voyage—as you know—from New York to Melbourne—and to my utter surprise the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in the most horrible manner. He had never been on the ocean before—and he said it agreed with him—I thought so!——I never saw a man eat so much in my life. Beef, mutton, pork——he swallowed them all like a shark——and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels eating hard-boiled eggs. The result was that, when we reached Melbourne, this infamous skeleton weighed sixty-four pounds more than I did!

I thought I was ruined——but I wasn't. I took him on to California——another very long sea voyage——and when I got him to San Francisco I exhibited him as a fat man.

This story hasn't anything to do with my entertainment, I know——but one of the principal features of my entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

My orchestra is small——but I am sure it is very good —so far as it goes. I give my pianist £10 a night—and his washing.

I like Music.——I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window and sang—"Come where my love lies dreaming."——I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct.

I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah——and I was very ill——I was fearfully wasted. My face was hewn down to nothing—and my nose was so sharp I didn't dare to stick it into other people's business—for fear it would stay there—and I should never get it again. And on those dismal days a Mormon lady——she was married—tho' not so much so as her husband—he had fifteen other wives——she used to sing a ballad commencing "Sweet bird—do not fly away!"——and I told her I wouldn't. She played the accordion divinely—accordingly I praised her.

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head——yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met. He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow——I had night mares of course. In the morning the landlord said—How do you feel—old hoss—hay?——I told him I felt my oats.

Permit me now to quietly state although I am here with my cap and bells, I am also here with some serious descriptions of the Mormons—their manners—their customs——and while the pictures I shall present to your notice are by no means works of art—they are painted from photographs actually taken on the spot—and I am sure I need not inform any person present who was ever in the Territory of Utah that they are as faithful as they could possibly be.

I went to Great Salt Lake City by way of California.

I went to California on the steamer "Ariel."—This is the steamer "Ariel." [Pointing to the panorama.]

Oblige me by calmly gazing on the steamer "Ariel"——and when you go to California be sure and go on some other steamer——because the "Ariel" isn't a very good one.

When I reached the "Ariel"—at pier No. 4—New York—I found the passengers in a state of great confusion about their things—which were being thrown around by the ship's

porters in a manner at once damaging and idiotic. So great was the excitement—my fragile form was smashed this way—and jammed that way—till finally I was shoved into a state-room which was occupied by two middle-aged females—who said, "Base man—leave us—O, leave us!"——I left them——Oh—I left them!

We reached Acapulco, on the coast of Mexico, in due time. Nothing of special interest occurred at Acapulco——only some of the Mexican ladies are very beautiful. They all have brilliant black hair——hair "black as starless night"——if I may quote from the "Family Herald." It don't curl——A Mexican lady's hair never curls———it is as straight as an Indian's. Some people's hair won't curl under any circumstances.——My hair won't curl under two shillings.

[Pointing to the panorama—] The Great thoroughfare of the imperial city of the Pacific Coast.

The Chinese form a large element in the population of San Francisco—and I went to the Chinese Theater.

A Chinese play often lasts two months. Commencing at the hero's birth, it is cheerfully conducted from week to week till he is either killed or married.

The night I was there a Chinese comic vocalist sang a Chinese comic song. It took him six weeks to finish it—but, as my time was limited, I went away at the expiration of two hundred and fifteen verses. There were 11,000 verses to this song—the chorus being "Tural lural dural, ri fol day"——which was repeated twice at the end of each verse——making—as you will at once see—the appalling number of 22,000 "tural lural dural, ri fol days"———and the man still lives.

[Pointing to panorama—] Virginia City—in the bright new State of Nevada.

A wonderful little city—right in the heart of the famous Washoe silver regions——the mines of which annually produce over twenty-five millions of solid silver. This silver is melted into solid bricks—of about the size of ordinary house-bricks—and carted off to San Francisco with mules. The roads often swarm with these silver wagons.

One hundred and seventy-five miles to the east of this place

are the Rees River silver mines—which are supposed to be the richest in the world.

[Pointing to panorama—] The great American Desert in winter-time——the desert which is so frightfully gloomy always. No trees——no houses——no people—save the miserable beings who live in wretched huts and have charge of the horses and mules of the Overland Mail Company.

This picture is a great work of art.——It is an oil painting —done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired.

The most celebrated artists of London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before——and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audiences were so enthusiastic in their admiration of this picture that they called for the artist———and when he appeared they threw brick-bats at him. [It was the lecturer's first intention to have the pictures well painted, but he afterward decided to burlesque the entire panorama and give additional material for his jests.]

[Pointing to panorama—] A bird's-eye view of Great Salt Lake City————the strange city in the desert about which so much has been heard——the city of the people who call themselves Saints.

I know there is much interest taken in these remarkable people—ladies and gentlemen———and I have thought it better to make the purely descriptive part of my entertainment entirely serious.———I will not—then—for the next ten minutes—confine myself to my subject.

Some seventeen years ago, a small band of Mormons—headed by Brigham Young—commenced in the present thrifty metropolis of Utah. The population of the Territory of Utah is over 100,000—chiefly Mormons——and they are in-

creasing at the rate of from five to ten thousand annually. The converts to Mormonism now are almost exclusively confined to English and Germans.—Wales and Cornwall have contributed largely to the population of Utah during the last few years. The population of Great Salt Lake City is 20,000. The streets are eight rods wide—and are neither flagged nor paved. A stream of pure mountain spring water courses through each street—and is conducted into the gardens of the Mormons. The houses are mostly of adobe—or sun-dried brick—and present a neat and comfortable appearance.—They are usually a story and a half high. Now and then you see a fine modern house in Salt Lake City—but no house that is dirty, shabby, and dilapidated—because there are no absolutely poor people in Utah. Every Mormon has a nice garden —and every Mormon has a tidy dooryard.—Neatness is a great characteristic of the Mormons.

The Mormons profess to believe that they are the chosen people of God———they call themselves Latter-day Saints ———and they call us people of the outer world Gentiles. They say that Mr. Brigham Young is a prophet—the legitimate successor of Joseph Smith, who founded the Mormon religion. They also say they are authorized—by special revelation from heaven—to marry as many wives as they can comfortably support.

This wife-system they call plurality.—The world calls it polygamy. That, at its best, it is an accursed thing, I need not of course inform you———but you will bear in mind that I am here as a rather cheerful reporter of what I saw in Utah———and I fancy it isn't at all necessary for me to grow virtuously indignant over something we all know is hideously wrong.

You will be surprised to hear—I was amazed to see—that among the Mormon women there are some few persons of education—of positive cultivation. As a class, the Mormons are not an educated people—but they are by no means the community of ignoramuses so many writers have told us they were.

The valley in which they live is splendidly favored. They raise immense crops. They have mills of all kinds. They

have coal, lead, and silver mines. All they eat, all they drink, all they wear, they can produce themselves, and still have a great abundance to sell to the gold regions of Idaho on the one hand and the silver regions of Nevada on the other.

The president of this remarkable community——the head of the Mormon church——is Brigham Young. He is called President Young—and Brother Brigham. He is about fifty-four years old—although he doesn't look to be over forty-five. He has sandy hair and whiskers—is of medium height—and is a little inclined to corpulency. He was born in the State of Vermont. His power is more absolute than that of any living sovereign.—Yet he uses it with such consummate discretion that his people are almost madly devoted to him—and that they would cheerfully die for him if they thought the sacrifice were demanded, I cannot doubt.

He is a man of enormous wealth. One-tenth of everything sold in the Territory of Utah goes to the church——and Mr. Brigham Young is the church. It is supposed that he speculates with these funds———at all events, he is one of the wealthiest men now living——worth several millions, without doubt. He is a bold, bad man——but that he is also a man of extraordinary administrative ability no one can doubt who has watched his astounding career for the past ten years. It is only fair for me to add that he treated me with marked kindness during my sojourn in Utah.

[Pointing to the panorama—] The West Side of Main Street—Salt Lake City—including a view of the Salt Lake Hotel. It is a temperance hotel. I prefer temperance hotels —although they sell worse liquor than other kinds of hotels. But the Salt Lake Hotel sells none———nor is there a bar in all Salt Lake City———but I found when I was thirsty —and I generally am—that I could get some very good brandy of one of the elders—on the sly—and I never on any account allow my business to interfere with my drinking.

[Pointing to panorama—] There is the Overland Mail Coach——that is, the den on wheels in which we have been crammed for the past ten days—and ten nights.——Those of you who have been in Newgate—— —— —— —— —— ——

—— ——and stayed there any length of time——as visitors ——can realize how I felt.

The American Overland Mail Route commences at Sacramento, California, and ends at Atchison, Kansas. The distance is 2,200 miles——but you go part of the way by rail. The Pacific Railway is now completed from Sacramento, California, to Folsom, California,——which only leaves 2,211 miles to go by coach. This breaks the monotony———it came very near breaking my back.

[Pointing to panorama—] The Mormon Theater.—This edifice is the exclusive property of Brigham Young. It will comfortably hold 3,000 persons—and I beg you will believe me when I inform you that its interior is quite as brilliant as that of any theater in London.

The actors are all Mormon amateurs, who charge nothing for their services.

You must know that very little money is taken at the doors of this theater. The Mormons mostly pay in grain—and all sorts of articles.

The night I gave my little lecture there, among my receipts were corn, flour, pork, cheese, chickens——on foot and in the shell.

One family went in on a live pig———and a man attempted to pass a "yaller dog" at the box-office—but my agent repulsed him. One offered me a doll for admission——another infant's clothing. I refused to take that——as a general rule I do refuse.

In the middle of the parquet—in a rocking chair—with his hat on—sits Brigham Young. When the play drags—he either goes out or falls into a tranquil sleep.

A portion of the dress-circle is set apart for the wives of Brigham Young. From ten to twenty of them are usually present. His children fill the entire gallery—and more too.

[Pointing to panorama—] The East Side of Main Street —Salt Lake City—with a view of the Council Building. The Legislature of Utah meets there. It is like all legislative bodies. They meet this winter to repeal the laws which they met and made last winter——and they will meet next winter to repeal the laws which they met and made this winter.

I dislike to speak about it——but it was in Utah that I made the great speech of my life. I wish you could have heard it. I have a fine education. You may have noticed it. I speak six different languages——London—Chatham—and Dover———Margate—Brighton—and Hastings. My parents sold a cow and sent me to college when I was quite young. During the vacation I used to teach a school of whales—and there's where I learned to spout.——I don't expect applause for a little thing like that. I wish you could have heard that speech, however. If Cicero———he's dead now———he has gone from us———but if old Ciss could have heard that effort it would have given him the rinderpest. I'll tell you how it was. There are stationed in Utah two regiments of United States troops——the 21st from California, and the 37th from Nevada. The 20-onesters asked me to present a stand of colors to the 37-sters—and I did it in a speech so abounding in eloquence of a bold and brilliant character——and also some sweet talk———real pretty shop-keeping talk——that I worked the enthusiasm of those soldiers up to such a pitch—that they came very near shooting me on the spot.

[Pointing to panorama—] Brigham Young's Harem.—These are the houses of Brigham Young. The first one on the right is the Lion House——so called because a crouching stone lion adorns the central front window. The adjoining small building is Brigham Young's office—and where he receives his visitors.—The large house in the center of the picture—which displays a huge bee-hive—is called the Bee House. The bee-hive is supposed to be symbolical of the industry of the Mormons. Mrs. Brigham Young the first—now quite an old lady—lives here with her children. None of the other wives of the Prophet live here. In the rear are the schoolhouses where Brigham Young's children are educated.

Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me by thinking of that. That is—he has eighty actual wives, and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. These spiritual marriages———as the Mormons call them———are contracted with aged widows—who think it a great honor to be sealed——the Mormons call it being sealed to the Prophet.

So we may say he has two hundred wives. He loves not wisely—but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her—but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

A few days before my arrival in Utah, Brigham was married again—to a young and really pretty girl———but he says he shall stop now. He told me confidentially that he shouldn't get married any more. He says that all he wants now is to live in peace for the remainder of his days—and have his dying pillow soothed by the loving hands of his family. Well —that's all right——that's all right—I suppose———but if all his family soothe his dying pillow—he'll have to go out-doors to die.

By the way—Shakespeare indorses polygamy. He speaks of the Merry Wives of Windsor. How many wives did Mr. Windsor have?——But we will let this pass.

Some of these Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night by invitation in the Mormon village of Provost—— but during the day I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family. It was before I knew that he was much married——and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success——but I didn't get any money.

[Pointing to the panorama—] Heber C. Kimball's Harem. Mr. C. Kimball is the First Vice-President of the Mormon Church, and would, consequently, succeed to the full Presidency on Brigham Young's death.

Brother Kimball is a gay and festive cuss, of some seventy summers——or som'ers thereabout. He has 1,000 head of cattle and a hundred head of wives. He says they are awful eaters.

Mr. Kimball had a son——a lovely young man——who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day—while he was absent from home——these ten wives went out walking with a handsome young man—which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son —which made Mr. Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse pistol. The doctor who attended him——a

very scientific man——informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membraneous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basiliconthamaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would. [Soft music.]

I hope his sad ending will be a warning to all young wives who go out walking with handsome young men. Mr. Kimball's son is now no more. He sleeps beneath the cypress, the myrtle, and the willow. This music is a dirge by the eminent pianist for Mr. Kimball's son. He died by request.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

It was leap year when I was there—and seventeen young widows——the wives of a deceased Mormon——offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day—and, taking their soft white hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether——I found them in tears.

And I said——"Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?"

They hove a sigh——seventeen sighs of different size. They said:—

"Oh—soon thou wilt be gonested away!"

I told them when I got ready to leave a place I went-ested.

They said, "Doth not like us?"

I said, "I doth—I doth!"

I also said—"I hope your intentions are honorable—as I am a lone child———my parents being far, far away."

They then said—"Wilt not marry us?"

I said—"Oh—no——it cannot was."

Again they asked me to marry them—and again I declined. When they cried—

"Oh—cruel man! This is too much——oh! too much!"

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

[Pointing to panorama—] This is the Mormon Temple. It is built of adobe, and will hold 5,000 persons quite comfortably. A full brass and string band often assists the choir

of this church——and the choir, I may add, is a remarkably good one.

[Pointing to panorama—] These are the Foundations of the Magnificent Temple the Mormons are building. It is to be built of hewn stone—and will cover several acres of ground. They say it shall eclipse in splendor all other temples in the world. They also say it shall be paved with solid gold.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that the architect of this contemplated gorgeous affair repudiated Mormonism—and is now living in London.

[Pointing to panorama—] The Temple as it is to be. This pretty little picture is from the architect's design—and cannot —therefore—I suppose, be called a fancy sketch.

Should the Mormons continue unmolested—I think they will complete this rather remarkable edifice.

[Pointing to panorama—] Great Salt Lake.———The great salt dead sea of the desert.

I know of no greater curiosity than this inland sea of thick brine. It is eighty miles wide and one hundred and thirty miles long. Solid masses of salt are daily washed ashore in immense heaps—and the Mormon in want of salt has only to go to the shore of this lake and fill his cart. Only—the salt for table use has to be subjected to a boiling process.

These are facts—susceptible of the clearest possible proof. They tell one story about this lake, however, that I have my doubts about. They say a Mormon farmer drove forty head of cattle in there once, and they came out first-rate pickled beef.———

I sincerely hope you will excuse my absence———I am a man short—and have to work the moon myself. I shall be most happy to pay a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage and education who is a good moonist. [The lecturer here left the platform for a few moments, and pretended to be engaged behind the curtain. The picture was intended to show the moon rising over the lake and rippling on the waters. This effect was produced in the usual dioramic way, by making the track of the moon transparent, and throwing it on from the bull's-eye of a lantern. After the

lecturer went behind, the moon became nervous and flickering, dancing up and down in a highly inartistic manner.]

[Pointing to panorama—] The Endowment House.—In this building the Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of the faith.

[Pointing to panorama—] Echo Cañon.—Salt Lake City is fifty-five miles behind us—and this is Echo Cañon, in reaching which we are supposed to have crossed the summit of the Wahsatch mountains. These ocher-colored bluffs———formed of conglomerate sandstone—and full of fossils———signal the entrance to the cañon. At its base lies Weber Station.

Echo Cañon is about twenty-five miles long. It is really the sublimest thing between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada. The red wall to the left develops farther up the cañon into pyramids, buttresses, and castles——honeycombed and fretted in nature's own massive magnificence of architecture.

[Pointing to panorama—] A More Cheerful View of the Desert.—The wild snow-storms have left us—and we have thrown our wolf-skin overcoats aside. Certain tribes of far-western Indians bury their distinguished dead by placing them high in air and covering them with valuable furs———that is a very fair representation of these mid-air tombs. Those animals are horses———I know they are—because my artists say so. I had the picture two years before I discovered the fact. The artist came to me about six months ago, and said: "It is useless to disguise it from you any longer———they are horses."

It was while crossing this desert that I was surrounded by a band of Ute Indians. They were splendidly mounted. They were dressed in beaver-skins, and they were armed with rifles, knives, and pistols.

What could I do?——What could a poor, old orphan do? I'm a brave man. The day before the battle of Bull's Run I stood in the highway while the bullets——those dreadful messengers of death——were passing all around me thickly ——in wagons——on their way to the battle-field. But there were too many of these Injuns. There were forty of them—and only one of me——and so I said:—

"Great Chief, I surrender." His name was Wocky-bocky.

He dismounted—and approached me. I saw his tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight. Fire was in his eye. Wocky-bocky [pointing to panorama] came very close to me and seized me by the hair of my head. He mingled his swarthy fingers in my golden tresses—and he rubbed his dreadful Thomashawk across my lily-white face. He said:—

"Torsha arrah darrah mishky bookshean!"

I told him he was right.

Wocky-bocky again rubbed his tomahawk across my face, and said: "Wink-ho—loo-boo!"

Says I: "Mr. Wocky-bocky," says I—"Wocky—I have thought so for years—and so's all our family."

He told me I must go to the tent of the Strong-Heart—and eat raw dog. It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food. I prefer pork-pie—because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give to me, I had to eat it or starve. So at the expiration of two days I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter, and I said to her in a silvery voice——in a kind of German-silvery voice——I said:—

"Sweet child of the forest, the pale-face wants his dog."

There was nothing but his paws! I had paused too long! Which reminds me that time passes. A way which Time has.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He had diamonds on. As I seized him—he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary.

[Pointing to panorama—] The Rocky Mountains.—I take it for granted you have heard of these popular mountains. In America they are regarded as a great success, and we all love dearly to talk about them. It is a kind of weakness with us. I never knew but one American who hadn't something—some time—to say about the Rocky Mountains, and he was a deaf and dumb man who couldn't say anything about nothing.

But these mountains, whose summits are snow-covered and icy all the year round, are too grand to make fun of. I crossed

them in the winter of '64—in a rough sleigh drawn by four mules.

This sparkling waterfall is the Laughing-Water alluded to by Mr. Longfellow in his Indian poem—"Higher-Water." The water is higher up there.

[Pointing to panorama—] The Plains of Colorado.—These are the dreary plains over which we rode for so many weary days. An affecting incident occurred on these plains some time since, and I am sure you will pardon me for introducing it here.

On a beautiful June morning—some sixteen years ago——
[Music, very loud, till the scene is off.]

. . . . . .

————and she fainted on Reginald's breast!

[Pointing to panorama—] The Prairie on Fire.—A prairie on fire is one of the wildest and grandest sights that can possibly be imagined.

These fires occur—of course—in the summer—when the grass is dry as tinder————and the flames rush and roar over the prairie in a manner frightful to behold. They usually burn better than mine is burning to-night. I try to make my prairie burn regularly—and not disappoint the public——but it is not as high-principled as I am.

[Pointing to panorama—] Brigham Young at Home. The last picture I have to show you represents Mr. Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large—and the olive branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more a father than any man I know. When at home——as you here see him——he ought to be very happy with sixty wives to minister to his comforts—and twice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah! my friends——what is home without a family?

What will become of Mormonism? We all know and admit it to be a hideous wrong——a great immoral stain upon the 'scutcheon of the United States. My belief is that its existence is dependent upon the life of Brigham Young. His administrative ability holds the system together——his power of will maintains it as the faith of a community. When he dies, Mormonism will die too. The men who are around him

have neither his talent nor his energy. By means of his strength, it is held together. When he falls—Mormonism will also fall to pieces.

That lion—you perceive—has a tail. It is a long one already. Like mine—it is to be continued in our next.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

A lecture delivered at many Chautauquas and religious gatherings, in America, beginning in 1904; also in Canada, Mexico, Tokyo, Manila, Bombay, Cairo, and Jerusalem. Mr. Bryan's famous "Cross of Gold" speech is printed in Volume XI and an after-dinner speech in Volume I.

I OFFER no apology for speaking upon a religious theme, for it is the most universal of all themes. I am interested in the science of government, but I am more interested in religion than in government. I enjoy making a political speech—I have made a good many and shall make more—but I would rather speak on religion than politics. I commenced speaking on the stump when I was only twenty, but I commenced speaking in the church six years earlier—and I shall be in the church even after I am out of politics. I feel sure of my ground when I make a political speech, but I feel even more certain of my ground when I make a religious speech. If I addressed you upon the subject of law, I might interest the lawyers; if I discussed the science of medicine, I might interest the physicians; in like manner merchants might be interested in comments on commerce, and farmers in matters pertaining to agriculture; but no one of these subjects appeals to all. Even the science of government, though broader than any profession or occupation, does not embrace the whole sum of life, and those who think upon it differ so among themselves that I could not speak upon the subject so as to please a part of the audience without displeasing others. While to me the science of government is intensely absorbing, I recognize that the most important things in life lie outside of the realm of government and that more depends upon what the individual does for himself than upon what the government does or can do for him. Men can

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

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be miserable under the best government and they can be happy under the worst government.

Government affects but a part of the life which we live here and does not deal at all with the life beyond, while religion touches the infinite circle of existence as well as the small arc of that circle which we spend on earth. No greater theme, therefore, can engage our attention. If I discuss questions of government, I must secure the coöperation of a majority before I can put my ideas into practice; but if, in speaking on religion, I can touch one human heart for good I have not spoken in vain, no matter how large the majority may be against me.

Man is a religious being; the heart instinctively seeks for a God. Whether he worships on the banks of the Ganges, prays with his face upturned to the sun, kneels toward Mecca, or, regarding all space as a temple, communes with the Heavenly Father according to the Christian creed, man is essentially devout.

There are honest doubters whose sincerity we recognize and respect, but occasionally I find young men who think it smart to be skeptical; they talk as if it were an evidence of larger intelligence to scoff at creeds and to refuse to connect themselves with churches. They call themselves "Liberal," as if a Christian were narrow-minded. Some go so far as to assert that the "advanced thought of the world" has discarded the idea that there is a God. To these young men I desire to address myself.

Even some older people profess to regard religion as a superstition, pardonable in the ignorant but unworthy of the educated. Those who hold this view look down with mild contempt upon such as give to religion a definite place in their thoughts and lives. They assume an intellectual superiority and often take little pains to conceal the assumption. Tolstoy administers to the "cultured crowd" (the words quoted are his) a severe rebuke when he declares that the religious sentiment rests not upon a superstitious fear of the invisible forces of nature, but upon man's consciousness of his finiteness amid an infinite universe and of his sinfulness; and this consciousness, the great philosopher adds, man can never outgrow. Tolstoy

is right; man recognizes how limited are his own powers and how vast is the universe, and he leans upon the arm that is stronger than his. Man feels the weight of his sins and looks for One who is sinless.

Religion has been defined by Tolstoy as the relation which man fixes between himself and his God, and morality as the outward manifestation of this inward relation. Every one, by the time he reaches maturity, has fixed some relation between himself and God, and no material change in this relation can take place without a revolution in the man, for this relation is the most potent influence that acts upon a human life.

Religion is the foundation of morality in the individual and in the group of individuals. Materialists have attempted to build up a system of morality upon the basis of enlightened self-interest. They would have men figure out by mathematics that it pays him to abstain from wrongdoing; they would even inject an element of selfishness into altruism, but the moral system elaborated by the materialists has several defects. First, its virtues are borrowed from moral systems based upon religion. All those who are intelligent enough to discuss a system of morality are so saturated with the morals derived from systems resting upon religion that they cannot frame a system resting upon reason alone. Second, as it rests upon argument rather than upon authority, the young are not in a position to accept or reject. Our laws do not permit a young man to dispose of real estate until he is twenty-one. Why this restraint? Because his reason is not mature; and yet a man's life is largely molded by the environment of his youth. Third, one never knows just how much of his decision is due to reason and how much is due to passion or to selfish interest. Passion can dethrone reason—we recognize this in our criminal laws. We also recognize the bias of self-interest when we exclude from the jury every man, no matter how reasonable or upright he may be, who has a pecuniary interest in the result of the trial. And, fourth, one whose morality rests upon a nice calculation of benefits to be secured spends time figuring that he should spend in action. Those who keep a book account of their good deeds seldom do enough good to justify keeping books. A noble life cannot be built upon an arithmetic; it

must be rather like the spring that pours forth constantly of that which refreshes and invigorates.

Morality is the power of endurance in man, and a religion which teaches personal responsibility to God gives strength to morality. There is a powerful restraining influence in the belief that an all-seeing eye scrutinizes every thought and word and act of the individual.

There is a wide difference between the man who is trying to conform his life to a standard of morality about him and the man who seeks to make his life approximate to a divine standard. The former attempts to live up to the standard if it is above him, and down to it if it is below him—and if he is doing right only when others are looking, he is sure to find a time when he thinks he is unobserved, and then he takes a vacation and falls. One needs the inner strength which comes with the conscious presence of a personal God. If those who are thus fortified sometimes yield to temptation, how helpless and hopeless must those be who rely upon their own strength alone!

There are difficulties to be encountered in religion, but there are difficulties to be encountered everywhere. If Christians sometimes have doubts and fears, unbelievers have more doubts and greater fears. I passed through a period of skepticism when I was in college, and I have been glad ever since that I became a member of the church before I left home for college, for it helped me during those trying days. And the college days cover the dangerous period in the young man's life; he is just coming into possession of his powers, and feels stronger than he ever feels afterward—and he thinks he knows more than he ever does know.

It was at this period that I became confused by the different theories of creation. But I examined these theories and found that they all assumed something to begin with. You can test this for yourselves. The nebular hypothesis, for instance, assumes that matter and force existed—matter in particles infinitely fine and each particle separated from every other particle by space infinitely great. Beginning with this assumption, force working on matter—according to this hypothesis—created a universe. Well, I have a right to assume, and I pre-

fer to assume, a Designer back of the design—a Creator back of the creation; and no matter how long you draw out the process of creation, so long as God stands back of it you cannot shake my faith in Jehovah. In Genesis it is written that, in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and I can stand on that proposition until I find some theory of creation that goes farther back than "the beginning." We must begin with something—we must start somewhere—and the Christian begins with God.

I do not carry the doctrine of evolution as far as some do; I am not yet convinced that man is a lineal descendant of the lower animals. I do not mean to find fault with you if you want to accept the theory; all I mean to say is that while you may trace your ancestry back to the monkey if you find pleasure or pride in doing so, you shall not connect me with your family tree without more evidence than has yet been produced. I object to the theory for several reasons. First, it is a dangerous theory. If a man links himself in generations with the monkey, it then becomes an important question whether he is going toward him or coming from him—and I have seen them going in both directions. I do not know of any argument that can be used to prove that man is an improved monkey that may not be used just as well to prove that the monkey is a degenerate man, and the latter theory is more plausible than the former.

It is true that man in some physical characteristics resembles the beast, but man has a mind as well as a body, and a soul as well as a mind. The mind is greater than the body and the soul is greater than the mind, and I object to having man's pedigree traced on one-third of him only—and that the lowest third. Fairburn, in his "Philosophy of Christianity," lays down a sound proposition when he says that it is not sufficient to explain man as an animal; that it is necessary to explain man in history—and the Darwinian theory does not do this. The ape, according to this theory, is older than man, and yet the ape is still an ape, while man is the author of the marvelous civilization which we see about us.

One does not escape from mystery, however, by accepting this theory, for it does not explain the origin of life. When

the follower of Darwin has traced the germ of life back to the lowest form in which it appears—and to follow him one must exercise more faith than religion calls for—he finds that scientists differ. Those who reject the idea of creation are divided into two schools, some believing that the first germ of life came from another planet and others holding that it was the result of spontaneous generation. Each school answers the arguments advanced by the other, and as they cannot agree with each other, I am not compelled to agree with either.

If I were compelled to accept one of these theories I would prefer the first, for if we can chase the germ of life off this planet and get it out into space we can guess the rest of the way and no one can contradict us, but if we accept the doctrine of spontaneous generation we cannot explain why spontaneous generation ceased to act after the first germ was created.

Go back as far as we may, we cannot escape from the creative act, and it is just as easy for me to believe that God created man *as he is* as to believe that, millions of years ago, He created a germ of life and endowed it with power to develop into all that we see to-day. I object to the Darwinian theory, until more conclusive proof is produced, because I fear we shall lose the consciousness of God's presence in our daily life, if we must accept the theory that through all the ages no spiritual force has touched the life of man or shaped the destiny of nations.

But there is another objection. The Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection by the operation of the law of hate—the merciless law by which the strong crowd out and kill off the weak. If this is the law of our development, then, if there is any logic that can bind the human mind, we shall turn backward toward the beast in proportion as we substitute the law of love. I prefer to believe that love rather than hatred is the law of development. How can hatred be the law of development when nations have advanced in proportion as they have departed from that law and adopted the law of love?

But, I repeat, while I do not accept the Darwinian theory I shall not quarrel with you about it; I only refer to it to remind you that it does not solve the mystery of life or explain

human progress. I fear that some have accepted it in the hope of escaping from the miracle, but why should the miracle frighten us? And yet I am inclined to think that it is one of the test questions with the Christian.

Christ cannot be separated from the miraculous; His birth, His ministrations, and His resurrection, all involve the miraculous, and the change which His religion works in the human heart is a continuing miracle. Eliminate the miracles and Christ becomes merely a human being and His gospel is stripped of divine authority.

The miracle raises two questions: "Can God perform a miracle?" and, "Would He want to?" The first is easy to answer. A God who can make a world can do anything He wants to do with it. The power to perform miracles is necessarily implied in the power to create. But would God *want* to perform a miracle?—this is the question which has given most of the trouble. The more I have considered it the less inclined I am to answer in the negative. To say that God *would not* perform a miracle is to assume a more intimate knowledge of God's plans and purposes than I can claim to have. I will not deny that God does perform a miracle or may perform one, merely because I do not know how or why He does it. I find it so difficult to decide each day what God wants done now that I am not presumptuous enough to attempt to declare what God might have wanted to do thousands of years ago. The fact that we are constantly learning of the existence of new forces suggests the possibility that God may operate through forces yet unknown to us, and the mysteries with which we deal every day warn me that faith is as necessary as sight. Who would have credited a century ago the stories that are now told of the wonder-working electricity? For ages man had known the lightning, but only to fear it; now this invisible current is generated by a man-made machine, imprisoned in a man-made wire and made to do the bidding of man. We are even able to dispense with the wire and hurl words through space, and the X-ray has enabled us to look through substances which were supposed, until recently, to exclude all light. The miracle is not more mysterious than many of the things with which man now deals—it is simply different.

The miraculous birth of Christ is not more mysterious than any other conception—it is simply unlike it; nor is the resurrection of Christ more mysterious than the myriad resurrections which mark each annual seed-time.

It is sometimes said that God could not suspend one of His laws without stopping the universe, but do we not suspend or overcome the law of gravitation every day? Every time we move a foot or lift a weight we temporarily overcome one of the most universal of natural laws and yet the world is not disturbed.

Science has taught us so many things that we are tempted to conclude that we know everything, but there is really a great unknown which is still unexplored and that which we have learned ought to increase our reverence rather than our egotism. Science has disclosed some of the machinery of the universe, but science has not yet revealed to us the great secret—the secret of life. It is to be found in every blade of grass, in every insect, in every bird, and in every animal, as well as in man. Six thousand years of recorded history and yet we know no more about the secret of life than they knew in the beginning. We live, we plan; we have our hopes, our fears; and yet in a moment a change may come over any one of us and this body will become a mass of lifeless clay. What is it that, having, we live, and, having not, we are as the clod? The progress of the race and the civilization which we now behold are the work of men and women who have not yet solved the mystery of their own lives.

And our food, must we understand it before we eat it? If we refused to eat anything until we could understand the mystery of its growth, we would die of starvation. But mystery does not bother us in the dining-room; it is only in the church that it is a stumbling block.

I was eating a piece of watermelon some months ago and was struck with its beauty. I took some of the seeds and dried them and weighed them, and found that it would require some five thousand seeds to weigh a pound; and then I applied mathematics to that forty-pound melon. One of these seeds, put into the ground, when warmed by the sun and moistened by the rain, takes off its coat and goes to work; it gathers

from somewhere two hundred thousand times its own weight, and forcing this raw material through a tiny stem, constructs a watermelon. It ornaments the outside with a covering of green; inside the green it puts a layer of white, and within the white a core of red, and all through the red it scatters seeds, each one capable of continuing the work of reproduction. Who drew the plan by which that little seed works? Where does it get its tremendous strength? Where does it find its coloring matter? How does it collect its flavoring extract? How does it develop a watermelon? Until you can explain a watermelon, do not be too sure that you can set limits to the power of the Almighty and say just what He would do or how He would do it.

The egg is the most universal of foods, and its use dates from the beginning, but what is more mysterious than an egg? When an egg is fresh it is an important article of merchandise; a hen can destroy its market value in a week's time, but in two weeks more she can bring forth from it what man could not find in it. We eat eggs, but we cannot explain an egg.

Water has been used from the birth of man; we learned after it had been used for ages that it is merely a mixture of gases, but it is far more important that we have water to drink than that we know that it is not water.

Everything that grows tells a like story of infinite power. Why should I deny that a divine hand fed a multitude with a few loaves and fishes when I see hundreds of millions fed every year by a hand which converts the seeds scattered over the field into an abundant harvest? We know that food can be multiplied in a few month's time; shall we deny the power of the Creator to eliminate the element of time, when we have gone so far in eliminating the element of space? Who am I that I should attempt to measure the arm of the Almighty with my puny arm, or to measure the brain of the Infinite with my finite mind? Who am I that I should attempt to put metes and bounds to the power of the Creator?

But there is something even more wonderful still—the mysterious change that takes place in the human heart when the man begins to hate the things he loved and to love the things

he hated—the marvelous transformation that takes place in the man who, before the change, would have sacrificed a world for his own advancement but who, after the change, would give his life for a principle and esteem it a privilege to make sacrifice for his convictions! What greater miracle than this, that converts a selfish, self-centered human being into a center from which good influences flow out in every direction! And yet this miracle has been wrought in the heart of each one of us—or may be wrought—and we have seen it wrought in the hearts and lives of those about us. No, living life is a mystery, and living in the midst of mystery and miracles, I shall not allow either to deprive me of the benefits of the Christian religion. If you ask me if I understand everything in the Bible, I answer, no, but if we will try to live up to what we do understand, we shall be kept so busy doing good that we shall not have time to worry about the passages which we do not understand.

Some of those who question the miracle also question the theory of atonement; they assert that it does not accord with their idea of justice for one to die for all. Let each one bear his own sins and the punishment due for them, they say. The doctrine of vicarious suffering is not a new one; it is as old as the race. That one should suffer for others is one of the most familiar of principles, and we see the principle illustrated every day of our lives. Take the family, for instance; from the day the mother's first child is born, for twenty or thirty years her children are scarcely out of her waking thoughts. Her life trembles in the balance at each child's birth; she sacrifices for them, she surrenders herself to them. Is it because she expects them to pay her back? Fortunate for the parent and fortunate for the child if the latter has an opportunity to repay in part the debt it owes. But no child can compensate a parent for a parent's care. In the course of nature the debt is paid, not to the parent, but to the next generation, and the next—each generation suffering, sacrificing for and surrendering itself to the generation that follows. This is the law of our lives.

Nor is this confined to the family. Every step in civilization has been made possible by those who have been willing

to sacrifice for posterity. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience, and free government have all been won for the world by those who were willing to labor unselfishly for their fellows. So well established is this doctrine that we do not regard any one as great unless he recognizes how unimportant his life is in comparison with the problems with which he deals.

I find proof that man was made in the image of his Creator in the fact that, throughout the centuries, man has been willing to die, if necessary, that blessings denied to him might be enjoyed by his children, his children's children, and the world.

The seeming paradox, "He that saveth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," has an application wider than that usually given to it; it is an epitome of history. Those who live only for themselves live little lives, but those who stand ready to give themselves for the advancement of things greater than themselves find a larger life than the one they would have surrendered. Wendell Phillips gave expression to the same idea when he said, "What imprudent men the benefactors of the race have been! How prudently most men sink into nameless graves, while now and then a few *forget* themselves into immortality!" We win immortality, not by remembering ourselves, but by forgetting ourselves in devotion to things larger than ourselves. Instead of being an unnatural plan, the plan of salvation is in perfect harmony with human nature as we understand it. Sacrifice is the language of love, and Christ, in suffering for the world, adopted the only means of reaching the heart. This can be demonstrated not only by theory but by experience, for the story of His life, His teachings, His sufferings and His death has been translated into every language, and everywhere it has touched the heart.

But if I were going to present an argument in favor of the divinity of Christ, I would not begin with miracles or mystery or with the theory of atonement. I would begin as Carnegie Simpson does in his book entitled "The Fact of Christ." Commencing with the undisputed fact that Christ lived, he points out that one cannot contemplate this fact without feel-

ing that in some way it is related to those now living. He says that one can read of Alexander, of Cæsar, or of Napoleon, and not feel that it is a matter of personal concern; but that when one reads that Christ lived, and how he lived and how He died, he feels that somehow there is a cord that stretches from that life to his. As he studies the character of Christ he becomes conscious of certain virtues which stand out in bold relief—His purity, His forgiving spirit and His unfathomable love. The author is correct. Christ presents an example of purity in thought and life, and man, conscious of his own imperfections and grieved over his shortcomings, finds inspiration in the fact that He was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet was without sin. I am not sure but that each can find just here a way of determining for himself whether he possesses the true spirit of a Christian. If the sinlessness of Christ inspires within him an earnest desire to conform his life more nearly to the perfect example, he is indeed a follower; if, on the other hand, he resents the reproof which the purity of Christ offers, and refuses to mend his ways, he has yet to be born again.

The most difficult of all the virtues to cultivate is the forgiving spirit. Revenge seems to be natural with man; it is human to want to get even with an enemy. It has even been popular to boast of vindictiveness; it was once inscribed on a man's monument that he had repaid both friends and enemies more than he had received. This was not the spirit of Christ. He taught forgiveness, and in that incomparable prayer which He left as a model for our petitions, He made our willingness to forgive the measure by which we may claim forgiveness. He not only taught forgiveness, but He exemplified His teachings in His life. When those who persecuted Him brought Him to the most disgraceful of all deaths, His spirit of forgiveness rose above His sufferings and He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

But love is the foundation of Christ's creed. The world had known love before; parents had loved their children, and children their parents; husbands had loved their wives, and wives their husbands; and friend had loved friend; but Jesus gave a new definition of love. His love was as wide as the

sea; its limits were so far-flung that even an enemy could not travel beyond its bounds. Other teachers sought to regulate the lives of their followers by rule and formula, but Christ's plan was to purify the heart and then to leave love to direct the footsteps.

What conclusion is to be drawn from the life, the teachings, and the death of this historic figure? Reared in a carpenter shop; with no knowledge of literature, save Bible literature; with no acquaintance with philosophers living or with the writings of sages dead, when only about thirty years old He gathered disciples about Him, promulgated a higher code of morals than the world had ever known before, and proclaimed Himself the Messiah. He taught and performed miracles for a few brief months and then was crucified; His disciples were scattered and many of them put to death; His claims were disputed, His resurrection denied, and His followers persecuted; and yet from this beginning His religion spread until hundreds of millions have taken His name with reverence upon their lips and millions have been willing to die rather than surrender the faith which He put into their hearts. How shall we account for Him? Here is the greatest fact of history; here is One who has with increasing power, for nineteen hundred years, molded the hearts, the thoughts, and the lives of men, and He exerts more influence to-day than ever before. "What think ye of Christ?" It is easier to believe Him divine than to explain in any other way what He said and did and was. And I have greater faith, even than before, since I have visited the Orient and witnessed the successful contest which Christianity is waging against the religions and philosophies of the East.

I was thinking a few years ago of the Christmas which was then approaching and of Him in whose honor the day is celebrated. I recalled the message, "On earth peace, good will toward men," and then my thoughts ran back to the prophecy uttered centuries before His birth, in which He was described as the Prince of Peace. To reinforce my memory I re-read the prophecy, and I found immediately following a verse which I had forgotten—a verse which declares that of the increase of His peace and government there shall be no end, and,

Isaiah adds, that He shall judge His people with justice and with judgment. I had been reading of the rise and fall of nations, and occasionally I had met a gloomy philosopher who preached the doctrine that nations, like individuals, must of necessity have their birth, their infancy, their maturity, and finally their decay and death. But here I read of a government that is to be perpetual—a government of increasing peace and blessedness—the government of the Prince of Peace—and it is to rest on justice. I have thought of this prophecy many times during the last few years, and I have selected this theme that I might present some of the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called the Prince of Peace—a title that will in the years to come be more and more applied to Him. If He can bring peace to each individual heart and if His creed when applied will bring peace throughout the earth, who will deny His right to be called the Prince of Peace?

All the world is in search of peace; every heart that ever beat has sought for peace, and many have been the methods employed to secure it. Some have thought to purchase it with riches and have labored to secure wealth, hoping to find peace when they were able to go where they pleased and buy what they liked. Of those who have endeavored to purchase peace with money, the large majority have failed to secure the money. But what has been the experience of those who have been eminently successful in finance? They all tell the same story, viz., that they spent the first half of their lives trying to get money from others and the last half trying to keep others from getting their money, and that they found peace in neither half. Some have even reached the point where they find difficulty in getting people to accept their money; and I know of no better indication of the ethical awakening in this country than the increasing tendency to scrutinize the methods of money-making. I am sanguine enough to believe that the time will yet come when respectability will no longer be sold to great criminals by helping them spend their ill-gotten gains. A long step in advance will have been taken when religious, educational, and charitable institutions refuse to condone conscienceless methods in business and leave the possessor of il-

legitimate accumulations to learn how lonely life is when one prefers money to morals.

Some have sought peace in social distinction, but whether they have been within the charmed circle and fearful lest they might fall out, or outside and hopeful that they might get in, they have not found peace. Some have thought, vain thought, to find peace in political prominence; but whether office comes by birth, as in monarchies, or by election, as in republics, it does not bring peace. An office is not considered a high one if all can occupy it. Only when few in a generation can hope to enjoy an honor do we call it a great honor. I am glad that our Heavenly Father did not make the peace of the human heart to depend upon our ability to buy it with money, secure it in society, or win it at the polls, for in either case but few could have obtained it, but when He made peace the reward of a conscience void of offense toward God and man, He put it within the reach of all. The poor can secure it as easily as the rich, the social outcasts as freely as the leader of society, and the humblest citizen equally with those who wield political power.

To those who have grown gray in the Church, I need not speak of the peace to be found in faith in God and trust in an overruling Providence. Christ taught that our lives are precious in the sight of God, and poets have taken up the thought and woven it into immortal verse. No uninspired writer has expressed it more beautifully than William Cullen Bryant in his "Ode to a Waterfowl." After following the wanderings of the bird of passage as it seeks first its southern and then its northern home, he concludes:

> Thou art gone; the abyss of heaven
> Hath swallowed up thy form, but on my heart
> Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
> And shall not soon depart.
>
> He who, from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright.

Christ promoted peace by giving us assurance that a line of communication can be established between the Father above and the child below. And who will measure the consolations of the hour of prayer?

And immortality! Who will estimate the peace which a belief in a future life has brought to the sorrowing hearts of the sons of men? You may talk to the young about death ending all, for life is full and hope is strong, but preach not this doctrine to the mother who stands by the death-bed of her babe or to one who is within the shadow of a great affliction. When I was a young man I wrote to Colonel Ingersoll and asked him for his views on God and immortality. His secretary answered that the great infidel was not at home, but inclosed a copy of a speech of Colonel Ingersoll's which covered my question. I scanned it with eagerness and found that he had expressed himself about as follows: "I do not say that there is no God, I simply say I do not know. I do not say that there is no life beyond the grave, I simply say I do not know." And from that day to this I have asked myself the question and have been unable to answer it to my own satisfaction, How could any one find pleasure in taking from a human heart a living faith and substituting therefore the cold and cheerless doctrine, "I do not know"?

Christ gave us proof of immortality, and it was a welcome assurance although it would hardly seem necessary that one should rise from the dead to convince us that the grave is not the end. To every created thing God has given a tongue that proclaims a future life.

If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest

to this tenement of clay? No, I am sure that He who, notwithstanding His apparent prodigality, created nothing without a purpose, and wasted not a single atom in all His creation, has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization. I am as sure that we live again as I am sure that we live to-day.

In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than thirty centuries in an Egyptian tomb. As I looked at them this thought came into my mind: If one of those grains had been planted on the banks of the Nile the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants had been planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would to-day be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world. An unbroken chain of life connects the earliest grains of wheat with the grains that we sow and reap. There is in the grain of wheat an invisible something which has power to discard the body that we see, and from earth and air fashion a new body so much like the old one that we cannot tell the one from the other. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled into dust.

A belief in immortality not only consoles the individual, but it exerts a powerful influence in bringing peace between individuals. If one actually thinks that man dies as the brute dies, he will yield more easily to the temptation to do injustice to his neighbor when the circumstances are such as to promise security from detection. But if one really expects to meet again, and live eternally with, those whom he knows to-day, he is restrained from evil deeds by the fear of endless remorse. We do not know what rewards are in store for us or what punishments may be reserved, but if there were no other it would be some punishment for one who deliberately and consciously wrongs another to have to live forever in the company of the person wronged and have his littleness and selfishness laid bare. I repeat, a belief in immortality must exert a powerful influence in establishing justice between men and thus laying the foundation for peace.

Again, Christ deserves to be called the Prince of Peace because He has given us a measure of greatness which promotes peace. When His disciples quarreled among themselves as to which should be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, He rebuked them and said: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Service is the measure of greatness; it always has been true; it is true to-day, and it always will be true, that he is greatest who does the most good. And how this old world will be transformed when this standard of greatness becomes the standard of every life! Nearly all of our controversies and combats grow out of the fact that we are trying to get something from each other—there will be peace when our aim is to do something for each other. Our enmities and animosities arise largely from our efforts to get as much as possible out of the world—there will be peace when our endeavor is to put as much as possible into the world. The human measure of a human life is its income; the divine measure of a life is its outgo, its overflow—its contribution to the welfare of all.

Christ also led the way to peace by giving us a formula for the propagation of truth. Not all of those who have really desired to do good have employed the Christian method—not all Christians even. In the history of the human race but two methods have been used. The first is the forcible method, and it has been employed most frequently. A man has an idea which he thinks is good; he tells his neighbors about it and they do not like it. This makes him angry; he thinks it would be so much better for them if they would like it, and, seizing a club, he attempts to make them like it. But one trouble about this rule is that it works both ways; when a man starts out to compel his neighbors to think as he does, he generally finds them willing to accept the challenge, and they spend so much time in trying to coerce each other that they have no time left to do each other good.

The other is the Bible plan— "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." And there is no other way of overcoming evil. I am not much of a farmer—I get more credit for my farming than I deserve, and my little farm receives more advertising than it is entitled to. But I am farmer enough

to know that if I cut down weeds they will spring up again; and farmer enough to know that if I plant something there which has more vitality than the weeds I shall not only get rid of the constant cutting, but have the benefit of the crop besides.

In order that there might be no mistake in His plan of propagating the truth, Christ went into detail and laid emphasis upon the value of example—"So live that others seeing your good works may be constrained to glorify your Father which is in Heaven." There is no human influence so potent for good as that which goes out from an upright life. A sermon may be answered; the arguments presented in a speech may be disputed, but no one can answer a Christian life—it is the unanswerable argument in favor of our religion.

It may be a slow process—this conversion of the world by the silent influence of a noble example—but it is the only sure one, and the doctrine applies to nations as well as to individuals. The Gospel of the Prince of Peace gives us the only hope that the world has—and it is an increasing hope—of the substitution of reason for the arbitrament of force in the settlement of international disputes. And our nation ought not to wait for other nations—it ought to take the lead and prove its faith in the omnipotence of truth.

But Christ has given us a platform so fundamental that it can be applied successfully to all controversies. We are interested in platforms; we attend conventions, sometimes traveling long distances; we have wordy wars over the phraseology of various planks, and then we wage earnest campaigns to secure the endorsement of these platforms at the polls. The platform given to the world by the Prince of Peace is more far-reaching and more comprehensive than any platform ever written by the convention of any party in any country. When He condensed into one commandment those of the ten which relate to man's duty toward his fellows and enjoined upon us the rule, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," He presented a plan for the solution of all the problems that now vex society or may hereafter arise. Other remedies may palliate or postpone the day of settlement, but this is all-sufficient, and the reconciliation which it effects is a permanent one.

My faith in the future—and I have faith—and my optimism —for I am an optimist—my faith and my optimism rest upon the belief that Christ's teachings are being more studied to-day than ever before, and that with this larger study will come a larger application of those teachings to the everyday life of the world, and to the questions with which we deal. In former times when men read that Christ came "to bring life and immortality to light," they placed the emphasis upon immortality; now they are studying Christ's relation to human life. People used to read the Bible to find out what it said of Heaven; now they read it more to find what light it throws upon the pathway of to-day. In former years many thought to prepare themselves for future bliss by a life of seclusion here; we are learning that to follow in the footsteps of the Master we must go about doing good. Christ declared that He came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. The world is learning that Christ came not to narrow life, but to enlarge it—not to rob it of its joy, but to fill it to overflowing with purpose, earnestness, and happiness.

But this Prince of Peace promises not only peace but strength. Some have thought His teachings fit only for the weak and the timid and unsuited to men of vigor, energy, and ambition. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Only the man of faith can be courageous. Confident that he fights on the side of Jehovah, he doubts not the success of his cause. What matters it whether he shares in the shouts of triumph? If every word spoken in behalf of truth has its influence and every deed done for the right weighs in the final account, it is immaterial to the Christian whether his eyes behold victory or whether he dies in the midst of the conflict.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

Only those who *believe* attempt the seemingly impossible, and, by attempting, prove that one, with God, can chase a thousand and that two can put ten thousand to flight. I can imagine that the early Christians who were carried into the Coliseum to make a spectacle for those more savage than the beasts, were entreated by their doubting companions not to endanger their lives. But, kneeling in the center of the arena, they prayed and sang until they were devoured. How helpless they seemed, and, measured by every human rule, how hopeless was their cause! And yet within a few decades the power which they invoked proved mightier than the legions of the emperor, and the faith in which they died was triumphant o'er all the land.

It is said that those who went to mock at their sufferings returned asking themselves, "What is it that can enter into the heart of man and make him die as these die?" They were greater conquerors in their death than they could have been had they purchased life by a surrender of their faith.

What would have been the fate of the church if the early Christians had had as little faith as many of our Christians of to-day? And if the Christians of to-day had the faith of the martyrs, how long would it be before the fulfillment of the prophecy that "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess"?

I am glad that He, who is called the Prince of Peace—who can bring peace to every troubled heart and whose teachings, exemplified in life, will bring peace between man and man, between community and community, between State and State, between nation and nation throughout the world—I am glad that He brings courage as well as peace, so that those who follow Him may take up and each day bravely do the duties that to that day fall.

As the Christian grows older he appreciates more and more the completeness with which Christ satisfies the longings of the heart, and, grateful for the peace which he enjoys and for the strength which he has received, he repeats the words of the great scholar, Sir William Jones.

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth;
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray.

THE SPOKEN WORD

Lecture delivered before the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia and elsewhere. It offers counsel to young speakers on the art of oratory by one of its great masters.

Some have prophesied that with the spread of the newspaper public speaking would decline—but the prediction has not been fulfilled and its failure is easily explained. In the first place, the written page can never be a substitute for the message delivered orally. The newspaper vastly multiplies the audience but they hear only the echo, not the speech itself. One cannot write as he speaks because he lacks the inspiration furnished by an audience. Gladstone has very happily described the influence exerted by the audience upon the speaker, an influence which returns to the audience stamped with his own personality. He says that the speaker draws inspiration from the audience in the form of mist and pours it back in a flood. It need hardly be added that this refers to speaking without manuscript, but reading, while always regrettable, is sometimes necessary—especially when accuracy is more important than the immediate effect.

In order to secure both accuracy and animation it is well to prepare the speech in advance and then revise it after delivery.

With increased intelligence a larger percentage of the population are able to think upon their feet, to take part in public discussions and to give their community and country the benefit of their conscience and judgment. The fraternities and labor and commercial organizations have largely aided in the development of speaking by the exchange of views at their regular meetings. The extension of popular government naturally in-

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creases public speaking as it brings the masses into closer relation to the government and makes them more and more a controlling force in politics.

The newspapers, instead of making the stump unnecessary, often increase the necessity for face to face communication, in order that both sides may be represented and, sometimes, in order that misrepresentations may be exposed.

No substitute can be found for the pulpit. Earnestness which finds expression through the voice cannot be communicated through the printed page. If we are thrilled by what we read it gives us only a glimpse of the power of speech to stir the soul. If the spoken word is to continue to play an important part in the communication of information and in the compelling of thought it is worth while to consider some of the rules that contribute to the effectiveness of the pulpit and the platform.

Sometimes I receive a letter from a young man who informs me that he is a born orator and asks what such an one should do to prepare him for his life-work. I answer that while an orator must be born like others his success will not depend on inheritance, neither will a favorable environment in youth assure it. An ancestor's fame may inspire him to effort and the associations of the fireside may stimulate, but ability to speak effectively is an acquirement rather than a gift.

Eloquence may be defined as the speech of one who *knows what he is talking about* and *means what he says*—it is *thought on fire*. One cannot communicate information unless he possesses it. There is quite a difference in people in this respect; we say of one that he knows more than he can tell and, of another that he can tell all he knows, but it is a reflection upon a man to say that he can tell more than he knows.

The first thing, therefore, is to know the subject. One should know his subject so well that a question will aid rather than embarrass him. A question from the audience annoys one only when the speaker is *unable* to answer it or does not *want* to answer it. Many a speaker has been brought into ridicule by a question that revealed his lack of information on the subject; and a speaker has sometimes been routed by

a question that revealed something he intended to conceal. Before discussing a subject one should go all around it and view it from every standpoint, asking and answering all the questions likely to be put by his opponents. Nothing strengthens a speaker more than to be able to answer every question put to him. His argument is made much more forcible because the question focuses attention on the particular point; a ready answer makes a deeper impression than the speaker could make by the use of the same language without the benefit of the question to excite interest in the proposition.

But knowledge is of little use to the speaker without earnestness. Persuasive speech is from heart to heart, not from mind to mind. It is difficult for a speaker to deceive his audience as to his own feelings; it takes a trained actor to make an imaginary thing seem real. Nearly two thousand years ago one of the Latin poets expressed this thought when he said, "If you would draw tears from others' eyes, yourself the signs of grief must show."

If one is master of an important subject and feels that he has a message that must be delivered he will not lack a hearing. As there are always important subjects before the country for settlement there will always be oratory. In order to speak eloquently on one subject a man need not be well informed on a large number of subjects, although information on all subjects is of value. One who can in a general way discuss a large number of subjects may be entirely outclassed by one who knows but one subject but knows it well and *feels* it.

The pulpit has developed many great orators because it furnishes the largest subject with which one can deal. The preacher who knows the Bible and feels that every human being needs the message that the Bible contains cannot fail to reach the hearts of his hearers. Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, once the President of Brown University and later Chancellor of Nebraska University, told me of a sermon that he heard Jasper, the colored preacher of Richmond, deliver late in life on an anniversary occasion. Jasper claimed nothing for himself but attributed his long pastorate and whatever influence he had to the fact that he preached from only one book—the Bible.

When I was in college I heard a visitor draw a contrast be-

tween Cicero and Demosthenes. I am not sure that it is fair to Cicero but it brings out an important distinction. As I recall it, the speaker said, "When Cicero spake the people said, 'How well Cicero speaks'; when Demosthenes spake his hearers cried, 'Let us go against Philip.'" One impressed himself upon his audience while the other impressed his subject. It need hardly be said that in all effective oratory the speaker succeeds in proportion as he can make his hearers forget him in their absorption in the subject that he presents. I may add that there is a practical advantage in the speaker's diverting attention from himself. There is only one of him and he would soon become monotonous if he continually thrust himself forward; but, as subjects are innumerable, he can give infinite variety to his speech by putting the emphasis upon the theme.

It is better that the audience, when it breaks up, should gather into groups and discuss what the speaker said than to go away saying, "What a delightful speech it was," and yet not remember the things said. Whether the statements made are true or not it does no harm to have them challenged; if some dispute what has been said and others defend the speaker it is certain that thought has been aroused, and thinking leads to truth. That is why freedom of speech is so essential in a republic; it is the only process by which truth can be separated from error and made to stand forth in all its strength. We should, therefore, invite discussion.

While acquaintance with the subject and heartfelt interest in it are the first essentials of convincing speech, there are other qualities that greatly strengthen discourse. First among these I would put *clearness of statement*. Jefferson declared in the Declaration of Independence that *certain* truths are self-evident. It is a very conservative statement of an important fact; it could be made stronger: *all truth is self-evident*. The best service one can render a truth, therefore, is to state it so clearly that it can be understood. This does not mean that every self-evident truth will be immediately accepted because there are many things that interfere with the acceptance of truth.

First, let us consider depth of conviction. Some people take their convictions more seriously than others. In India I heard a missionary speak of another person as having "no opinions—

nothing but convictions"; while one of the enemies of Gladstone described him as being the only person he ever knew who "could improvise the convictions of a lifetime." Depth of conviction gives great force to an individual when he is going in the right direction, but he is difficult to change if he is going in the wrong direction. When I visited the Hermitage for the first time they told me of an old colored man, formerly a slave of Jackson's, who survived his master many years. He was, of course, an object of interest and many questions were asked in regard to Jackson's characteristics. One visitor inquired of him if he thought Andrew Jackson went to heaven. He quickly responded, "If he sot his head that way, he did."

Prejudice also delays the spread of truth. People sometimes brace themselves against arguments. If I may be pardoned a personal illustration I will cite a case of political prejudice that came under my own observation. I was speaking in a town in Western Nebraska, an out-of-the-way place that I had seldom visited. A friend heard a man say, "Well, I never heard him and I thought I would come and see what he has to say." And then, with a determined look upon his face he added, "But he will not convince me." Political prejudice is not so hard to overcome as race prejudice and race prejudice is not so deep-seated as religious prejudice; but prejudice of any kind, whether it be personal, political, race, or religious, seriously interferes with the progress of truth.

Narrowness of vision often obstructs acceptance of truth. One must be made to feel interested in the subject before he will listen to that which is said about it. Aristotle has suggested a means by which each one can measure himself. "If he is interested in himself only he is very small; if he is interested in his family he is larger; if he is interested in his community he is larger still." Thus he grows in size as his sympathies expand—the largest person being the one whose heart takes in the whole world. In proportion as we can enlarge the horizon of the hearer we can increase the number of subjects to which he will give attention. The minister has an advantage in that he deals with the one subject about which all mankind thinks. The soul yearns for God: it is man's highest aspiration and his most enduring concern. When one's heart is changed—when he

is born again—he listens to, understands and accepts arguments that he rejected before.

Selfish interest is one of the most common obstructions to the advance of truth. Very often this difficulty can be overcome by showing that the party is mistaken as to the effect of the proposed measure upon his interests. Fortunately in matters of government a large majority of the people have interests on the same side and the real task is to make this plain. Where there is a real opposing interest, argument is of little use unless it can be shown that the public welfare outweighs the personal interest—that is, that a public interest is large enough to swallow up the interest that is private and personal.

Whenever one refuses to admit such a self-evident truth, for instance, as that it is wrong to steal, don't argue with him—search him; the reason may be found in his pocket.

Next to clearness of statement, I would put conciseness—the condensing of much into a few words. This is a great asset to a speaker. The molder of public opinion does not manufacture opinion; he simply puts it into form so that it can be remembered and repeated; just as my father used bullet-molds to make bullets when he was about to go squirrel hunting. The molds did not create the lead, they simply put it into effective form. Jefferson was the greatest molder of public opinion in the early days of this country. He did not create Democratic sentiment; he simply took the aspirations that had nestled in the hearts of men from time immemorial and put them into appropriate and epigrammatic language, so that the nation thought his thoughts after him, as the world is now doing. The proverbs of Solomon are priceless for the same reason; they are full of wisdom—wisdom so expressed that it can be easily comprehended.

When I was a boy my father would call me in from work a little before noon, read to me from Proverbs and comment on the sayings of the Wise Man. After his death (when I was twenty) I recalled his fondness for Proverbs and read the thirty-one chapters through each month for a year. I was increasingly impressed with their beauty and strength. I have used many of them in speeches. The one I have most frequently used in the advocacy of reform reads: "A prudent

man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished."

I have often used a story to illustrate how much can be said in a few words. A man said to another, "Do you drink?" The man to whom the question was addressed, replied rather indignantly, "That is my business, sir." "Have you any other business?" asked the first man. The story is not only valuable as an illustration of brevity but it has a moral side; if a man drinks much he soon has no other business.

In this connection I will speak of the words to be employed. Our use of big words increases from infancy to the day of graduation. I think it is safe to say that with nearly all of us the maximum is reached on the day when we leave school. We use more big words that day than we have ever used before or will ever use again. When we go from college into everyday life and begin to deal with our fellowmen we drop the big words because we are more interested in making people understand us than we are in parading our learning. The more earnest one is the smaller the words used. If a young man used big words to assure his sweetheart of his affection she would never understand him, but the word love has but one syllable, just as the words life, faith, hope, home, food and work are one-syllable words. Remember that nearly every audience is made up of people who differ in the amount of book learning they have received. If you speak only to those best educated you will speak over the heads of those less educated. A story is told of a great scientist who made two holes in the back fence and showed them to his wife, explaining that the big hole was for the cat and the small hole for the kitten. "But cannot the kitten go through the same hole as the cat?" inquired his wife. If you use little words you can reach not only the least learned, but the most learned as well.

Illustration is one of the most potent forms of argument; we understand new things by comparing them with what we know. Christ was a master of illustrations—the master. No one of whom history tells us has ever used the illustration as effectively as He. He took the objects of everyday life and made them mirrors which reflected truth. His parables give us a wide range of illustration—the Sower going forth to sow,

the Wheat and the Tares, the Prodigal Son, the Wise and Foolish Virgins—in fact, all the illustrations that He used might be cited to prove the power of this form of argument.

The question has been used throughout history; at every great crisis the orators of the day have used the question form of argument. Its strength depends upon the completeness with which the speaker includes all of the essentials involved in summing up the situation. The greatest question ever presented as an argument was that in which Christ concentrated attention upon the value of the soul. No one will ever place a higher estimate upon the soul than Christ did when He asked, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" No greater question was ever asked, or can be asked.

Courage is the last attribute to which I shall invite your attention. The speaker must possess moral courage, and to possess it he must have faith.

Faith exerts a controlling influence over our lives. If it is argued that works are more important than faith, I reply that faith comes first, works afterward. Until one believes, he does not act, and in accordance with his faith, so will be his deeds.

Abraham, called of God, went forth in faith to establish a race and religion. It was faith that led Columbus to discover America, and faith again that conducted the early settlers to Jamestown, the Dutch to New York and the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock. Faith has led the pioneer across deserts and through trackless forests, and faith has brought others in his footsteps to lay in our land the foundations of a civilization the highest that the world has known.

I might draw an illustration from the life of each one of you. You have faith in education, and that faith is behind your study; you have faith in this institution, and that faith brought you here; your parents and friends have had faith in you and have helped you to your present position. And back of all these manifestations of faith is your faith in God, in His Word and in His Son. We are told that without faith it is impossible to please God, and I may add that without faith it is impossible to meet the expectations of those who are

most interested in you. Let me present this subject under four heads.

First: You must have faith in yourselves. Not that you should carry confidence in yourselves to the point of displaying egotism, and yet, egotism is not the worst possible fault. My father was wont to say that if a man had the big head, you could whittle it down, but that if he had the little head, there was no hope for him. If you have the big head others will help you to reduce it, but if you have the little head, they cannot help you. You must believe that you can do things or you will not undertake them. Those who lack faith attempt nothing and therefore cannot possibly succeed; those with great faith attempt the seemingly impossible and by attempting prove what man can do.

But you cannot have faith in yourselves unless you are conscious that you are prepared for your work. If one is feeble in body, he cannot have the confidence in his physical strength that the athlete has, and, as physical strength is necessary, one is justified in devoting to exercise and to the strengthening of the body such time as may be necessary.

Intellectual training is also necessary, and more necessary than it used to be. When but few had the advantages of a college education, the lack of such advantages was not so apparent. Now when so many of the ministers, lawyers, physicians, journalists, and even business men, are college graduates, one cannot afford to be without the best possible intellectual preparation. When one comes into competition with his fellows, he soon recognizes his own intellectual superiority, equality or inferiority as compared with others. In China they have a very interesting bird contest. The singing lark is the most popular bird there, and as you go along the streets of a Chinese city you see Chinamen out airing their birds. These singing larks are entered in contests, and the contests are decided by the birds themselves. If, for instance, a dozen are entered, they all begin to sing lustily, but as they sing, one after another recognizes that it is outclassed and gets down off its perch, puts its head under its wing and will not sing any more. At last there is just one bird left singing, and it sings with enthusiasm as if it recognized its victory.

So it is in all intellectual contests. Put twenty men in a room and let them discuss any important question. At first all will take part in the discussion, but as the discussion proceeds, one after another drops out until finally two are left in debate, one on one side and one on the other. The rest are content to have their ideas presented by those who can present them best. If you are going to have faith, therefore, in yourselves, you must be prepared to meet your competitors upon an equal plane; if you are prepared, they will be conscious of it as well as you.

A high purpose is also a necessary part of your preparation. You cannot afford to put a low purpose in competition with a high one. If you go out to work from a purely selfish standpoint, you will be ashamed to stand in the presence of those who have higher aims and nobler ambitions. Have faith in yourselves, but to have faith you must be prepared for your work, and this preparation must be moral and intellectual as well as physical. The preacher should be the boldest of men because of the unselfish character of his work.

Second: Have faith in mankind. The great fault of our scholarship is that it is not sufficiently sympathetic. It holds itself aloof from the struggling masses. It is too often cold and cynical. It is better to trust your fellowmen and be occasionally deceived than to be distrustful and live alone. Mankind deserves to be trusted. There is something good in every one, and that good responds to sympathy. If you speak to the multitude and they do not respond, do not despise them, but rather examine what you have said. If you speak from your heart, you will speak to their hearts, and they can tell very quickly whether you are interested in them or simply in yourself. The heart of mankind is sound; the sense of justice is universal. Trust it, appeal to it, do not violate it. People differ in race characteristics, in national traditions, in language, in ideas of government, and in forms of religion, but at the heart they are very much alike. I fear the plutocracy of wealth; I respect the aristocracy of learning; but I thank God for the democracy of the heart. You must love if you would be loved. "They loved him because he first loved them"—this is the verdict pronounced where men have unselfishly

labored for the welfare of the whole people. Link yourselves in sympathy with your fellowmen; mingle with them; know them and you will trust them and they will trust you. If you are stronger than others, bear heavier loads; if you are more capable than others, show it by your willingness to perform a larger service.

Third: If you are going to accomplish anything in this country, you must have faith in your form of government, and there is every reason why you should have faith in it. It is the best form of government ever conceived by the mind of man, and it is spreading throughout the world. It is best, not because it is perfect, but because it can be made as perfect as the people deserve to have. It is a people's government, and it reflects the virtue and intelligence of the people. As the people make progress in virtue and intelligence, the government ought to approach more and more nearly to perfection. It will never, of course, be entirely free from faults, because it must be administered by human beings, and imperfection is to be expected in the work of human hands.

Jefferson said a century ago that there were naturally two parties in every country, one which drew to itself those who trusted the people, the other which as naturally drew to itself those who distrusted the people. That was true when Jefferson said it, and it is true to-day. In every country there are those who are seeking to enlarge the participation of the people in government, and that group is growing. In every country there are those who are endeavoring to obstruct each step toward popular government, and that group is diminishing. In this country the tendency is constantly toward more popular government, and every effort which has for its object the bringing of the government into closer touch with the people is sure of ultimate triumph.

Our form of government is good. Call it a democracy if you are a democrat, or a republic if you are a republican, but help to make it a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. A democracy is wiser than an aristocracy because a democracy can draw from the wisdom of the people, and all of the people know more than any part of the people. A democracy is stronger than a monarchy, because, as the

historian, Bancroft, has said: "It dares to discard the implements of terror and build its citadel in the hearts of men." And a democracy is the most just form of government because it is built upon the doctrine that men are created equal, that governments are instituted to protect the inalienable rights of the people and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

We know that a grain of wheat planted in the ground will, under the influence of the sunshine and rain, send forth a blade, and then a stalk, and then the full head, because there is behind the grain of wheat a force irresistible and constantly at work. There is behind moral and political truth a force equally irresistible and always operating, and just as we may expect the harvest in due season, we may be sure of the triumph of the eternal forces that make for man's uplifting. Have faith in your form of government; it rests upon a growing idea, and if you will but attach yourself to that idea, you will grow with it.

Fourth: The subject presents itself in another aspect. You must not only have faith in yourselves, in humanity, and in the form of government under which we live, but if you would do a great work, you must have faith in God. I am not a preacher; I am but a layman; yet, I am not willing that the minister shall monopolize the blessings of Christianity, and I do not know of any moral precept binding upon the preacher behind the pulpit that is not binding upon the Christian and whose acceptance would not be helpful to every one. I am not speaking from the minister's standpoint but from the observation of everyday life when I say that there is a wide difference between the desire to live so that men will applaud you and the desire to live so that God will be satisfied with you. Man needs the inner strength that comes from faith in God and belief in His constant presence.

Man needs faith in God, therefore, to strengthen him in his hours of trial, and he needs it to give him courage to do the work of life. How can one fight for a principle unless he believes in the triumph of right? How can he believe in the triumph of the right if he does not believe that God stands back of the truth and that God is able to bring victory to His side? He knows not whether he is to live for the truth or to

die for it, but if he has the faith he ought to have, he is as ready to die for it as to live for it.

Faith will not only give you strength when you fight for righteousness, but your faith will bring dismay to your enemies. There is power in the presence of an honest man who does right because it is right and dares to do the right in the face of all opposition. That is true to-day, and has been true through all history.

If your preparation is complete so that you are conscious of your ability to do great things; if you have faith in your fellowmen and become a colaborer with them in the raising of the general level of society; if you have faith in our form of government and seek to purge it of its imperfections so as to make it more and more acceptable to our own people and to the oppressed of other nations; and if, in addition, you have faith in God and in the triumph of the right, no one can set limits to your achievements. This is the greatest of all ages in which to live. The railroads and the telegraph wires have brought the corners of the earth close together, and it is easier to-day for one to be helpful to the whole world than it was a few centuries ago to be helpful to the inhabitants of a single valley. This is the age of great opportunity and of great responsibility. Let your faith be large, and let this large faith inspire you to perform a large service.

Because the preacher has consecrated himself to God's service and seeks divine guidance from the Bible and through prayer, he is able to speak with absolute confidence. His trust is the measure of his strength; because he *knows* what Christ has done for him he knows what Christ can do for others. His own experience is the foundation of his trust in the Gospel that he preaches. Because a miracle was wrought in his own life he knows that the day of miracles is not past; because one heart has been regenerated he knows that all hearts can be, and that Christ, through His power to transform the life of each individual, can transform a world.

I beg you to prepare yourselves to proclaim the Word of God by voice as well as with pen. You have a mighty message for a waiting world—a message worthy of all your powers of heart and mind and tongue.

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MUSTACHE

Lecture by Robert J. Burdette, "The Hawkeye Man," humorist (born in Greensborough, Penn., 1844; died 1914), delivered originally in Western cities. This is called the best exposition of Mr. Burdette's humor as displayed in the several lectures of his series given since he first took the platform in 1876. At that time Mr. Burdette was managing editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, through which he won his reputation as a humorist, his humorous paragraphs and sketches, often tinged with gentle satire, first appearing in its columns some years before. Subsequently, Mr. Burdette became a licensed minister of the Baptist Church, but he continued on the lecture platform.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Adam raised Cain, but he did not raise a mustache. He was born a man, a full-grown man, and with a mustache already raised.

If Adam wore a mustache, he never raised it. It raised itself. It evolved itself out of its own inner consciousness, like a primordial germ. It grew, like the weeds on his farm, in spite of him, and to torment him. For Adam had hardly got his farm reduced to a kind of turbulent, weed producing, granger fighting, regular order of things—had scarcely settled down to the quiet, happy, care-free, independent life of a jocund farmer, with nothing under the canopy to molest or make him afraid, with everything on the plantation going on smoothly and lovely, with a little rust in the oats; army-worm in the corn; Colorado beetles swarming up and down the potato patch; cutworms laying waste the cucumbers; curculio in the plums and borers in the apple-trees; a new kind of bug that he didn't know the name of desolating the wheat fields; dry weather burning up

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the wheat; wet weather blighting the corn; too cold for the melons, too dreadfully hot for the strawberries; chickens dying with the pip; hogs being gathered to their fathers with the cholera; sheep fading away with a complication of things that no man could remember; horses getting along as well as could be expected, with a little spavin, ring-bone, wolf-teeth, distemper, heaves, blind staggers, collar chafes, saddle galls, colic now and then, founder occasionally, epizootic when there was nothing else; cattle going wild with the horn ail; moth in the bee-hives; snakes in the milk-house; moles in the kitchen garden—Adam had just about got through breaking wild land with a crooked stick, and settled down comfortably, when the sound of the boy was heard in the land.

Did it ever occur to you that Adam was probably the most troubled and worried man that ever lived?

We have always pictured Adam as a careworn-looking man; a puzzled-looking granger who would sigh fifty times a day, and sit down on a log and run his irresolute fingers through his hair while he wondered what under the canopy he was going to do with those boys, and whatever was going to become of them. We have thought, too, that as often as our esteemed parent asked himself this conundrum, he gave it up. They must have been a source of constant trouble and mystification to him. For you see they were the first boys that humanity ever had any experience with. And there was no one else in the neighborhood who had any boy, with whom Adam, in his moments of perplexity, could consult. There wasn't a boy in the country with whom Adam's boys were on speaking terms, and with whom they could play and fight.

Adam, you see, labored under the most distressing disadvantages that ever opposed a married man, and the father of a family. He had never been a boy himself, and what could he know about boy nature or boy troubles and pleasures. His perplexity began at an early date.

Cain, when he made his appearance, was the first and only boy in the fair young world. And all his education depended on his inexperienced parents, who had never in their lives seen a boy until they saw Cain. And there wasn't an educational help in the market. There wasn't an alphabet-block in the

county; not even a Centennial illustrated handkerchief. There were no other boys in the republic, to teach young Cain to lie, and swear, and smoke, and drink, fight, and steal, and thus develop the boy's dormant statesmanship, and prepare him for the sterner political duties of his maturer years. There wasn't a pocket-knife in the universe that he could borrow—and lose, and when he wanted to cut his finger, as all boys must do, now and then, he had to cut it with a clam-shell. There were no country relations upon whom little Cain could be inflicted for two or three weeks at a time, when his wearied parents wanted a little rest. There was nothing for him to play with. Adam couldn't show him how to make a kite. He had a much better idea of angels' wings than he had of a kite. And if little Cain had even asked for such a simple bit of mechanism as a shinny-club, Adam would have gone out into the depths of the primeval forest and wept in sheer mortification and helpless, confessed ignorance.

I don't wonder that Cain turned out bad. I always said he would. For his entire education depended upon a most ignorant man, a man in the very palmiest days of his ignorance, who couldn't have known less if he had tried all his life on a high salary and had a man to help him. And the boy's education had to be conducted entirely upon the catechetical system; only, in this instance, the boy pupil asked the questions, and his parent teachers, heaven help them, tried to answer them. And they had to answer at them. For they could not take refuge from the steady stream of questions that poured in upon them day after day, by interpolating a fairy story, as you do when your boy asks you questions about something of which you never heard. For how could Adam begin, "Once upon a time," when with one quick, incisive question, Cain could pin him right back against the dead-wall of creation, and make him either specify exactly what time, or acknowledge the fraud? How could Eve tell him about "Jack and the beanstalk," when Cain, fairly crazy for some one to play with, knew perfectly well there was not, and never had been, another boy on the plantation? And as day by day Cain brought home things in his hands about which to ask questions that no mortal could answer, how grateful his bewildered parents must have

been that he had no pockets in which to transport his collections. For many generations came into the fair young world, got into no end of trouble, and died out of it, before a boy's pocket solved the problem how to make the thing contained seven times greater than the container.

The only thing that saved Adam and Eve from interrogational insanity was the paucity of language. If little Cain had possessed the verbal abundance of the language in which men are to-day talked to death, his father's bald head would have gone down in the shining flight to the end of the earth to escape him, leaving Eve to look after the stock, save the crop, and raise her boy as best she could. Which would have been 6,000 years ago, as to-day, just like a man.

Because, it was no off-hand, absent-minded work answering questions about things in those spacious old days, when there was crowds of room, and everything grew by the acre. When a placid but exceedingly unanimous looking animal went rolling by, producing the general effect of an eclipse, and Cain would shout:

"Oh, lookee, lookee, pa! what's that?"

Then the patient Adam, trying to saw enough kitchen-wood to last over Sunday, with a piece of flint, would have to pause and gather up words enough to say:

"That, my son? That is only a mastodon giganteus; he has a bad look, but a Christian temper."

And then presently:

"Oh, pa! pa! What's that over yon?"

"Where, Cainny? Oh, that in the mud? That's only an acephala lamelli branchiata. It won't bite you, but you mustn't eat it. It's poison as politics."

"Whee! See there! see, see, see! What's him?"

"Oh, that? Looks like a plesiosaurus; keep out of his way; he has a jaw like your mother."

"Oh, yes; a plenosserus. And what's that fellow, poppy?"

"That's a silurus malaptorus. Don't you go near him, for he has the disposition of a Georgia mule."

"Oh, yes; a slapterus. And what's this little one?"

"Oh, it's nothing but an aristolochioid. Where did you get it. There, now, quit throwing stones at that acanthoptery-

gian; do you want to be kicked? And keep away from the nothodenatrichomanoides. My stars, Eve! where did he get that anonaceo-hydrocharideo-nymphæoid? Do you never look after him at all? Here, you Cain, get right away down from there, and chase that megalosaurius out of the melon patch, or I'll set the monopleuro branchian on you." [Laughter.]

Just think of it, Christian man with a family to support, with last year's stock on your shelves, and a draft as long as a clothes-line to pay to-morrow! Think of it, woman with all a woman's love and constancy, and a mother's sympathetic nature, with three meals a day 365 times a year to think of, and the flies to chase out of the sitting-room; think, if your cherub boy was the only boy in the wide, wide world, and all his questions which now radiate in a thousand directions among other boys, who tell him lies and help him to cut his eye-teeth, were focused upon you!

Well, you have no time to pity Adam. You have your own boy to look after. Or, your neighbor has a boy, whom you can look after much more closely than his mother does, and much more to your own satisfaction than to the boy's comfort.

Your boy is, as Adam's boy was, an animal that asks questions. If there were any truth in the old theory of the transmigration of souls, when a boy died he would pass into an interrogation point. And he'd stay there. He'd never get out of it; for he never gets through asking questions. The older he grows the more he asks, and the more perplexing his questions are, and the more unreasonable he is about wanting them answered to suit himself. Why, the oldest boy I ever knew—he was fifty-seven years old, and I went to school to him—could and did ask the longest, hardest, crookedest questions [laughter], that no fellow, who used to trade off all his books for a pair of skates and a knife with a corkscrew in it, could answer. And when his questions were not answered to suit him, it was his custom—a custom more honored in the breeches, we used to think, than in the observance—to take up a long, slender, but exceedingly tenacious rod, which lay ever near the big dictionary, and smite with it the boy whose naturally derived Adamic ignorance was made manifest.

Ah, me! if the boy could only do as he is done by, and ferule the man or woman who fails to reply to his inquiries, as he is himself corrected for similar shortcomings, what a valley of tears, what a literally howling wilderness he could and would make of this world. [Laughter.]

Your boy, asking to-day pretty much the same questions, with heaven knows how many additional ones, that Adam's boy did, is told, every time he asks one that you don't know anything about, just as Adam told Cain fifty times a day, that he will know all about it when he is a man. And so from the days of Cain down to the present wickeder generation of boys, the boy ever looks forward to the time when he will be a man and know everything.

And now, not entirely ceasing to ask questions, your boy begins to answer them, until you stand amazed at the breadth and depth of his knowledge. He asks questions and gets answers of teachers that you and the school board know not of. Day by day, great unprinted books, upon the broad pages of which the hand of nature has traced characters that only a boy can read, are spread out before him. He knows now where the first snow-drop lifts its tiny head, a pearl on the bosom of the barren earth, in the spring; he knows where the last Indian pink lingers, a flame in the brown and rustling woods, in the autumn days. His pockets are cabinets, from which he drags curious fossils that he does not know the names of; monstrous and hideous beetles and bugs and things that you never saw before, and for which he has appropriate names of his own. He knows where there are three orioles' nests, and so far back as you can remember, you never saw an oriole's nest in your life. He can tell you how to distinguish the good mushrooms from the poisonous ones, and poison grapes from good ones, and how he ever found out, except by eating both kinds, is a mystery to his mother.

And as his knowledge broadens, his human superstition develops itself. He has a formula, repeating which nine times a day, while pointing his finger fixedly toward the sun, will cause warts to disappear from the hand, or, to use his own expression, will "knock warts." [Laughter.] If the eight-day clock at home tells him it is two o'clock, and the flying leaves of the

dandelion declare it is half-past five, he will stand or fall with the dandelion.

He has one particular marble which he regards with about the same superstitious reverence that a pagan does his idol, and his Sunday-school teacher can't drive it out of him, either. Carnelian, crystal, bull's-eye, china, pottery, boly, blood-alley, or commie, whatever he may call it, there is "luck in it." When he loses this marble, he sees panic and bankruptcy ahead of him, and retires from business prudently, before the crash comes, failing, in true centennial style, with both pockets and a cigar-box full of winnings, and a creditors' meeting in the back room.

A boy's world is open to no one but a boy. You never really revisit the glimpses of your boyhood, much as you may dream of it. After you get into a tail-coat, and tight boots, you never again set foot in boy world. You lose this marvelous instinct for the woods, you can't tell a pig-nut-tree from a pecan; you can't make friends with strange dogs; you can't make terrific noises with your mouth, you can't invent the inimitable signals or the characteristic catchwords of boyhood.

He is getting on, is your boy. He reaches the dime-novel age. He wants to be a missionary. Or a pirate. So far as he expresses any preference, he would rather be a pirate, an occupation in which there are more chances for making money, and fewer opportunities for being devoured. He develops a yearning love for school and study about this time, also, and every time he dreams of being a pirate he dreams of hanging his dear teacher at the yard-arm in the presence of the delighted scholars. His voice develops, even more rapidly and thoroughly than his morals. In the yard, on the house-top, down the street, around the corner; wherever there is a patch of ice big enough for him to break his neck on, or a pond of water deep enough to drown in, the voice of your boy is heard. He whispers in a shout, and converses, in ordinary, confidential moments, in a shriek. He exchanges bits of back-fence gossip about his father's domestic matters, with the boy living in the adjacent township, to which interesting revelations of home life the intermediate neighborhood listens with intense satisfaction, and the two home circles in helpless dismay. He has

an unconquerable hatred for company, and an aversion for walking downstairs. For a year or two his feet never touch the stairway in his descent, and his habit of polishing the stair-rail by using it as a passenger tramway, soon breaks the other members of the family of the careless habit of setting the hall-lamp or the water-pitcher on the baluster-post. He wears the same size boot as his father; and on the dryest, dustiest days in the year, always manages to convey some mud on the carpets. He carefully steps over the door-mat, and until he is about seventeen years old, he actually never knew there was a scraper at the front porch.

He is a perfect Robinson Crusoe in inventive genius. He can make a kite that will fly higher and pull harder than a balloon. He can, and, on occasion, will, take out a couple of the pantry shelves and make a sled that is amazement itself. The mouse-trap he builds out of the water-pitcher and the family Bible is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. So is the excuse he gives for such a selection of raw material. When suddenly, some Monday morning, the clothes-line, without any just or apparent cause or provocation, shrinks sixteen feet, philosophy cannot make you believe that Professor Tice did it with his little barometer. Because, far down the dusty street, you can see Tom in the dim distance, driving a prancing team, six-in-hand, with the missing link.

You send your boy on an errand. There are three ladies in the parlor. You have waited as long as you can, in all courtesy, for them to go. They have developed alarming symptoms of staying to tea. And you know there aren't half enough strawberries to go round. It is only a three minutes' walk to the grocery, however, and Tom sets off like a rocket, and you are so pleased with his celerity and ready good-nature that you want to run after him and kiss him. He is gone a long time, however. Ten minutes become fifteen, fifteen grow into twenty; the twenty swell into the half-hour, and your guests exchange very significant glances as the half becomes three-quarters. Your boy returns at last. Apprehension in his downcast eyes, humility in his laggard step, penitence in the appealing slouch of his battered hat, and a pound and a half of shingle-nails in his hands.

"Mother," he says, "what else was it you told me to get besides the nails?" [Laughter.] And while you are counting your scanty store of berries to make them go round without a fraction, you hear Tom out in the back-yard whistling and hammering away, building a dog-house with the nails you never told him to get.

Poor Tom, his life is not all comedy at this period. Go up to your boy's room some night, and his sleeping face will preach you a sermon on the griefs and troubles that sometimes weigh his little heart down almost to breaking, more eloquently than the lips of a Spurgeon could picture them. The curtain has fallen on one day's act in the drama of his active little life. The restless feet that all day long have pattered so far—down dusty streets, over scorching pavements, through long stretches of quiet wooded lanes, along the winding cattle-paths in the deep, silent woods; that have dabbled in the cool brook where it wrangles and scolds over the shining pebbles, that have filled your house with noise and dust and racket, are still. The stained hand outside the sheet is soiled and rough, and the cut finger with the rude bandage of the boy's own surgery, pleads with a mute, effective pathos of its own, for the mischievous hand that is never idle. On the brown cheek the trace of a tear marks the piteous close of the day's troubles, the closing scene in a troubled little drama; troubled at school with books that were too many for him; troubled with temptations to have unlawful fun that were too strong for him, as they are frequently too strong for his father; trouble in the street with boys that were too big for him; and at last, in his home, in his castle, his refuge, trouble has pursued him, until, feeling utterly friendless and in everybody's way, he has crawled off to the dismantled den, dignified usually by the title of "the boy's room," and his overcharged heart has welled up into his eyes, and his last waking breath has broken into a sob, and just as he begins to think that after all, life is only one broad sea of troubles, whose restless billows, in never-ending succession, break and beat and double and dash upon the short shore line of a boy's life, he has drifted away into the wonderland of a boy's sleep, where fairy fingers picture his dreams. [Applause.]

Tom is a miniature Ishmaelite at this period of his career. His hand is against every man, and about every man's hand, and nearly every woman's hand, is against him, off and on. Often, and then the iron enters his soul, the hand that is against him holds the slipper. He wears his mother's slipper on his jacket quite as often as she wears it on her foot. And this is all wrong, unchristian and impolitic. It spreads the slipper and discourages the boy. When he reads in his Sunday-school lesson that the wicked stand in slippery places, he takes it as a direct personal reference, and he is affronted, and maybe the seeds of atheism are implanted in his breast. Moreover, this repeated application of the slipper not only sours his temper, and gives a bias to his moral ideas, but it sharpens his wits. How many a Christian mother, her soft eyes swimming in tears of real pain that plashed up from the depths of a loving heart, as she bent over her wayward boy until his heart-rending wails and piteous shrieks drowned her own choking, sympathetic sobs, has been wasting her strength, and wearing out a good slipper, and pouring out all that priceless flood of mother love and duty and pity and tender sympathy upon a concealed atlas-back, or a Saginaw shingle. [Laughter.]

It is a historical fact that no boy is ever whipped twice for precisely the same offense. He varies and improves a little on every repetition of the prank, until at last he reaches a point where detection is almost impossible. He is a big boy then, and glides almost imperceptibly from the discipline of his father, under the surveillance of the police.

By easy stages he passes into the uncomfortable period of boyhood. His jacket develops into a tail-coat. The boy of to-day, who has slipped into a hollow, abbreviated mockery of a tail-coat, when he is taken out of long dresses, has no idea—not the faintest conception of the grandeur, the momentous importance of the epoch in a boy's life, that was marked by the transition from the old-fashioned cadet roundabout to the tail-coat. It is an experience that heaven, ever chary of its choicest blessings, and mindful of the decadence of the race of boys, has not vouchsafed to the untoward, forsaken boys of this wicked generation. When the roundabout went out of fashion, the heroic race of boys passed away from earth and weep-

ing nature sobbed and broke the molds. The fashion that started a boy of six years on his pilgrimage of life in a miniature edition of his father's coat, marked a period of retrogression in the affairs of men, and stamped a decaying and degenerate race. There are no boys now, or very few, at least, such as peopled the grand old earth when the men of our age were boys. And that it is so, society is to be congratulated. The step from the roundabout to the tail-coat was a leap in life. It was the boy Iulus, doffing the *prætexta* and flinging upon his shoulders the *toga virilis* of Julius; Patroclus, donning the armor of Achilles, in which to go forth and be Hectored to death.

Passing into the tail-coat period, Tom awakens to a knowledge of the broad physical truth, that he has hands. He is not very positive in his own mind how many. At times he is ready to swear to an even two, one pair of good hands. Again, when cruel fate and the non-appearance of some one else's brother has compelled him to accompany his sister to a church sociable, he can see eleven; and as he sits bolt upright in the grimmest of straight-back chairs, plastered right up against the wall, as the "sociable" custom is, or used to be, trying to find enough unoccupied pockets in which to sequester all his hands, he is dimly conscious that hands should come in pairs, and vaguely wonders, if he has only five pairs of regularly ordained hands, where this odd hand came from. And hitherto, Tom has been content to encase his feet in anything that would stay on them. Now, however, he has an eye for a glove-fitting boot, and learns to wreathe his face in smiles, hollow, heartless, deceitful smiles, while his boots are as full of agony as a broken heart, and his tortured feet cry out for vengeance upon the shoemaker, and make Tom feel that life is a hollow mockery, and there is nothing real but soft corns and bunions.

He feels, too, the dawning consciousness of another grand truth in the human economy. It dawns upon his deepening intelligence with the inherent strength and the unquestioned truth of a new revelation, that man's upper lip was designed by nature for a mustache pasture. How tenderly reserved he is when he is brooding over his momentous discovery. With what exquisite caution and delicacy are his primal investigations con-

ducted. In his microscopical researches it appears to him that the down on his upper lip is certainly more determined down, more positive, more pronounced, more individual fuzz than that which vegetates in neglected tenderness upon his cheeks. He makes cautious explorations along the land of promise with the tip of his tenderest finger, delicately backing up the grade the wrong way, going always against the grain, that he may the more readily detect the slightest symptom of an uprising by the first feeling of velvety resistance. And day by day he is more and more firmly convinced that there is in his lip the primordial germs, the protoplasm of a glory that will, in its full development, eclipse even the majesty and grandeur of his first tail-coat.

And in the first dawning consciousness that the mustache is there, like the vote, and only needs to be brought out, how often Tom walks down to the barber-shop, gazes longingly in at the window, and walks past. And how often, when he musters up sufficient courage to go in, and climbs into the chair, and is just on the point of huskily whispering to the barber that he would like a shave, the entrance of a man with a beard like Frederick Barbarossa, frightens away his resolution, and he has his hair cut again. The third time that week, and it is so short that the barber has to hold it with his teeth while he files it off, and parts it with a straight-edge and a scratch-awl. Naturally, driven from the barber-chair, Tom casts longing eyes upon the ancestral shaving machinery at home. And who shall say by what means he at length obtains possession of the paternal razor? No one. Nobody knows. Nobody ever did know. Even the searching investigation that always follows the paternal demand for the immediate extradition of whoever opened a fruit-can with that razor, which always follows Tom's first shave, is always, and ever will be, barren of results.

But he learns to shave, after a while—just before he cuts his lip clear off. He has to take quite a course of instruction, however, in that great school of experience about which the old philosopher had a remark to make. It is a grand old school; the only school at which men will study and learn, each for himself. One man's experience never does another man any good; never did and never will teach another man anything.

If the philosopher had said that it was a hard school, but that some men would learn at no other than this grand old school of experience, we might have inferred that all women, and most boys, and a few men were exempt from its hard teachings. But he used the more comprehensive term, if you remember what that is, and took us all in. We have all been there. There is no other school, in fact. Poor little Cain; dear, lonesome, wicked little Cain—I know it isn't fashionable to pet him; I know it is popular to speak harshly and savagely about our eldest brother, when the fact is we resemble him more closely in disposition than any other member of the family—poor little Cain never knew the difference between his father's sunburned nose and a glowing coal, until he had pulled the one and picked up the other. And Abel had to find out the difference in the same way, although he was tolo five hundred times, by his brother's experience, that the coal would burn him and the nose wouldn't. And Cain's boy wouldn't believe that fire was any hotter than an icicle, until he had made a digital experiment, and understood why they called it fire. And so Enoch and Methuselah and Moses, and Daniel, and Solomon, and Cæsar, and Napoleon, and Washington, and the President, and the Governor, and the Mayor, and you and I have all of us, at one time or another, in one way or another, burned our fingers at the same old fires that have scorched human fingers in the same monotonous old ways, at the same reliable old stands, for the past 6,000 years, and all the verbal instruction between here and the silent grave couldn't teach us so much, or teach it so thoroughly, as one well-directed singe.

But while we have been moralizing, Tom's mustache has taken a start. It has attained the physical density, though not the color, by any means, of the Egyptian darkness—it can be felt; and it is felt; very soft felt. [Laughter.] The world begins to take notice of the new-comer; and Tom, as generations of Toms before him have done, patiently endures dark hints from other members of the family about his face being dirty. He loftily ignores his experienced father's suggestions that he should perform his tonsorial toilet with a spoonful of cream and the family cat. When his sisters, in meekly dissembled ignorance, inquire, "Tom, what have you on your lip?"

he is austere, as becomes a man annoyed by the frivolous small-talk of women. It comes on apace; short in the middle, very long at the ends, and very blond all round. Whenever you see such a mustache, do not laugh at it; do not point at it the slow, unmoving finger of scorn. Encourage it; speak kindly of it; affect admiration for it; coax it along. Pray for it—for it is a first. They always come that way. And when, in the fulness of time, it has developed so far that it can be pulled, there is all the agony of making it take color. It is worse, and more obstinate, and more deliberate than a meerschaum. The sun, that tans Tom's cheeks and blisters his nose, only bleaches his mustache. Nothing ever hastens its color; nothing does it any permanent good; nothing but patience, and faith, and persistent pulling. [Laughter.]

With all the comedy there is about it, however, this is the grand period of a boy's life. You look at them, with their careless, easy, natural manners and movements in the streets and on the base-ball ground, and their marvelous, systematic, indescribable, inimitable and complex awkwardnesses in your parlors, and do you never dream, looking at these young fellows, of the overshadowing destinies awaiting them, the mighty struggles mapped out in the earnest future of their lives, the thrilling conquests in the world of arms, the grander triumphs in the realm of philosophy, the fadeless laurels in the empires of letters, and the imperishable crowns that He who giveth them the victory binds about their brows, that wait for the courage and ambition of these boys? [Applause.]

Why, the world is at a boy's feet; and power and conquest and leadership slumber in his rugged arms and care-free heart. A boy sets his ambition at whatever mark he will—lofty or groveling, as he may elect—and the boy who resolutely sets his heart on fame, on wealth, on power, on what he will; who consecrates himself to a life of noble endeavor, and lofty effort; who concentrates every faculty of his mind and body on the attainment of his one darling point; who brings to support his ambition, courage and industry and patience, can trample on genius; for these are better and grander than genius; and he will begin to rise above his fellows as steadily and as surely as the sun climbs above the mountains. [Applause.]

Certain it is, there is one thing Tom will do, just about this period of his existence. He will fall in love with somebody before his mustache is long enough to wax. Perhaps one of the earliest indications of this event, for it does not always break out in the same manner, is a sudden and alarming increase in the number and variety of Tom's neckties. In his boxes and on his dressing-case, his mother is constantly startled by the changing and increasing assortment of the display. Monday he encircles his tender throat with a lilac knot, fearfully and wonderfully tied; a lavender tie succeeds, the following day; Wednesday is graced with a sweet little tangle of pale, pale blue, that fades at a breath; Thursday is ushered in with a scarf of delicate pea-green, of wonderful convolutions and sufficiently expansive, by the aid of a clean collar, to conceal any little irregularity in Tom's wash-day; Friday smiles on a sailor's-knot of dark blue, with a tangle of dainty forget-me-nots embroidered over it; Saturday tones itself down to a quiet, unobtrusive, neutral tint or shade, scarlet or yellow, and Sunday is deeply, darkly, piously black. It is difficult to tell whether Tom is trying to express the state of his distracted feelings by his neckties, or trying to find a color that will harmonize with his mustache, or match Laura's dress.

And during the variegated necktie period of man's existence how tenderly that mustache is coaxed and petted and caressed. How it is brushed to make it lie down and waxed to make it stand out, and how he notes its slow growth, and weeps and mourns and prays and swears over it day after weary day.

The eye he has for immaculate linen and faultless collars! How it amazes his mother and sisters to learn that there isn't a shirt in the house fit for a pig to wear, and that he wouldn't wear the best collar in his room to be hanged in.

And the boots he crowds his feet into! A Sunday-school room, the Sunday before the picnic or the Christmas-tree, with its sudden influx of new scholars, with irreproachable morals and ambitious appetites, doesn't compare with the overcrowded condition of those boots. Too tight in the instep; too narrow at the toes; too short at both ends; the only things about those boots that don't hurt him, that don't fill his very soul with agony, are the straps. When Tom is pulling them on, he feels

that if somebody would kindly run over him three or four times with a freight train, the sensation would be pleasant and reassuring and tranquilizing. The air turns black before his starting eyes, there is a roaring like the rush of many waters in his ears; he tugs at the straps that are cutting his fingers in two and pulling his arms out by the roots, and just before his bloodshot eyes shoot clear out of his head, the boot comes on—or the straps pull off. [Laughter.]

He has a certain half-defined impression that everything he has on is a size too small for any other man of his size. Tom doesn't know all this: he has only a general, vague impression that it may be so. And he doesn't know that his sisters know every line of it. For he has lived many years longer, and got in ever so much trouble, before he learns that one bright, good, sensible girl—and I believe they are all that—will see and notice more in a glance, remember it more accurately, and talk more about it, than twenty men can see in a week. Tom does not know, for his crying feet will not let him, how he gets from his room to the earthly paradise where Laura lives. Nor does he know, after he gets there, that Laura sees him trying to rest one foot by setting it up on the heel. And she sees him sneak it back under his chair, and tilt it up on the toe, for a change. She sees him ease the other foot a little by tugging the heel of the boot at the leg of the chair—a hazardous, reckless, presumptuous experiment. Tom tries it so far one night, and slides his heel so far up the leg of his boot that his foot actually feels comfortable, and he thinks the angels must be rubbing it. He walks out of the parlor sideways that night, trying to hide the cause of the sudden elongation of one leg, and he hobbles all the way home in the same disjointed condition. [Laughter.] But Laura sees that too. She sees all the little knobs and lumps on his foot, and sees him fidget and fuss, she sees the look of anguish flitting across his face under the heartless, deceitful veneering of smiles, and she makes the mental remark that Master Tom would feel much happier, and much more comfortable, and more like staying longer, if he had worn his father's boots.

But on his way to the house, despite the distraction of his crying feet, how many pleasant, really beautiful, romantic

things Tom thinks up and recollects and compiles and composes to say to Laura, to impress her with his originality and wisdom and genius and bright, exuberant fancy and general superiority over all the rest of Tom-kind. Real earnest things, you know; no hollow, conventional compliments, or nonsense, but such things, Tom flatters himself, as none of the other fellows can say or will say. And he has them all in beautiful order when he gets at the foot of the hill. The remark about the weather, to begin with; not the stereotyped old phrase, but a quaint, droll, humorous conceit that no one in the world but Tom could think of. Then, after the opening overture about the weather, something about music and Beethoven's sonata in B flat, and Haydn's symphonies, and of course something about Beethoven's grand old Fifth symphony, somebody else's mass, in heaven knows how many flats; and then something about art, and a profound thought or two on science and philosophy, and so on to poetry, and from poetry to "business."

But alas, when Tom reaches the gate, all these well-ordered ideas display evident symptoms of breaking up; as he crosses the yard, he is dismayed to know that they are in the convulsions of a panic, and when he touches the bell-knob, every, each, all and several of the ideas, original and compiled, that he has had on any subject during the past ten years, forsake him and return no more that evening.

When Laura opened the door, he had intended to say something real splendid about the imprisoned sunlight or something beaming out a welcome upon the what-you-may-call-it of the night, or something. Instead of which he says, or rather gasps:

"Oh, yes, to be sure; to be sure; ho."

And then, conscious that he has not said anything particularly brilliant or original, or that most any of the other fellows could not say with a little practice, he makes one more effort to redeem himself before he steps into the hall, and adds:

"Oh, good-morning; good-morning."

Feeling that even this is only a partial success, he collects his scattered faculties for one united effort, and inquires:

"How is your mother?"

And then it strikes him that he has about exhausted the subject and he goes into the parlor, and sits down, and just as soon as he has placed his reproachful feet in the least agonizing position, he proceeds to wholly, completely, and successfully forget everything he ever knew in his life. He returns to consciousness to find himself, to his own amazement and equally to Laura's bewilderment, conducting a conversation about the crops, and a new method of funding the national debt; subjects upon which he is about as well informed as the town clock. He rallies, and makes a successful effort to turn the conversation into literary channels by asking her if she has read "Daniel Deronda," and wasn't it odd that George Washington Eliot should name her heroine "Grenadine," after a dress-pattern? [Laughter.] And in a burst of confidence he assures her that he would not be amazed if it should rain before morning (and he hopes it will, and that it may be a flood, and that he may get caught in it, without an ark nearer than Cape Horn).

And so, at last, the first evening passes away, and, after mature deliberation and many unsuccessful efforts, he rises to go. But he doesn't go. He wants to; but he doesn't know how. He says "good-evening." Then he repeats it in a marginal reference. Then he puts it in a foot-note. Then he adds the remarks in an appendix and shakes hands. But this time he gets as far as the parlor-door, and catches hold of the knob and holds on to it as tightly as though some one on the other side were trying to pull it through the door and run away with it. And he stands there a fidgety statue of the door-holder. He mentions, for not more than the twentieth time that evening, that he is passionately fond of music, but can't sing. Which is a lie; he can.

Then he looks once more at the tender little face; he looks at the brown eyes, sparkling with suppressed merriment; he looks at the white hands, dimpled and soft, twin daughters of the snow; and the fairy picture grows more lovely as he looks at it, until his heart outruns his fears; he must speak, he must say something impressive and ripe with meaning, for how can he go away with this suspense in his breast? His heart trembles as does his hand; his quivering lips part, and—Laura deftly

hides a vagrant yawn behind her fan. Good-night, and Tom is gone.

There is a dejected droop to the mustache that night, when in the solitude of his own room Tom releases his hands from the despotic gloves, and tenderly soothes two of the reddest, puffiest feet that ever crept out of boots not half their own size, and swore in mute but eloquent anatomical profanity at the whole race of boot-makers. And his heart is nearly as full of sorrow and bitterness as his boots. It appears to him that he showed off to the worst possible advantage; he is dimly conscious that he acted very like a donkey, and he has the not entirely unnatural impression that she will never want to see him again. And so he philosophically and manfully makes up his mind never, never, never, to think of her again. And then he immediately proceeds, in the manliest and most natural way in the world, to think of nothing and nobody else under the sun for the next ten hours. How the tender little face does haunt him. He pitches himself into bed with an aimless recklessness, that tumbles pillows, bolster, and sheets into one shapeless, wild, chaotic mass, and he goes through the motions of going to sleep, like a man who would go to sleep by steam. He stands his pillow up on one end, and pounds it into a wad, and he props his head upon it as though it were the guillotine block. He lays it down and smoothes it out level, and pats all the wrinkles out of it, and there is more sleeplessness in it to the square inch than there is in the hungriest mosquito that ever sampled a martyr's blood. He gets up and smokes like a patent stove, although not three hours ago he told Laura that he de-test-ed tobacco.

This is the only time Tom will ever go through this, in exactly this way. It is the one rare, golden experience, the one bright, rosy dream of his life. He may live to be as old as an army overcoat, and he may marry as many wives as Brigham Young, singly, or in a cluster, but this will come to him but once. Let him enjoy all the delightful misery, all the ecstatic wretchedness, all the heavenly forlornness of it as best he can. And he does take good, solid, edifying misery out of it. How he does torture himself and hate Smith, the empty-headed donkey, who can talk faster than poor Tom can think,

and whose mustache is black as Tom's boots, and so long that he can pull one end of it with both hands. And how he does detest that idiot Brown, who plays and sings, and goes up there every time Tom does, and claws over a few old, forgotten five-finger exercises and calls it music. And then how he hates Daubs, the artist, too, who was up there one evening and made an off-hand crayon sketch of her in an album. The picture looked much more like Daubs' mother, and Tom knew it, but Laura said it was oh, just delightfully, perfectly splendid, and Tom has hated Daubs most cordially ever since. In fact, Tom hates every man who has the temerity to speak to her, or whom she may treat with lady-like courtesy. [Laughter.]

Until there comes one night when the boots of the inquisition pattern sit more lightly on their suffering victims; when Providence has been on Tom's side and has kept Smith and Daubs and Brown away, and has frightened Tom nearly to death by showing him no one in the little parlor with its old-fashioned furniture but himself and Laura and the furniture; when, almost without knowing how or why, they talk about life and its realities instead of the last concert or the next lecture; when they talk of their plans, and their day-dreams and aspirations, and their ideals of real men and women; when they talk about the heroes and heroines of days long gone by, gray and dim in the ages that are ever made young and new by the lives of noble men and noble women who lived, and never died in those grand old days, but lived and live on, as imperishable and fadeless in their glory as the glittering stars that sang at creation's dawn; when the room seems strangely silent, when their voices hush; when the flush of earnestness upon her face gives it a tinge of sadness that makes it more beautiful than ever; when the dream and picture of a home Eden, and home life, and home love, grows every moment more lovely, more entrancing to him, until at last poor, blundering, stupid Tom speaks without knowing what he is going to say, speaks without preparation or rehearsal, speaks, and his honest, natural, manly heart touches his faltering lips with eloquence and tenderness and earnestness, that all the rhetoric in the world never did and never will inspire; and——. That is all we know about it. [Applause.] Nobody knows what is said

or how it is done. Nobody. Only the silent stars or the whispering leaves, or the cat, or maybe Laura's younger brother, or the hired girl, who generally bulges in just as Tom reaches the climax. [Laughter.] All the rest of us know about it is, that Tom doesn't come away so early that night, and that when he reaches the door he holds a pair of dimpled hands instead of the insensate door-knob. He never clings to that door-knob again; never.

But, there is no rose without a thorn. Although, I suppose on an inside computation, there is, in this weary old world as much as, say a peck, or a peck and a half possibly, of thorns without their attendant roses. Just the raw, bare thorns. In the highest heaven of his newly found bliss, Tom is suddenly recalled to earth and its miseries by a question from Laura which falls like a plummet into the unrippled sea of the young man's happiness, and fathoms its depths in the shallowest place. "Has her own Tom"—as distinguished from countless other Toms, nobody's Toms, unclaimed Toms, to all intents and purposes swamp lands on the public matrimonial domain—"Has her own Tom said anything to pa?" [Laughter.]

"Oh, yes! pa," Tom says. "To be sure; yes."

Grim, heavy-browed, austere pa. The living embodiment of business. Wiry, shrewd, the life and mainspring of the house of Tare & Tret. "'M, well. N' no," Tom had not exactly, as you might say, poured out his heart to pa. Somehow or other he had a rose-colored idea that the thing was going to go right along in this way forever. Tom had an idea that the program was all arranged, printed and distributed, rose-colored, gilt-edged, and perfumed. He was going to sit and hold Laura's hands, pa was to stay down at the office, and ma was to make her visits to the parlor as much like angels', for their rarity and brevity, as possible. But he sees, now that the matter has been referred to, that it is a grim necessity. And Laura doesn't like to see such a spasm of terror pass over Tom's face; and her coral lips quiver a little as she hides her flushed face out of sight on Tom's shoulder, and tells him how kind and tender pa has always been with her, until Tom feels positively jealous of pa. And she tells him that he must not dread going to see him, for pa will be, oh, so glad

to know how happy, happy, happy he can make his little girl. And as she talks of him, the hard-working, old-fashioned, tender-hearted old man, who loves his girls as though he were yet only a big boy, her heart grows tenderer, and she speaks so earnestly and eloquently that Tom, at first savagely jealous of him, is persuaded to fall in love with the old gentleman—he calls him "pa," too, now—himself.

But by the following afternoon this feeling is very faint. And when he enters the counting-room of Tare & Tret, and stands before pa— Oh, land of love, how could Laura ever talk so much about such a man! Stubbly little pa; with a fringe of the most obstinate and wiry gray hair standing all around his bald, bald head; the wiriest, grizzliest mustache bristling under his nose; a tuft of tangled beard under the sharp chin, and a raspy undergrowth of a week's run on the thin jaws; business, business, business, in every line of the hard, seamed face, and profit and loss, barter and trade, dicker and bargain, in every movement of the nervous hands. Pa; old business! He puts down the newspaper a little way and looks over the top of it as Tom announces himself, glancing at the young man with a pair of blue eyes that peer through old-fashioned iron-bowed spectacles, that look as though they had known these eyes and done business with them ever since they wept over their A B C's or peeked into the tall stone jar Sunday afternoon to look for the doughnuts.

Tom, who had felt all along there could be no inspiration on his part in this scene, has come prepared. At least he had his last true statement at his tongue's end when he entered the counting-room. But now, it seems to him that if he had been brought up in a circus, and cradled inside of a sawdust ring, and all his life trained to twirl his hat, he couldn't do it better, nor faster, nor be more utterly incapable of doing anything else. At last he swallows a lump in his throat as big as a ballot-box, and faintly gasps:

"Good morning."

Mr. Tret hastens to recognize him. "Eh? oh; yes; yes; yes; I see; young Bostwick, from Dope & Middlerib's. Oh, yes. Well——?"

"I have come, sir," gasps Tom, thinking all around the

world from Cook's explorations to "Captain Riley's Narrative," for the first line of that speech that Tare & Tret have just scared out of him so completely that he doesn't believe he ever knew a word of it. "I have come—" and he thinks if his lips didn't get so dry and hot that they make his teeth ache, that he could get along with it: "I have sir—come, Mr. Tret; Mr. Tret, sir—I have come—I am come——"

"Yes, ye-es," says Mr. Tret, in the wildest bewilderment, but in no very encouraging tones, thinking the young man probably wants to borrow money. "Ye-es; I see you've come. Well; that's all right; glad to see you. [Laughter.] Yes, you've come?"

Tom's hat is now making about nine hundred and eighty revolutions per minute, and apparently not running up to half its full capacity.

"Sir," he explains, "that isn't it. It isn't that. I only want to ask—I have long known—sir," he adds, as the opening lines of his speech come to him like a message from heaven, "Sir, you have a flower, a tender, lovely blossom; chaste as the snow that crowns the mountain's brow; fresh as the breath of morn; lovelier than the rosy-fingered hours that fly before Aurora's car; pure as a lily kissed by dew. This precious blossom, watched by your paternal eyes, the object of your tender care and solicitude, I ask of you. I would wear it in my heart, and guard and cherish it—and in the——"

"Oh-h, ye-es, yes, yes," the old man says, soothingly, beginning to see that Tom is only drunk. "Oh, yes, yes; I don't know much about them myself; my wife and the girls generally keep half the windows in the house littered up with them, winter and summer, every window so full of house-plants the sun can't shine in. Come up to the house, they'll give you all you can carry away, give you a hatful of 'em."

"No, no, no; you don't understand," says poor Tom, and old Mr. Tret now observes that Tom is very drunk indeed. "It isn't that, sir. Sir, that isn't it. I—I—I want to marry your daughter!"

And there it is at last, as bluntly as though Tom had wadded it into a gun and shot it at the old man. Mr. Tret does not say anything for twenty seconds. Tom tells Laura that eve-

ning that it was two hours and a half before her father opened his head. Then he says, "Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes; to be sure; to—be—sure." And then the long pause is dreadful. "Yes, yes. Well, I don't know. I don't know about that, young man. Said anything to Jennie about it?"

"It isn't Jennie," Tom gasps, seeing a new Rubicon to cross; "it's——"

"Oh, Julie, eh? Well, I don't——"

"No, sir," interjects the despairing Tom, "it isn't Julie, "it's——"

"Sophie, eh? Oh, well, Sophie——"

"Dear Mr. Tret," breaks in the distracted lover, "it's Laura."

As they sit and stand there, looking at each other, the dingy old counting-room, with the heavy shadows lurking in every corner, with its time-worn, heavy brown furnishings, with the scanty dash of sunlight breaking in through the dusty window, looks like an old Rubens painting; the beginning and finishing of a race: the old man, nearly ready to lay his armor off, glad to be so nearly and so safely through with the race and the fight that Tom, in all his inexperience and with all the rash enthusiasm and conceit of a young man, is just getting ready to run and fight, or fight and run, you never can tell which until he is through with it. And the old man, looking at Tom, and through him, and past him, feels his old heart throb almost as quickly as does that of the young man before him. For looking down a long vista of happy, eventful years bordered with roseate hopes and bright dreams and anticipations, he sees a tender face, radiant with smiles and kindled with blushes; he feels a soft hand drop into his own with its timid pressure; he sees the vision open, under the glittering summer stars, down mossy hill-sides, where the restless breezes, sighing through the rustling leaves, whispered their tender secret to the noisy katydids; strolling along the winding paths, deep in the bending wild grass, down in the starlit aisles of the dim old woods; loitering where the meadowbrook sparkles over the white pebbles or murmurs around the great flat stepping-stones; lingering on the rustic foot-bridge, while he gazes into eyes eloquent and tender in their silent love-light; up through the long pathway of years, flecked and checkered

with sunshine and cloud, with storm and calm, through years of struggle, trial, sorrow, disappointment, out at last into the grand, glorious, crowning beauty and benison of hard-won and well-deserved success, until he sees now this second Laura, re-imaging her mother as she was in the dear old days. And he rouses from his dream with a start, and he tells Tom he'll talk it over with Mrs. Tret and see him again in the morning. [Applause.]

And so they are duly and formally engaged; and the very first thing they do, they make the very sensible, though very uncommon, resolution to so conduct themselves that no one will ever suspect it. And they succeed admirably. No one ever does suspect it. They come into church in time to hear the benediction—every time they come together. They shun all other people when church is dismissed, and are seen to go home alone the longest way. At picnics they are missed not more than fifty times a day, and are discovered sitting under a tree, holding each other's hands, gazing into each other's eyes and saying—nothing. When he throws her shawl over her shoulders, he never looks at what he is doing, but looks straight into her starry eyes, throws the shawl right over her natural curls, and drags them out by the hair-pins. If, at sociable or festival, they are left alone in a dressing-room a second and a half, Laura emerges with her ruffle standing around like a railroad accident; and Tom has enough complexion on his shoulder to go around a young ladies' seminary. [Laughter.] When they drive out, they sit in a buggy with a seat eighteen inches wide, and there is two feet of unoccupied room at either end of it. Long years afterward, when they drive, a street-car isn't too wide for them; and when they walk, you could drive four loads of hay between them.

And yet, as carefully as they guard their precious little secret, and as cautious and circumspect as they are in their walk and behavior, it gets talked around that they are engaged. People are so prying and suspicious.

And so the months of their engagement run on; never before or since, time flies so swiftly—unless it may be, some time when Tom has an acceptance in bank to meet in two days, that he can't lift one end of. [Laughter.] And the wedding

day dawns, fades, and the wedding is over. Over, with its little circle of delighted friends, with its ripples of pleasure and excitement, with its touches of home love and home life, that leave their lasting impress upon Laura's heart, although Tom, with man-like blindness, never sees one of them. Over, with ma, with the thousand and one anxieties attendant on the grand event in her daughter's life hidden away under her dear old smiling face, down, away down under the tender, glistening eyes, deep in the living heart; ma, hurrying here and fluttering there, in the intense excitement of something strangely made up of happiness and grief, of apprehension and hope; ma, with her sudden disappearances and flushed re-appearances, indicating struggles and triumphs in the turbulent world down-stairs; ma, with the new-fangled belt with the dinner-plate buckles, fastened on wrong side foremost, and the flowers dangling down the wrong side of her head, to Sophie's intense horror and pantomimic telegraphy; ma, flying here and there, seeing that everything is going right from kitchen to dressing rooms; looking after everything and everybody, with her hands and heart just as full as they will hold, and more voices calling "ma," from every room in the house, than you would think one hundred mas could answer.

But she answers them all, and she sees after everything, and just in the nick of time prevents Mr. Tret from going down-stairs and attending the ceremony in a loud-figured dressing gown and green slippers; ma, who, with the quivering lip and glistening eyes, has to be cheerful, and lively, and smiling; because, if, as she thinks of the dearest and best of her flock going away from her fold, to put her life and her happiness into another's keeping, she gives way for one moment, a dozen reproachful voices cry out, "Oh-h ma!" How it all comes back to Laura, like the tender shadows of a dream, long years after the dear, dear face, furrowed with marks of patient suffering and loving care, rests under the snow and the daisies; when the mother love that glistened in the tender eyes has closed in darkness on the dear old home; and the nerveless hands, crossed in dreamless sleep upon the pulseless breast, can never again touch the children's heads with caressing gesture; how the sweet vision comes to Laura, as it shone on her wedding

morn, rising in tenderer beauty through the blinding tears her own excess of happiness calls up, as the rainbow spans the cloud only through the mingling of the golden sunshine and the falling rain. [Applause.]

And pa, dear, old, shabby pa, whose clothes will not fit him as they fit other men; who always dresses just a year and a half behind the style; pa wandering up and down through the house, as though he were lost in his own home, pacing through the hall like a sentinel, blundering aimlessly and listlessly into rooms where he has no business, and being repelled therefrom by a chorus of piercing shrieks and hysterical giggling; pa, getting off his well-worn jokes with an assumption of merriment that seems positively real; pa, who creeps away by himself once in a while, and leans his face against the window, and sighs, in direct violation of all strict household regulations, right against the glass, as he thinks of his little girl going away to-day from the home whose love and tenderness and patience she has known so well. Only yesterday, it seems to him, the little baby girl, bringing the first music of baby prattle into his home; then a little girl in short dresses, with school-girl troubles and school-girl pleasures; then an older little girl, out of school and into society, but a little girl to pa still. And then——. But somehow, this is as far as pa can get; for he sees, in the flight of this, the first, the following flight of the other fledglings; and he thinks how silent and desolate the old nest will be when they have all mated and flown away. He thinks, when their flights shall have made other homes bright, and cheery, and sparkling with music and prattle and laughter, how it will leave the old home hushed, and quiet, and still. And dreaming thus, when pa for a moment finds his little girl alone—his little girl who is going away out of the home whose love she knows, into a home whose tenderness and patience are all untried—he holds her in his arms and whispers the most fervent blessing that ever throbbed from a father's heart; and Laura's wedding day would be incomplete and unfeeling without her tears. So is the pattern of our life made up of smiles and tears, shadow and sunshine. Tom sees none of these background pictures of the wedding day. He sees none of its real, heartfelt ear-

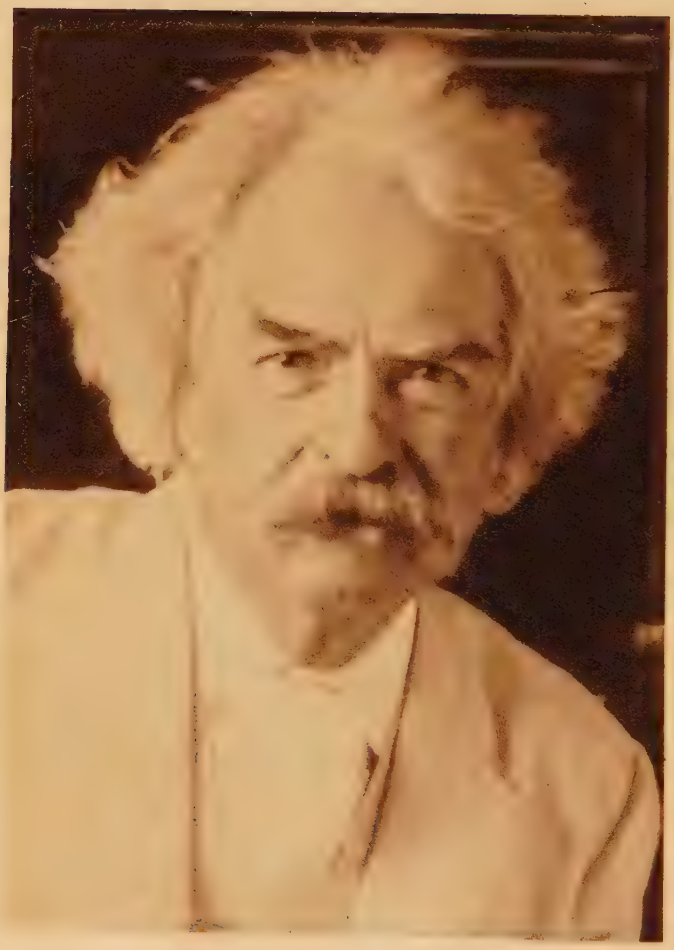
nestness. He sees only the bright, sunny tints and happy figures that the tearful, shaded background throws out in golden relief; but never stops to think that, without the shadows, the clouds, and the somber tints of the background, the picture would be flat, pale and lusterless.

And then, the presents. The assortment of brackets, serviceable, ornamental and—cheap. The French clock, that never went, that does not go, that never will go. And the nine potato-mashers. The eight mustard-spoons. The three cigar-stands. Eleven match-safes; assorted patterns. A dozen tidies, charity-fair styles, blue dog on a yellow background, barking at a green boy climbing over a red fence, after seal-brown apples. The two churns, old pattern, straight handle and dasher, and they have as much thought of keeping a cow as they have of keeping a section of artillery. Five things they didn't know the names of, and never could find anybody who could tell what they were for. And a nickel-plated pocket corkscrew, that Tom, in a fine burst of indignation, throws out of the window, which Laura says is just like her own impulsive Tom. And not long after, her own impulsive Tom catches his death of cold and ruins the knees of his best trousers crawling around in the wet grass hunting for that same corkscrew. Which is also just like her own impulsive Tom.

And old Time comes along, and knowing that the man in that new house will never get through bringing things up to it, helps him out, and comes around and brings things, too. Brings a gray hair now and then, to stick in Tom's mustache, which has grown too big to be ornamental, and too wayward and unmanageable to be comfortable. He brings little cares and little troubles, and little trials and little butcher bills, and little grocery bills, and little tailor bills, and nice, large millinery bills, that pluck at Tom's mustache and stroke it the wrong way and make it look more and more as pa's did the first time Tom saw it. He brings, by and by, the prints of baby fingers, and pats them around on the dainty wall-paper. Brings, sometimes, a voiceless messenger that lays its icy fingers on the baby lips, and hushes their dainty prattle, and in the baptism of its first sorrow, the darkened little home has its dearest and tenderest tie to the upper fold. Brings, by and by,

the tracks of a boy's muddy boots, and scatters them all up and down the clean porch. Brings a messenger, one day, to take the younger Tom away to college. And the quiet the boy leaves behind him, is so much harder to endure than his racket, that old Tom is tempted to keep a brass band in the house until the boy comes back. But old Time brings him home at last, and it does make life seem terribly real and earnest to Tom, and how the old laugh rings out and ripples all over Laura's face, when they see old Tom's first mustache, budding and struggling into second life, on young Tom's face.

And still old Time comes round, bringing each year whiter frosts to scatter on the whitening mustache, and brighter gleams of silver to glint the brown of Laura's hair. Bringing the blessings of peaceful old age and a lovelocked home to crown these noble, earnest, real, human lives bristling with human faults, marred with human mistakes, scarred and seamed and rifted with human troubles, and crowned with the compassion that only perfection can send upon imperfection. Comes, with happy memories of the past, and quiet confidence for the future. Comes, with the changing scenes of day and night; with winter's storm and summer's calm; comes, with the sunny peace and the backward dreams of age; comes, until one day, the eye of the relentless old reaper rests upon old Tom, standing right in the swath, amid the golden corn. The sweep of the noiseless scythe, that never turns its edge, Time passes on, old Tom steps out of young Tom's way, and the cycle of a life is complete. [Applause.]



MARK TWAIN

ALBRIGHT College Library

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

("MARK TWAIN")

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

This lecture was one of Mark Twain's early efforts on the platform. He visited the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) in 1866 and on his return gave this lecture a number of times in the far West. He repeated it at Cooper Union, New York, May 6, 1867. This was his first appearance before a New York audience, and he was immensely excited and worried over the prospect. He has described his sensations when he faced a crowded house: "I was happy and I was excited beyond expression. I poured the Sandwich Islands out on those people, and they laughed and shouted to my entire content. For an hour and fifteen minutes I was in paradise." A full account of the occasion is given in Albert Bigelow Paine's "Mark Twain, a Biography." No manuscript of the lecture was preserved, and this fragment is reprinted from a newspaper report. Several of Mark Twain's famous after-dinner speeches are given in Volume I.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—There doesn't appear to be anybody here to introduce me, and so we shall have to let that go by default. But I am the person who is to deliver the lecture, and I shall try to get along just the same as if I had been formally introduced. I suppose I ought to apologize for the weather [the night was very stormy], but I can't hold myself altogether responsible for it, so I will let it go as it is.

The only apology which I can offer for appearing before you to talk about the Sandwich Islands is the fact that the recent political changes there have rendered it rather necessary for us to post ourselves concerning that country; to know a little something about the people; what we have forgotten, to gather up again; and as I have spent several months in the Islands, several years ago, I feel competent to shed any amount of light upon the matter. [Laughter.]

These islands are situated 2,100 miles southwest from San Francisco, California, out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Why they were put away out there, so far away from any place and in such an out-of-the-way locality, is a thing which no one can explain. [Laughter.] But it's no matter. They are twelve in number, and their entire area isn't greater than that of Rhode Island and Connecticut combined. They are all of volcanic origin and volcanic construction. There is nothing there but lava and pumice stone—except sand and coral. There isn't a spoonful of legitimate dirt in the entire group. Eighty or ninety years ago they had a native population of full 400,000 souls, and they were comfortable, prosperous, and happy. But then the white people came, and brought trade, and commerce, and education, and complicated diseases, and civilization, and other calamities, and as a consequence the poor natives began to die off with wonderful rapidity, so that forty or fifty years ago the 400,000 had become reduced to 200,000. Then the white people doubled the educational facilities, and this doubled the death rate. The nation is doomed. It will be extinct within fifty years, without a doubt. Some people in this house may live to hear of the death of the last of the "Kanakas." In color the natives are a rich dark brown. The tropical sun and their easy-going ways have made them rather indolent. They are not a vicious, but a very gentle, kind-hearted, harmless race. In the rural districts the women wear a single long loose gown. But the men don't. [Laughter.] The men wear,—well, as a general thing, they wear—a smile, or a pair of spectacles,—or any little thing like that. [Laughter.] But they are not proud. They don't seem to care for display. [Laughter.]

In the old times the King was the owner of all the lands, and supreme head of Church and State. His voice was superior to all law. If a common man passed by the King's house without prostrating himself, or came near the King with his head wet, or even allowed his shadow to fall upon the King's person, that man had to die. There was no hope for him. The King exercised absolute authority over the lives and property of his subjects. He could place a "taboo" (we get that word from the Hawaiian) upon land, or article, or person, and it was

death for any man to walk on the ground or touch the article or speak to the person so "tabooed."

Next after the King, at least in authority, came the priests of the old superstition. And they regulated "church affairs"—that is, they decreed the human sacrifices, they captured the victims and butchered them. After the priests came the chiefs, who held land by feudal tenure as they do in England to-day from the King—and did him service. But both the chiefs and priests were little better than slaves to the King. After them came the plebeians, the common men, who were slaves to priests and chiefs and King, a class who were cruelly treated and often killed upon any trifling provocation. After all this—at the bottom of this hideous pyramid of brutality, and superstition, and slavery—came the women, the abject slaves of the whole combination. They did all the work; they were degraded to the level of brutes, and were considered to be no better. They were cruelly maltreated, and they had absolutely no rights nor privileges. It was death for a woman to sit at the table with her own husband, and even to eat from a dish from which he had eaten; and at all times it was death for a woman to eat of certain of the rarer fruits of the Islands, at any time, or in any place. Perhaps the men remembered the difficulty between another woman and some fruit some time back and didn't feel justified in taking any more chances. [Laughter.]

But by and by the American missionaries came, and they struck off the shackles from the whole race, breaking the power of the kings and chiefs. They set the common man free, elevated his wife to a position of equality with him, and gave a piece of land to each to hold forever. They set up schools and churches, and imbued the people with the spirit of the Christian religion. If they had had the power to augment the capacities of the people, they could have made them perfect; and they would have done it, no doubt.

The missionaries taught the whole nation to read and write, with facility, in the native tongue. I don't suppose there is to-day a single uneducated person above eight years of age in the Sandwich Islands! It is the best educated country in the world, I believe. That has been all done by the American missionaries. And in a large degree it was paid for by the Ameri-

can Sunday-school children with their pennies. I know that I contributed. [Laughter.] I have had nearly two dollars invested there for thirty years. But I don't mind it. I don't care for the money [laughter], if it has been doing good. I don't say this in order to show off. I only mention it as a gentle humanizing fact that may possibly have a beneficent effect upon some members of this audience. [Laughter.]

These natives are very hospitable people indeed—very hospitable. If you want to stay a few days and nights in a native's cabin, you can stay and welcome. They will make you feel entirely at home. They will do everything they can to make you comfortable. They will feed you on baked dog, or poi, or raw fish, or raw salt pork, or fricasseed cats,—all the luxuries of the season. [Laughter.] Everything the human heart can desire they will set before you. Perhaps now, this isn't a captivating feast at first glance, but it is offered in all sincerity, and with the best motives in the world, and that makes any feast respectable whether it is palatable or not. But if you want to trade, that's quite another thing—that's business! And the Kanaka is ready for you. He is a born trader, and he will swindle you if he can. He will lie straight through from the first word to the last. Not such lies as you and I tell [laughter], but gigantic lies, lies that awe you with their grandeur, lies that stun you with their imperial impossibility. He will sell you a mole-hill at the market price of a mountain and will lie it up to an altitude that will make it cheap at the money. [Laughter.] If he is caught he slips out of it with an easy indifference that has an unmistakable charm about it. [Laughter.] Every one of these Kanakas has at least a dozen mothers—not his own mothers, of course, but adopted ones. They adhere to the ancient custom of calling any woman "mother," without regard to her color or politics [laughter], that they happen to take a particular liking to. It is possible for each of them to have one hundred and fifty mothers,—and even that number will allow of a liberal stretch. This fact has caused some queer questions among people who didn't know anything about it.

They are an odd sort of people. They can die whenever they

want to. [Laughter.] They don't mind dying any more than a jilted Frenchman does. When they take a notion to die, they die, and it doesn't make any difference whether there is anything the matter with them or not, and they can't be persuaded out of it. When one of them makes up his mind to die, he just lies down and is as certain to die as though he had all the doctors in the world hold of him! [Laughter.]

This people are peculiarly fond of dogs; not great, magnificent Newfoundlands, or stately mastiffs, or graceful grayhounds, but little mean curs that a white man would condemn to death on general principles. There is nothing about them to recommend them so far as personal appearance is concerned. These people love these puppies better than they love each other, and a puppy always has plenty to eat, even if the rest of the family must go hungry. When the woman rides, the puppy sits in front; when the man rides, the puppy stands behind—he learns to ride horseback with the greatest ease. They feed him with their own hands, and fondle and pet and caress him, till he is a full-grown dog, and then they eat him. Now, I couldn't do that. [Laughter.] I'd rather go hungry two days than eat an old friend that way. [Laughter.] There's something sad about that. [Laughter.] But perhaps I ought to explain that these dogs are raised entirely for the table, and fed exclusively on a cleanly vegetable diet all their lives. Many a white citizen learns to throw aside his prejudices and eat of the dish. After all, it's only our own American sausage with the mystery removed. [Laughter.] A regular native will eat anything—anything he can bite. It is a fact that he will eat a raw fish, fresh from the water; and he begins his meal, too, before the fish has breathed his last. Of course, it's annoying to the fish, but the Kanaka enjoys it.

In olden times it used to be popular to call the Sandwich Islanders cannibals. But they never were cannibals. That is amply proven. There was one there once, but he was a foreign savage, who stopped there a while and did quite a business while he stayed. He was a useful citizen, but had strong political prejudices, and used to save up a good appetite for just before election, so that he could thin out the Democratic vote. [Laughter.] But he got tired of that, and undertook to eat an

old whaling captain for a change. That was too much for him. He had the crime on his conscience, and the whaler on his stomach, and the two things killed him. [Laughter.] He died. I don't tell this on account of its value as an historical fact [laughter], but only on account of the moral which it conveys. I don't know that I know what moral it conveys, still I know there must be a moral in it somewhere. I have told it forty or fifty times and never got a moral out of it yet. [Laughter.] But all things come to those who wait.

With all these excellent and hospitable ways, these Kanakas have some cruel instincts. They will put a live chicken in the fire just to see it hop about. In the olden times they used to be cruel to themselves. They used to tear their hair and burn their flesh, shave their heads, and knock out an eye or a couple of front teeth, when a great person or a king died—just to testify to their sorrow; and if their grief was so sore that they couldn't possibly bear it, they would go out and scalp a neighbor or burn his house down. And they used to bury some of their children alive when their families were too large. But the missionaries have broken all that up now.

These people do nearly everything wrong end first. They buckle the saddle on the right side, which is the wrong side; they mount a horse on the wrong side; they turn out on the wrong side to let you by; they use the same word to say "good-by" and "good-morning"; they use "yes" when they mean "no"; the women smoke more than the men do; when they beckon to you to come, they always motion in the opposite direction; they dance at funerals and draw out a dismal sort of dirge when they are peculiarly happy. In their playing of the noble American game of "seven-up," the dealer deals to his right instead of to the left; and what is worse, the ten takes the ace! [Prolonged laughter.] Now, such ignorance as that is reprehensible, and for one, I am glad the missionaries have gone there. [Laughter.]

Now, you see what kind of voters you will have if you take these Islands away from these people, as we are pretty sure to do some day. They will do everything wrong end first. They will make a deal of trouble here, too. Instead of fostering and encouraging a judicious system of railway speculation, and all

that sort of thing, they will elect the most incorruptible men to Congress. [Prolonged laughter and applause.] Yes, they will turn everything upside down.

There are about 3,000 white people on the Islands, and they will increase instead of diminishing. They control all the capital, and are at the head of all the enterprises in the Islands.

These white people get to be ministers—political ministers, I mean. There's a perfect raft of them there. Harris is one of them. Harris is minister of—well, he's minister of pretty much everything. [Laughter.] He's a long-legged, lightweight, average lawyer from New Hampshire. Now, if Harris had brains in proportion to his legs, he would make Solomon seem a failure. [Laughter.] If his modesty equaled his vanity, he would make a violet seem ostentatious. And if his learning equaled his ignorance, he would make Humboldt seem as unlettered as the back side of a tombstone. [Laughter.] If his ideas were as large as his words, it would take a man three months to walk around one of them. [Laughter.]

[Mr. Clemens then reviewed at some length the history of the late and present King of the Sandwich Islands; described the great volcanic eruption of 1840; told several funny stories, and closed his lecture as follows:]

The land that I have tried to tell you about lies out there in the midst of the watery wilderness, in the very heart of the limitless solitudes of the Pacific. It is a dreamy, beautiful, charming land. I wish I could make you comprehend how beautiful it is. It is land that seems ever so vague and fairy-like when one reads about it in books. It is Sunday land, the land of indolence and dreams, where the air is drowsy and lulls the spirit to repose and peace, and to forgetfulness of the labor and turmoil and weariness and anxiety of life.

RUSSELL HERRMAN CONWELL

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

Lecture by Russell H. Conwell, clergyman, platform orator, pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, from 1882 to 1925, and President of Temple College, born in South Worthington, Mass., February 15, 1843, and died December 6, 1925. This is the most famous of his series of popular lectures, delivered on many platforms.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The title of this lecture originated away back in 1869. When going down the Tigris River, we hired a guide from Bagdad to show us down to the Arabian Gulf. That guide whom we employed resembled the barbers we find in America. That is, he resembled the barbers in certain mental characteristics. He thought it was not only his duty to guide us down the river, but also to entertain us with stories; curious and weird, ancient and modern, strange and familiar; many of them I have forgotten, and I am glad I have. But there was one which I recall to-night. The guide grew irritable over my lack of appreciation, and as he led my camel by the halter he introduced his story by saying: "This is a tale I reserve for my *particular friends*." So I then gave him my close attention. He told me that there once lived near the shore of the River Indus, toward which we were then traveling, an ancient Persian by the name of Al Hafed. He said that Al Hafed owned a large farm, with orchards, grain fields and gardens; that he had money at interest, had a beautiful wife and lovely children, and was a wealthy and contented man. Contented because he was wealthy, and wealthy because he was contented.

One day there visited this old Persian farmer one of those ancient Buddhist priests, one of the wise men of the East, who

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RUSSELL H. CONWELL

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sat down by Al Hafed's fireside and told the old farmer how this world was made. He told him that this world was once a great bank of fog, and that the Almighty thrust His finger into this bank of fog, and began slowly to move his finger around, and then increased the speed of his finger until he whirled this bank of fog into a solid ball of fire; and as it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog, it condensed the moisture, until it fell in floods of rain upon the heated surface of the world, and cooled the outward crust; then the internal fires, bursting the cooling crust, threw up the mountains, and the hills, and the valleys of this wonderful world of ours.

"And," said the old priest, "if this internal melted mass burst forth and cooled very quickly it became granite, if it cooled more slowly, it became copper; if it cooled less quickly, silver; less quickly, gold; and after gold, diamonds were made." Said the old priest, "A diamond is a congealed drop of sunlight." That statement is literally true.

And the old priest said another very curious thing. He said that a diamond was the last and the highest of God's mineral creation, as a woman is the last and highest of God's animal creations. That is the reason, I suppose, why the two have such a liking for each other. [Applause.]

The old priest told Al Hafed if he had a diamond the size of his thumb, he could purchase a dozen farms like his. "And," said the priest, "if you had a handful of diamonds, you could purchase the county, and if you had a mine of diamonds you could purchase kingdoms, and place your children upon thrones, through the influence of your great wealth."

Al Hafed heard all about the diamonds that night, and went to bed a poor man. He wanted a whole mine of diamonds. Early in the morning he sought the priest and awoke him. Well, I know, by experience, that a priest is very cross when awakened early in the morning.

Al Hafed said: "Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?"

The priest said: "Diamonds? What do you want of diamonds?"

Said Al Hafed: "I want to be immensely rich."

"Well," said the priest, "if you want diamonds, all you have to do is to go and find them, and then you will have them."

"But," said Al Hafed, "I don't know where to go."

"If you will find a river that runs over white sands, between high mountains, in those white sands you will always find diamonds," answered the priest.

"But," asked Al Hafed, "do you believe there is such a river?"

"Plenty of them; all you have to do is just go where they are."

"Well," said Al Hafed, "I will go."

So he sold his farm; collected his money that was at interest; left his family in charge of a neighbor, and away he went in search of diamonds.

He began his search, very properly to my mind, at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterwards he came around into Palestine, and then wandered on into Europe. At last, when his money was all gone and he was in rags, poverty and wretchedness, he stood on the shore at Barcelona, in Spain, when a great tidal wave swept through the pillars of Hercules; and the poor, starving, afflicted stranger could not resist the awful temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide; and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise in this life again.

When the old guide had told that story, he stopped the camel I was riding upon and went up to arrange the baggage on another camel, and I had an opportunity to muse over his story. And I asked myself this question: "Why did this old guide reserve this story for his *particular friends?*" But when he came back and took up the camel's halter once more, I found that was the first story I ever heard wherein the hero was killed in the first chapter. For he went on into the second chapter, just as though there had been no break.

Said he: "The man who purchased Al Hafed's farm, led his camel out into the garden to drink, and as the animal put his nose into the shallow waters of the garden brook, Al Hafed's successor noticed a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. Reaching in he pulled out a black stone containing a strange eye of light. He took it into the house as a

curious pebble and putting it on the mantel that covered the central fire went his way and forgot all about it.

"But not long after that that same old priest came to visit Al Hafed's successor. The moment he opened the door he noticed the flash of light. He rushed to the mantel and said:—

"'Here is a diamond! Here is a diamond! Has Al Hafed returned?'

"'Oh no, Al Hafed has not returned and we have not heard from him since he went away, and that is not a diamond. It is nothing but a stone we found out in our garden.'

"'But,' said the priest, 'I know a diamond when I see it. I tell you that is a diamond.'

"Then together they rushed out into the garden. They stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and there came up other more beautiful, more valuable gems than the first.

"Thus," said the guide,—and, friends, it is historically true, —"were discovered the diamond mines of Golconda, the most famous diamond mines in the history of the ancient world."

Well, when the guide had added the second chapter to his story, he then took off his Turkish cap, and swung it in the air to call my special attention to the moral; those Arab guides always have morals to their stories, though the stories are not always moral.

He said to me: "Had Al Hafed remained at home, and dug in his own cellar, or underneath his own wheat field, instead of wretchedness, starvation, poverty and death in a strange land, he would have had ACRES OF DIAMONDS."

Acres of Diamonds! For every acre of that old farm, yes, every shovelful, afterward revealed the gems which since have decorated the crowns of monarchs.

When the guide had added the moral to this story, I saw why he reserved it for his *particular friends*. But I didn't tell him that I could see it. It was that mean, old Arab's way of going around a thing, like a lawyer, and saying indirectly what he didn't dare say directly; that in his private opinion "there was a certain young man traveling down the Tigris River, who might better be at home, in America." [Laughter.]

I told him his story reminded me of one. You all know it. I told him that a man in California, in 1847, owned a ranch there. He heard that they had discovered gold in Southern California, though they had not. And he sold his farm to Colonel Sutter, who put a mill on the little stream below the house. One day his little girl gathered some of the sand in her hands from the raceway, and brought it into the house. And while she was sifting it through her fingers, a visitor there noticed the first shining scales of real gold that were ever discovered in California. Acres and acres of gold. I was introduced, a few years ago, while in California, to the one-third owner of the farm, and he was then receiving one hundred and twenty dollars in gold for every fifteen minutes of his life, sleeping or waking. You and I would enjoy an income like that, now that we have no income tax.

Professor Agassiz, the great geologist of Harvard University, that magnificent scholar, told us, at the Summer School of Mineralogy, that there once lived in Pennsylvania a man who owned a farm,—and he did with his farm just what I should do if I had a farm in Pennsylvania. He sold it. [Applause.] But, before he sold it, he decided to secure employment, collecting coal oil. He wrote to his cousin in Canada that he would like to go into that business. His cousin wrote back to him: "I cannot engage you, because you don't understand the oil business." "Then," said he, "I will understand it," and with commendable zeal, he set himself at the study of the whole theory of the coal oil subject. He began away back at the second day of God's creation. He found that there was once another sun that shone on this world, and that then there were immense forests of vegetation. He found that the other sun was put out, and that this world after a time fell into the wake of the present sun. It was then locked in blocks of ice. Then there rose mighty icebergs that human imagination cannot grasp, and as those mountains of ice did ride those stormy seas, they beat down this original vegetation, they planed down the hills, toppled over the mountains, and everywhere buried this original vegetation which has since been turned by chemical action to the primitive beds of coal, and in connection with which only is found coal oil in paying quantities.

So he found out where oil originated. He studied it until he knew what it looked like, what it smelled like, how to refine it, and where to sell it.

"Now," said he to his cousin in a letter, "I know all about the oil business, from the second day of God's creation, to the present time."

His cousin replied to him to "come on." So he sold his farm in Pennsylvania for $833—even money, no cents.

After he had gone from the farm, the farmer who had purchased his place, went out to arrange for watering the cattle; and he found that the previous owner had already arranged for that matter. There was a stream running down the hillside back of the barn; and across that stream from bank to bank, the previous owner had put in a plank edgewise at a slight angle, for the purpose of throwing over to one side of the brook a dreadful looking scum through which the cattle would not put their noses, although they would drink on this side below the plank. Thus that man, who had gone to Canada, and who had studied all about the oil business, had been himself damming back for twenty-three years a flood of coal oil, which the state geologist said in 1870 was worth to our state a hundred millions of dollars. A hundred millions! The city of Titusville stands bodily on that farm now. And yet, though he knew all about the theory, he sold the farm for $833—again I say "no *sense*." [Applause.]

I need another illustration. I find it in Massachusetts. The young man went down to Yale College and studied mines and mining, and became such an adept at mineralogy, that during his senior year in the Sheffield School, they paid him as a tutor fifteen dollars a week for the spare time in which he taught. When he graduated they raised his pay to forty-five dollars a week and offered him a professorship. As soon as they did that he went home to his mother! If they had raised his salary to fifteen dollars and sixty cents, then he would have stayed. But when they made it forty-five dollars a week he said: "I won't work for forty-five dollars a week! The idea of a man with a brain like mine, working for forty-five dollars a week! Let us go out to California and stake out gold and silver and copper claims, and be rich!"

Said his mother: "Now Charley, it is just as well to be happy as it is to be rich."

"Yes," said he. "It is just as well to be rich and happy too." [Applause.]

They were both right about it. And as he was the only son, and she was a widow, of course he had his way. They always do. So they sold out in Massachusetts and went, not to California, but to Wisconsin, and there he entered the employ of the Superior Copper Mining Company, at fifteen dollars a week again. But with the proviso that he should have an interest in any mines he should discover for the company. I don't believe he ever discovered a mine there. Still I have often felt when I mentioned this fact in Northern Wisconsin, that he might be in the audience and feel mad at the way I speak about it. Still here is the fact, and it seems unfortunate to be in the way of a good illustration. But I don't believe he ever found any other mine. Yet I don't know anything about that end of the line. I know that he had scarcely gone from Massachusetts, before the farmer who had purchased his farm was bringing a large basket of potatoes in through the gateway. You know in Massachusetts our farms are almost entirely stone wall. [Applause.] Hence the basket hugged very close in the gate, and he dragged it on one side and then on the other. And as he was pulling that basket through the gateway, the farmer noticed in the upper and outer corner of that stone wall next to the gate, a block of native silver eight inches square. And this professor of mines and mining and mineralogy, who would not work for forty-five dollars a week, because he knew so much about the subject, when he sold that homestead, sat on that very stone to make the bargain. He was born on that very farm, and they told me that he had gone by that piece of silver and rubbed it with his sleeve, until it reflected his countenance and seemed to say to him, "Here, take me! Here is a hundred thousand dollars right down here in the rocks just for the taking." But he wouldn't take it. This was near Newburyport, Massachusetts. He wouldn't believe in silver at home. He said: "There is no silver in Newburyport. It is all away off—well, I don't know where"—and he didn't. But somewhere else. And he was a Professor of Mineralogy. I don't

know of anything I would better enjoy in taking the whole time, than telling of the blunders like this which I have heard that "Professors" have made.

I say that I would enjoy it. But after all there is another side to the question. For the more I think about it, the more I would like to know what he is doing in Wisconsin to-night. I don't believe he has found any mines, but I can tell you what I do believe is the case. I think he sits out there by his fireside to-night, and his friends are gathered around him and he is saying to them something like this:—

"Do you know that man Conwell who lives in Philadelphia?"

"Oh, yes, I have heard of him."

"Well you know that man Jones who lives in————"

"Yes, I have also heard of him," say they.

Then he begins to shake his sides with laughter, and he says:—

"They have both done the same thing I did precisely!" And that spoils the whole joke.

Because you and I have done it. Yet nearly every person here will say: "Oh no, I never had any acres of diamonds or any gold mines or any silver mines."

But I say to you that you did have silver mines, and gold mines, and acres of diamonds, and you have them now.

Now let me speak with the greatest care lest my eccentricity of manner should mislead my listeners, and make you think I am here to entertain more than to help. I want to hold your attention on this oppressive night, with sufficient interest to leave my lesson with you.

You had an opportunity to be rich; and to some of you it has been a hardship to purchase a ticket for this lecture. Yet you have no right to be poor. It is all wrong. You have no right to be poor. It is your duty to be rich.

Oh, I know well that there are some things higher, sublimer than money! Ah, yes, there are some things sweeter, holier than gold! Yet I also know that there is not one of those things but is greatly enhanced by the use of money.

"Oh," you will say, "Mr. Conwell, can you, as a Christian teacher, tell the young people to spend their lives making money?"

Yes, I do. Three times I say, I do, I do, I do. You ought to make money. Money is power. Think how much good you could do if you had money now. Money is power and it ought to be in the hands of good men. It would be in the hands of good men if we comply with the Scripture teachings, where God promises prosperity to the righteous man. That means more than being goody-good—it means the all-around righteous man. You should be a righteous man, if you were, you would be rich. [Applause.]

I need to guard myself right here. Because one of my theological students came to me once to labor with me, for heresy, inasmuch as I had said that money was power.

He said: "Mr. Conwell, I feel it my duty to tell you that the Scriptures say that money 'is the root of all evil.'"

I asked him: "Have you been spending your time making a new Bible when you should have been studying theology?" He said: "That is in the old Bible."

I said, "I would like to have you find it for me. I have never seen it."

He triumphantly brought a Bible, and with all the bigoted pride of a narrow sectarian, who founds his creed on some misinterpretation of Scripture, threw it down before me and said: "There it is! You can read it for yourself!"

I said to him: "Young man, you will learn before you get much older, that you can't trust another denomination to read the Bible for you. Please read it yourself, and remember that 'emphasis is exegesis.'"

So he read: "The *love* of money is the root of all evil."

Indeed it is. The *love* of money is the root of all evil. The love of money, rather than the love of the good it secures, is a dangerous evil in the community. The desire to get hold of money, and to hold on to it, "hugging the dollar until the eagle squeals," is the root of all evil. But it is a grand ambition for men to have the desire to gain money, that they may use it for the benefit of their fellow men. [Applause.]

Young man! you may never have the opportunity to charge at the head of your Nation's troops on some Santiago's heights; young woman, you may never be called on to go out in the seas like Grace Darling to save suffering humanity. But every one

of you can earn money honestly, and with that money you can fight the battles of peace; and the victories of peace are always grander than those of war.

I say then to you, that you ought to be rich.

"Well," you say, "I would like to be rich, but I have never had an opportunity. I never had any diamonds about me!"

My friends, you did have an opportunity. And let us see where your mistake was.

What business have you been in?

"Oh," some man or woman will say, "I keep a store upon one of these side streets, and I am so far from the great commercial centers that I cannot make any money."

"Are you poor? How long have you kept that store?"

"Twenty years."

"Twenty years, and not worth five hundred thousand dollars now? There is something the matter with you. Nothing the matter with the side street. It is with you."

"Oh now," you will say, "any person knows that you must be in the center of trade if you are going to make money."

The man of common sense will not admit that that is necessarily true at all. If you are keeping that store and you are not making money, it would have been better for the community if they had kicked you out of that store, nineteen years ago.

No man has a right to go into business and not make money. It is a crime to go into business and lose money, because it is a curse to the rest of the community. No man has a moral right to transact business unless he makes something out of it. He has also no right to transact business unless the man he deals with has an opportunity also to make something. Unless he lives and lets live, he is not an honest man in business. There are no exceptions to this great rule. [Applause.]

You ought to have been rich. You have no right to keep a store for twenty years and still be poor. You will say to me:—

"Now, Mr. Conwell, I know the mercantile business better than you do."

My friend, let us consider it a minute.

When I was young, my father kept a country store, and once in a while he left me in charge of that store. Fortunately for

him it was not often. [Laughter.] When I had it in my charge a man came in the store door and said:—

"Do you keep jack-knives?"

"No, we don't keep jack-knives." I went off and whistled a tune and what did I care for that man? Then another man would come in and say:—

"Do you keep jack-knives?" "No, we don't keep jack-knives." Then I went off and whistled another tune, and what did I care for that man?

Then another man would come in the same door and say: "Do you keep jack-knives?"

"No, we don't keep jack-knives. Do you suppose we are keeping this store just for the purpose of supplying the whole neighborhood with jack-knives?"

Do you carry on your business like that? Do you ask what was the difficulty with it? The difficulty was that I had not then learned that the foundation principles of business success and the foundation principles of Christianity, itself, are both the same. It is the whole of every man's life to be doing for his fellow men. And he who can do the most to help his fellow men, is entitled to the greatest reward himself. Not only so saith God's holy book, but also saith every man's business common sense. If I had been carrying on my father's store on a Christian plan, or on a plan that leads to success, I would have had a jack-knife for the third man when he called for it.

But you say: "I don't carry on my store like that." If you have not made any money you are carrying on your business like that, and I can tell you what you will say to me to-morrow morning when I go into your store.

I come to you and inquire: "Do you know neighbor A?"

"Oh yes. He lives up in the next block. He trades here at my little store."

"Well, where did he come from when he came to ———?"

"I don't know."

"Does he own his own house?"

"I don't know."

"What business is he in?"

"I don't know."

"Do his children go to school?"

"I don't know."

"What ticket does he vote?"

"I don't know."

"What church does he go to?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

Do you answer me like that to-morrow morning, in your store? Then you are carrying on your business just as I carried on my father's business in Worthington, Massachusetts.

You don't know where neighbor A came from and you *don't care.* You don't care whether he has a happy home or not. You don't know what church he goes to, and you don't care! If you had cared, you would have been a rich man now.

You never thought it was any part of your duty to help him make money. So you cannot succeed! It is against every law of business and every rule of political economy, and I would give five dollars myself, to see your failure in the *Ledger* to-morrow morning. What right have you to be in business taking no interest in your fellow men, and not endeavoring to supply them with what they need? You cannot succeed.

That merchant, who, in the City of Boston, made his fifteen millions of dollars, began his enterprises out in the suburbs where there were not a dozen houses on the street; although there were other stores scattered about. He became such a necessity to the neighborhood that when he wished to move into the city to start a wholesale house, they came to him with a great petition, signed by all the people, begging that he would not close that store, but keep it open for the benefit of that community. He had always looked after their interests. He had always carefully studied what they wanted and advised them rightly. He was a necessity; and they must make him wealthy; for in proportion as you are of use to your fellow men in that proportion can they afford to pay you.

Oh my friend going through this world and thinking you are unjustly dealt with! You are poor because you are not wanted. You should have made yourself a necessity to the world, and then the world would have paid you your own price. Friends, learn that lesson. I would speak tenderly and kindly to the poor; but I sometimes need to speak decidedly.

Young man, remember if you are going to invest your life or

talent or money, you must look around and see what people need and then invest yourself, or your money, in that which they need most. Then will your fortune be made, for they must take care of you. It is a difficult lesson to learn.

Some young man will say to me:—

"I cannot go into that mercantile business."

"Why not?"

"Because I have no capital."

Capital! Capital! Capital! Capital! is the cry of a dudish generation which cannot see over its collar. [Laughter and applause.]

Who are the rich men now? The poor boys of fifty years ago. You know it. The rich men of your town, in whatever profession or calling they are, as a rule were the poor boys of forty or fifty years ago. If they had not been poor then they wouldn't be rich now.

The statistics of Massachusetts say, and I presume it holds good in your state, that not one rich man's son in seventeen ever dies rich. I pity the rich man's son. He is not to be praised for his magnificent, palatial home, not to be congratulated on having plenty of money, or his yachts, carriages, and diamonds. Oh no, but rather to be commiserated. It is often a misfortune to be born the son of a rich man. There are many things a rich man's son cannot know, because he is not passing through the school of actual experience.

A young man in our college asked me: "What is the happiest hour in the history of a man's life?" The definition I gave him was this: The happiest hour in the history of a man's life is when he takes his bride for the first time over the threshold of his own door, into a house which he has earned by his own hands; and as he enters the nest he has built he says to her, with an eloquence of feeling no words of mine can ever touch: "Wife, I earned this home myself!" Oh that is the grandest moment a man may ever know. "Wife, I earned this home. It is all mine, and I divide it with thee!" [Applause.] It is a magnificent moment!

But the rich man's son cannot know that. He may go into a house that is more beautiful; but as he takes his wife into his mansion he will go all through it and say to her: "My mother

gave me that! My mother gave me that. My mother gave me that!"—until his wife wishes he had married his mother. [Applause.]

I pity such a young man as that.

It is said that the elder Vanderbilt, when a boy, went to his father and said:—

"Father, did you earn all your money?"

And the old Commodore said: "I did, I earned every penny of it."

And he did. It is cruel to slander the rich because they have been successful. It is a shame to "look down" upon the rich the way we do. They are not scoundrels because they have gotten money. They have blessed the world. They have gone into great enterprises that have enriched the nation and the nation has enriched them. It is all wrong for us to accuse a rich man of dishonesty simply because he secured money. Go through this city and your very best people are among your richest people. Owners of property are always the best citizens. It is all wrong to say they are not good.

The elder Vanderbilt went to his father and said: "Did you earn all your money?"

And when the Commodore said that he did, the boy said: "Then I will earn mine."

And he insisted on going to work for three dollars a week. If a rich man's son will go to work like that he will be able to take care of his father's money when the father is gone. If he has the bravery to fight the battle of poverty like the poor boy, then of course he has a double advantage. But as a rule the rich father won't allow his son to work; and the boy's mother!—oh, she would think it a social disgrace for her poor, weak, little, lily-fingered, sissy sort of a boy to earn his living with honest toil. And so I say it is not capital you want. It is not copper cents, but common sense. [Applause.]

Let me illustrate it again. A. T. Stewart had a dollar and fifty cents to begin life on. That was of course before he was a school-teacher. He lost eighty-seven and a half cents on his very first venture. How did he come to lose it? He lost it because he purchased some needles, thread, and buttons to sell, which people did not want. And he said: "I will never do

that again." Then he went around first to the doors of the houses and asked the people what they did want; then when he found out what they wanted he invested his sixty-two and a half cents and supplied a "known demand."

Why does one merchant go beyond another? Why does one manufacturer outsell any other? It is simply because that one has found out what people want, and does not waste his money buying things they do not need. That is the whole of it. And A. T. Stewart said: "I am not going to buy things people do not want. I will take an interest in people and study their needs." And he pursued that until he was worth forty millions of dollars.

"But," you say, "I cannot do that here." Yes you can. It is being done in smaller places now, and you can do it as well as others.

But a better illustration was John Jacob Astor, the elder. They say that he had a mortgage on a millinery store. I never reach this point without thinking that the ladies will say, that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." [Laughter.] But John Jacob Astor had a mortgage on a millinery store, and foreclosed the mortgage and went into business with the same people who had failed on his hands. After he entered into partnership, he went out and sat down on a bench in the Park. What was the successful merchant doing out there, in partnership with people who had just failed on his own hands? Ah, he had the most important, and to my mind, the pleasantest part of that partnership. He was out there watching the ladies as they went by:—and where is the man who would not get rich at that business? As he sat upon that bench if a lady passed him with her shoulders thrown back and her head up, and looking straight to the front, as though she didn't care if all the world did gaze on her, then John Jacob Astor studied the bonnet she wore; and before it was out of sight, he knew the shape of the frame, and the curl of the lace, and crimp of the feathers, and lots of intricate things that go into a bonnet which I cannot describe. Then he went to his millinery store and said: "Now put in the show window just such a bonnet as I describe to you, because I have just seen a real lady who likes just such a bonnet." Then he went and sat down again. Another lady,

with another form and complexion came, and of course, she wore another style of bonnet. He then went back and described that and had that put into the window. He didn't fill his show window full of hats and bonnets to drive the people away, and sit down in the back of the store and bawl because people went somewhere else to trade. [Applause.] He didn't have a hat or a bonnet that some lady didn't like. That has since been the wealthiest millinery firm on the face of the earth. There have been taken out of the business seventeen millions of dollars and over, by partners who have retired. Yet not a dollar of capital have they ever put into that business, except what they turned in from their profits—to use as capital. Now John Jacob Astor made the fortune of that millinery firm not by lending them money, but by finding out what the ladies liked for bonnets, before they wasted any material in making them up. And if a man can foresee the millinery business, he can foresee anything under Heaven! [Laughter and applause.]

But perhaps a better illustration may strike closer home. You ought to go into the manufacturing business. But you will say there is no room here. Great corporations which have gotten possession of the field make it impossible to make a success of a small manufacturing business now. I say to you, young man, that there was never a time in your history and never will be in your history again when the opportunity for a poor man to make money in the manufacturing business is so clearly apparent as it is at this very hour.

"But," says some young man to me, "I have no capital."

Oh, capital, capital! Do you know of any manufacturer around here who was not born poor? Capital! you don't want capital now. I want to illustrate again, for the best way to teach is always by illustration.

There was a man in Hingham, Massachusetts, who was a carpenter and out of work. He sat around the stove until his wife told him to "go out of doors"; and he did,—what every man in Massachusetts is compelled to do by law,—he obeyed his wife. [Applause.] He went out and sat down on the shore of the bay and he whittled out an oak shingle into a wooden chain. His children that evening quarreled over it. So he

whittled another to keep peace in the family. While he was whittling the second toy a neighbor came in and said to him: "Why don't you whittle toys and sell them? You can make money." The carpenter said, "I could not whittle toys, and if I could do it, I would not know what to make!" There is the whole thing. It is to know what to make. It is the secret of life everywhere. You may take it in the ministry. You may take it in the law. You may take it in mechanics or in labor. You may take it in professional life, or anywhere on earth—the whole question is what to make of yourself for other people. "What to make" is the great difficulty.

He said he would "not know what to make." His neighbor said to him, with good New England common sense: "Why don't you ask your own children what to make?"

"Oh," said he, "my children are different from other people's children."

I used to see people like that when I taught school.

But he consulted his children later, and whittled toys to please them and found that other people's children wanted the same things. He called his children right around his feet and whittled out of firewood those "Hingham tops"; the wooden shovels; the wooden buckets and such things, and when his children were especially pleased, he then made copies to sell. He began to get a little capital of his own earning, and secured a footlathe, and then secured a room, then hired a factory, and then hired power; and so he went on. The last law case I ever tried in my life was in the United States Courtroom at Boston, and this very Hingham man who had whittled those toys stood upon the stand. He was the last man I ever cross-examined. Then I left the law, and went into the ministry,—left practicing entirely and went to preaching exclusively. But I said to this man as he stood upon the stand:—

"When did you begin to whittle those toys?"

He said: "1870."

Said I: "In these seven years how much have those toys become worth?"

He answered: "Do you mean the taxable values or the estimated value?"

I said: "Tell his Honor the taxable value, that there may

be no question about it." He answered me from the witness-stand, under oath:—

"Seventy-eight thousand dollars."

Seventy-eight thousand dollars in only seven years, and beginning with nothing but a jack-knife (and a few hundred dollars of debts he owed other people), and so he was worth at least $100,000. His fortune was made by consulting his own children, in his own house, and deciding that other people's children would like the same thing. You can do the same thing if you will. You don't need to go out of your house to find where the diamonds are. You don't need to go out of your own room.

But your wealth is too near. I was speaking in New Britain, Connecticut, on this very subject. There sat five or six rows from me a lady. I noticed the lady at the time, from the color of her bonnet. I said to them, what I say to you now, "Your wealth is too near to you! You are looking right over it!" She went home after the lecture and tried to take off her collar. The button stuck in the buttonhole. She twisted and tugged and pulled and finally broke it out of the buttonhole and threw it away. She said: "I wonder why they don't make decent collar buttons?"

Her husband said to her: "After what Conwell said to-night why don't you get up a collar button yourself? Did he not say that if you need anything other people need it; so if you need a collar button there are millions of people needing it. Get up a collar button and get rich. *'Wherever there is a need there is a fortune.'"* [Applause.]

Then she made up her mind to do it; and when a woman makes up her mind, and don't say anything about it, she does it! [Applause.] And she invented this "snap button," a kind of a button that snaps together from two pieces, through the buttonhole. That very woman can now go over the sea every summer in her own yacht and take her husband with her. And if he were dead she would have enough money left to buy a foreign count or duke, or some such thing. [Laughter and applause.]

What is my lesson in it? I said to her what I say to you, "Your fortune is too near to you! So near that you are look-

ing over it." She had to look over it. It was right under her chin. And it is just as near to you.

In East Brookfield, Massachusetts, there was a shoemaker out of work. His wife drove him out of doors with a mop-stick, because she wanted to mop around the stove. He went out and sat down on the ash barrel in the back yard. Close by that ash barrel ran a little mountain stream. I have sometimes wondered if, as he sat there on that ash barrel, he thought of Tennyson's beautiful poem:—

> Chatter, chatter, as I flow,
> To join the brimming river,
> Men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on forever.

I don't believe he thought of it, because it was not a poetical situation, on an ash barrel in the back yard. [Laughter.] But as he sat on that ash barrel he looked down into the stream, and he saw a trout go flashing up the stream and hiding under the bank. He leaped down and caught the fish in his hands and took it into the house. His wife sent it to a friend in Worcester. The friend wrote back that they would give five dollars for another such trout. And the shoemaker and his wife immediately started out to find one. They went up and down the stream, but not another trout to be found. Then they went to the preacher. But that is not half as foolish as some other things young people go to a preacher for. That preacher could not explain why they could not find another trout. But he was true to his profession; he "pointed the way." He said: "Secure Seth Green's book on the 'Culture of Trout,' and it will give you the information you need." They got the book and found that if they started with a pair of trout, a trout would lay thirty-six hundred eggs every year, and that every trout would grow an ounce the first year, and a quarter of an pound every succeeding year, so that in four years a man could secure from two trout four tons per annum to sell. They said: "Oh, we don't believe such a great story as that. But if we raise a few and sell them for five dollars apiece, we might make money." So they purchased two little trout and put them in the stream, with a coal sifter down the stream and a window

screen up-stream to keep the trout in. Afterwards, they moved to the banks of the Connecticut River, and afterwards to the Hudson, and one of them has been on the United States Fish Commission, and had a large share in the preparation for the World's Fair in 1900 at Paris. But he sat that day, on that ash barrel in the back yard, right by his acres of diamonds. But he didn't see them. He had not seen his fortune although he had lived there for twenty-three years, until his wife drove him out there with a mop-stick. It may be you will not find your wealth until your wife assumes the scepter of power! But nevertheless, your wealth is there. [Applause.]

But the people who make the greatest mistakes are the farmers. When I could not keep my father's store he set me to work on the farm, knowing that as the ground was nearly all rock I could not do much harm there. [Laughter.]

I know by experience that a very ordinary man can be a lawyer. I also know that it does not take a man with a gigantic intellect to be a preacher. It takes a greater man than either, to make a successful farmer to-day. The farmer will be more successful when he gives more attention to what people want and not so much to what will grow, though he needs them both. But now the whole time of most of our farmers is taken up with the finding out of "what will grow."

I was going up through Iowa a while ago and saw the wheat decaying in mud, and I said to a farmer:—

"Why is it that all this grain here is decaying?"

"Oh," he said, "it is the 'awful' monopoly of the railroads." He didn't use the word "awful," but he used a word that he thought was more emphatic. [Laughter.]

I got into the train and I sympathized with the poor downtrodden farmer. The conductor came along and I asked him:—

"How much dividend does this railroad pay on its stock?"

He looked at me and said: "It has not paid any for nine years and it has been in the hands of the receiver the most of the time."

Then I changed my mind. If that farmer had raised what the people wanted, not only would he have been rich, but the railroad would have paid interest on its stock. [Applause.]

I was at Evansville, Indiana, and a man drove up in his beautiful carriage and told me: "Eighteen years ago I borrowed two hundred dollars and I went into farming. I began the first year to raise wheat, rye, and hogs. But the second year I decided to raise what the people wanted, so I plowed the ground over and put in small fruits. Now, I own this farm and a great deal more." They told me at the hotel that he owned two-thirds of the stock in the bank of which he was president. He had made his money all because he planted what people wanted.

Let me go down through the audience now, and ask you to show me the great inventors here. You will say, "That doesn't mean me." But it does mean you. Great inventors that hear me now! "Oh," you will say, "we don't have any inventors here. They all live away off somewhere else." But who are the great inventors? Always the men who are the simplest and plainest. They are the great inventors. The great inventor has the simple mind, and invents the simplest machine.

Did you ever think how simple the telephone and the telegraph were? Now the simplest mind is always the greatest. Did you ever see a great man? Great in every noble and true sense? If so, you could walk right up to him and say: "How are you, Jim?" Just think of the great men you have met and you find this is true.

I went out to write the biography of General Garfield and found him crowded with other people. I went to a neighbor's to wait until they were gone. But the neighbor told me that if I wanted to get a chance to see him I had better go over at once, and he offered to introduce me. He took his old hat and stuck it on the back of his head, and climbed over the fence and went to the back-door of the house and shouted:—

"Jim! Jim! Jim!"

Very soon "Jim" came to the door; and the neighbor said: "Here is a man who wants to see you."

I went into the home of one of the grandest men that America ever raised. To his neighbors he was "Jim," a plain man, a simple man. [Applause.]

I went to see President Lincoln one time when I was an officer in the War of 1861. I had never seen him before, and his

secretary sent me in to see him as one would enter a neighbor's office. Simple, plain "old Abe." [Applause.]

The simple men are the greatest always. Did you ever see a man strut proudly along, puffed up in his individual pride, not willing to notice an ordinary mechanic? Do you think he is great? Do you really think that man is great? He is nothing but a puffed-up balloon, held down by his big feet. There may be greatness in self-respect, but there is no greatness in feeling above one's fellow men. [Applause.]

I asked a class in Minnesota once, who were the great inventors, and a girl hopped up and said, "Columbus." [Laughter.] Columbus was a great inventor. Columbus married a wife who owned a farm, and he carried it on just as I carried on my father's farm. We took the hoe and went out and sat down on a rock. But as Columbus sat on that rock on the Island of Porto Santo, Spain, he was thinking. I was not. There was a great difference. Columbus as he sat on that rock held in his hand a hoe-handle. He looked out on the ocean and saw the departing ships apparently sink into the sea, and the tops of the masts went down, out of sight. Since that time some "other Spanish ships have sunk into the sea!" [Applause.] Said Columbus: "This world is like a hoe-handle, the further off the further down, the further off the further down,—just like a hoe-handle. I can sail around to the East Indies." How clear it all was. Yet how simple the mind. It is the simplest minds that observe the very simplest things, which accomplish the greatest marvels.

I went up into New Hampshire and when I came back I said I would never go to New Hampshire to lecture again. And I said to a relative of mine, who was a professor at Harvard:—

"I was cold all the time I was there and I shivered so that my teeth shook."

Said he: "Why did you shiver?"

"Because it was cold."

"No, that is not the reason you shivered."

Then I said: "I shivered because I had not bedclothes enough."

"No, that is not the reason."

"Well," said I, "Professor, you are a scientific man, I am not; I would like to have an expert, scientific opinion now, why I shivered."

He arose in his facetious way and said to me: "Young man you shivered because you did not know any better! Didn't you have in your pocket a two-cent paper?"

"Oh yes, I had a *Herald* and a *Journal*."

"That is it. You had them in your pocket, and if you had spread one newspaper over your sheet when you went to bed, you would have been as warm as you lay there, as the richest man in America under all his silk coverlids. But you shivered because you didn't know enough to put a two-cent newspaper on your bed, and you had it in your pocket." [Applause.]

It is the power to appreciate the little things that brings success. How many women want divorces, and ought to have them too; but how many divorces originate like this? A man will hurry home from the factory, and his wife rushes in from the kitchen with the potatoes that have been taken out before they seem to be done, and she puts them on the table for her husband to eat. He chops them up and eats them in a hurry. They go down in hard lumps; he doesn't feel good, and he is all full of crankiness. He frets and scolds, and perhaps swears, and there is a row in the family right there. And these hearts that were almost divinely united will separate to satanic hatred. What is the difficulty? The difficulty is that that lady didn't know what all these ladies do know, that if with potatoes raised in lime soil she had put in a pinch of salt when she put them in the kettle, she could have brought them forth at the right time, and they would have been ready to laugh themselves to pieces with edible joy. He would have digested them readily, and there would have been love in that family, just for a little pinch of salt. [Applause.]

Now, I say, it is the appreciation of these things that makes the great inventors of the world. I read in a newspaper the other day that no woman ever invented anything. Of course this didn't refer to gossip; but machines and improvements. [Laughter.] If it had referred to gossip, it would have applied better to that newspaper than to women. [Renewed laughter.] Who invented the Jacquard loom? Mrs. Jacquard. Who in-

vented the printer's roller? A woman. Who invented the cotton-gin? Mrs. Green; although a patent was taken out on an improvement in Mr. Whitney's name. Who invented the sewing-machine? A woman. Mrs. Howe, the wife of Elias Howe. If a woman can invent a sewing-machine, if a woman can invent a printing roller, if a woman can invent a cotton-gin, we men can invent anything under Heaven! [Laughter and applause.] I say that to encourage the men. Anyhow, our civilization would roll back if we should cross out the great inventions of women, though the patents were taken out often in the names of men.

The greatest inventors are those who see what the people need, and then invent something to supply that need. Let me illustrate only once more. Suppose I were to go through this house and shake hands with each of you and say: "Please introduce me to the great men and women in this hall to-night."

You would say: "Great men! We don't have any here. There are none in this audience. If you want to find great men you must go to some other part of the world! Great men always come from somewhere else."

How many of your men with vast power to help your city, how many with great genius, or great social power, who might enrich and beautify and elevate this their own city, are now taking their money and talents and spending them in some foreign place, instead of benefiting their own people here? Yet here is the place for them to be great. There are as great men here as in any other place of its size. But it is so natural for us to say that great men come from afar. They come from London, from Rome, from San Francisco, from New York, from Manayunk, or anywhere else. But there are just as great men hearing me speak to-night as there are elsewhere, and yet, who, because of their simplicity, are not now appreciated. But "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," says the great philosopher; and it is true. Your neighbor is a great man and it is time you appreciated it, and if you do not appreciate it now, you never will. The only way to be a true patriot is to be a true patriot at home. A man who cannot benefit his own city should never be sent to Washington. Towns and cities are cursed because their own people talk them down. A man who

cannot bless his own community, the place in which he lives, should not be called a patriot anywhere else. To these young men I want to utter this cry with all my force. Here is the place for you to be great, and here are your great men.

But we teach our young people to believe that all the great people are away off. I heard a professor in an Illinois college say, that "nearly all the great men are dead." We don't want him in Philadelphia. [Laughter.] They don't want him anywhere. The greatest men are living now, and will only be exceeded by the generations to come; and he who appreciates that fact will look around him and will respect his neighbor, and will respect his environment. I have to say to-night, that the great men of the world are those who appreciate that which is next to them, and the danger now to our nation is that we belittle everything that is at home.

Have you heard the campaign speeches this year? I heard a man at the Academy of Music say that our nation is going to ruin; that the Ship of State is drifting upon the rocks and will soon be shattered into ten thousand fragments, and this Republic will be no more; that there will be founded an empire, and upon the empire we will put a throne, and upon the throne will be placed a tyrant, and he with his iron heel will grind the people into dust! It is a lie! [Applause.] Never in the history of God's government of mankind was there a nation stepping upward more certainly toward all that is grand and beautiful and true than is the Nation of America to-day! Let the politicians say what they will for personal greed, let them declaim with all their powers, and try to burden the people, you and I know that whichever way the elections may go, the American people are not dead, and the nation will not be destroyed. It is a living body, this mighty Republic, and it cannot be killed by a single election. And they that will belittle our nation are not patriots. Let the land be filled with hope. Some young men will say: "Oh well, the nation is having a hard time." But it is not. The Bible says: "It is good for me that I was afflicted." We are getting down to where we can consider and take account of stock. In the next five years from this 1893 you will see the most flourishing institutions; all through this land will be united a prosperity such as this

nation never knew before. Whatever the result of the election, don't belittle your own nation.

Some young man is saying: "There is going to be a great man here, although I don't know of any now."

"Young man, when are you going to be great?"

"When I am elected to some political office, then I will be great."

Oh young man, learn right now, in these exciting times, that to hold a political office under our form of government is no evidence of greatness. Why, my friends, what would become of this nation if our great men should take office? Suppose you select the greatest men of your city right now, and ask them to leave their great enterprises and go into some political office. My friends, what a ruin would be left if the great men were to take political offices. The great men cannot afford to take political office, and you and I cannot afford to put them there. To hold a political office is to be a servant of the people. And the Bible says, "He that is sent cannot be greater than he who sends him," and "the servant cannot be greater than his master." The office-holder is the servant of others. He is sent by the people; he cannot be greater than the people. You think you are going to be a great man by being elected to some political office! Young man, greatness is intrinsic, it is in the personality, not in the office. If you are not great as an individual before you go into the office, you may rattle around in it after you get in, like "shot in a tin pan." There will be no greatness there. You will hold the office for a year or more and never be heard of again. There are greater things than political office. Many a young man's fortune has been made by being defeated when he was up for political office. You never saw a really great man in office who did not take the office at a sacrifice to himself.

Another young man says: "There is going to be a great man here."

"When?"

"When there comes a war! When we get into another conflict with Spain over Cuba; with England over the Monroe Doctrine, or over the Russian boundary, or with New Jersey, or some distant country of the world [laughter], then I will

sweep up among the glittering bayonets, then I will tear down their flag from the staff, bear it away in triumph, and come home with stars on my shoulders, and hold every office in the gift of the nation; then I will be great!"

Young man, remember greatness does not consist in holding office, even in war. The office does not make the great man. But, alas, we mislead the young in teaching history. If you ask a scholar in school who sank the *Merrimac,* he will answer "Hobson," and tell seven-eighths of a lie. For eight men sank the *Merrimac* at Santiago. Yet where are the women here tonight who have kissed the other seven men? [Laughter.]

A young man says: "I was studying the history of the War the other day and read about Generals Grant, Meade, Beauregard, Hood, and these great leaders, and they were great."

Did you read anything about their predecessors? There is very little in history about them. If the office had made their predecessors great, you would not have heard of Grant, or Sherman, or McClellan. But they were great men intrinsically, not made so by the office. The way we teach history leads the young to think that when people get into office then they become great men. But it is terribly misleading.

Every great general of the war is credited with many victories he never knew anything about, simply because they were won by his subordinates. But it is unfair to give the credit to a general who did not know anything about it. I tell you if the lightning of heaven had struck out of existence every man who wore shoulder-straps in our wars, there would have arisen out of the ranks of our private soldiers just as great men to lead the nation on to victory.

I will give one more illustration. I don't like to give it. I don't know how I ever fell into the habit. Indeed, it was first given off-hand to a Grand Army Post of which I was a member. I hesitate to give it now.

I close my eyes and I can see my own native hills once more. I can see my mountain town and plateau, the Congregational Church, and the Town Hall. They are there spread before me with increasing detail as my years fly by. I close my eyes and I can see the crowd again that was there in that war-time, 1864, dressed in red, white and blue; the flags flying, the band

playing. I see a platoon of soldiers who have returned from one term of service and reënlisted for the second, and are now to be received by the mountain town. Oh, well do I remember the day. I was captain of the company. Although in my teens, I was marching at the head of that company and puffed out with pride. A cambric needle would have burst me all to pieces! [Laughter.] I am sincerely ashamed of the whole thing now. But what august pride, then in my youth, marching at the head of my troops, being received by the country town authorities! We marched into the Town Hall. They seated my soldiers in the middle of the hall, and the crowds came in on the right and on the left. Then the town officers filed upon the stand and took up their position in a half-circle. The good old Mayor of the town, and the Chairman of the Selectmen (his family gave me permission to use this without offense to them), he sat there in his dignity, with his powerful spectacles. He had never held an office in his life before. He may have thought that if he could get into office that would give him power to do almost anything. He never held an office before, and never made a speech before. When he had taken his place he saw me on the front seat, and he came right forward and invited me up to the platform with the "Selectmen." Invited me, me! up on the stand with the town officers! Why, no town officer ever took any notice of me before I went to war; yet perhaps I ought not to say that, because one of them, I remember, did advise a teacher to "whale" me: but I mean no "honorable mention." [Laughter and applause.] Now I am invited on the stand with the Selectmen. They gave me a chair in just about this relation to the table. [Indicating the position.] I sat down, let my sword fall to the floor and waited to be received—Napoleon the Vth!—"Pride goeth before destruction," and it ought. When the Selectmen and the Mayor had taken seats the Mayor waited for quite a while, and then came forward to the table. Oh, that speech! We had supposed he would simply introduce the Congregational minister, who usually gave such public addresses. But you should have seen the surprise when this old man arose to deliver the address, on this august occasion. He had never delivered an address before. He thought the office would make him an orator. But he for-

got that a man must speak his piece as a boy if he wishes to become an orator as a man. Yet he made a most common mistake. So he had written out his speech and learned it by heart. But he brought his manuscript with him, very wisely, and took it out, opened it, and spread it on the table, and then adjusted his spectacles that he might see it. Then he walked back and came forward again to deliver that address. He must have studied the idea a great deal, because he assumed an "elocutionary attitude." He "rested heavily on his left heel, slightly advanced his right foot, threw back his shoulders, and advanced his right hand at an angle of forty-five." [Laughter.] As he stood in that elocutionary attitude, this is just the way he delivered that speech. Friends often ask me if I do not exaggerate it. You couldn't exaggerate it. I haven't the power to exaggerate it.—

"Fellow citizens!"—and then he paused until his fingers and knees shook, and began to swallow, then turned aside to look at his manuscript.

"Fellow citizens:—We are—we are—we are—we are very happy. We are very happy—we are very happy—we are very happy. We are very happy—to welcome back to their native town—to their native town—these soldiers—these soldiers—who have fought and bled, and are back again in their native town. We are especially,—we are especially pleased to see with us to-night this young hero,—(that meant me)—who in imagination—(friends, remember he said that; if he hadn't said that I wouldn't have been egotistic enough to refer to it to-day, I assure you)—who, in imagination,—we have seen leading his troops on to the deadly breach. We have seen his shining —we have seen his shining—his shining sword—we have seen his shining sword, flashing in the sunlight, as he shouted to his troops, 'Come on!'" [Laughter and applause.]

Oh, dear, dear, dear! He was a good old man, but how little he knew about the War. If he had known anything about war at all, he ought to have known that it is next to a crime for an officer of infantry ever, in time of danger, to go ahead of his men. I, with "my shining sword flashing in the sunlight," and calling to my troops, "Come on!" I never did it. Do you suppose I would go in front of my men to be shot in front by

the enemy, and in the back by my own men? It is no place for an officer. The place for an officer in time of danger is behind the private soldier. It is the private soldier who faces the enemy. Often, as a staff officer, I have ridden down the line, before the battle, and as I rode I have given the general's orders, shouting, "Officers to the rear!" And then every officer goes behind the line of private soldiers, and the higher the officer's rank, the further behind he goes. It is the place for him; for, if your officers and your generals were killed on the first discharge, where would the plan of the battle be? How ashamed I was of the whole affair. In actual battle such an officer has no right to go ahead of his men. Some of these men had carried that boy across the Carolina rivers. Some of them had given him their last draught of coffee. One of them had leaped in front of him and had his cheek-bone shot away; he had leaped in front of the boy to save his life. Some were not there at all, and the tears flowing from the eyes of the widows and orphans showed that they had gone down for their country. Yet in the good man's speech he scarcely noticed those who had died; the hero of the hour was that boy. We do not know even now where many of those comrades do sleep. They went down to death. Sometimes in my dreams I call, "Answer me, ye sighing pines of the Carolinas; answer me, ye shining sands of Florida; answer me, ye crags and rocks of Kentucky and Tennessee,—where sleep my dead?" But to my call no answer comes. I know not where many of those men now sleep. But I do know this, they were brave men. I know they went down before a brave foe, fighting for a cause both believed to be right. Yet the hero of this hour was this boy. He was an officer, and they were only private soldiers.

I learned a lesson then I will never forget, until the bell of time ceases to swing for me—that greatness consists not in holding an office. Greatness really consists in doing great deeds with little means—in the accomplishment of vast purposes; from the private ranks of life—in benefiting one's own neighborhood, in blessing one's own city, the community in which he dwells. There, and there only, is the great test of human goodness and human ability. He who waits for an office before he does great and noble deeds must fail altogether.

I learned that lesson then, that henceforth in life I will call no man great simply because he holds an office. Greatness! It is something more than office, something more than fame, more than genius! It is the great-heartedness that encloses those in need, reaches down to those below, and lifts them up. May this thought come to every one of these young men and women who hear me speak to-night and abide through future years. [Applause.]

I close with the words of Bailey. He was not one of our greatest writers, but, after all, in this he was one of the best:—

> We live in deeds, not years,
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
> In thoughts, not breaths;
> We should count time by heart throbs; *(in the cause of right)*
> He most lives who *thinks most.*

Oh, friends, if you forget everything else I say, don't forget these two lines; for, if you think *two* thoughts where I think *one,* you live twice as much as I do in the same length of time:—

> He most lives who thinks most,
> Who feels the noblest,
> And who acts the best.

[Great applause.]

JOHN BROWN GORDON

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY

Lecture by General John B. Gordon, lawyer, soldier, senator, governor (born in Upson County, Georgia, February 6, 1832; died January 9, 1904), delivered with marked effect before large audiences in various parts of the country. This report is the discourse as given in Brooklyn, New York, February 7, 1901. The speaker was introduced by a former soldier of the Union army in the Civil War—Henry W. Knight.

Ladies and My Fellow Countrymen:—In deciding to deliver a series of lectures you will credit me, I trust, with being influenced in part, at least, by other and higher aims than mere personal considerations. If, from the standpoint of a Southern soldier, I could suggest certain beneficent results of our sectional war; or if, as the Comrade and Friend of Lee, I could add any new facts illustrative of the character of Grant; or lastly, if I could aid in lifting to a higher plane the popular estimate placed by victors and vanquished upon their countrymen of the opposing section and thus strengthen the sentiment of national fraternity as an essential element of national unity, I should in either event secure an abundant reward.

Let me say before beginning my lecture that although you are to listen to-night to a Southern man, a Southern soldier, yet I beg you to believe that he is as true as any man to this Republic's flag and to all that it truly represents. [Applause.]

In selecting as my theme "The Last Days of the Confederacy," it is not my purpose to analyze the causes of its decline, nor attempt descriptions of the great battles which preceded its overthrow. I propose to speak of those less grave but scarcely less important phases or incidents of the war which illustrate the spirit and character of the American soldier and people.

Gettysburg and Appomattox fix the boundaries of the Con-

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federacy's decline and death. At Gettysburg its sun reached its zenith, and passed its meridian; at Appomattox it went down forever. Gettysburg, therefore, is the turning point, the dividing line between the aspiring and the expiring Confederate States of America.

Among the interesting questions suggested by the battle of Gettysburg is the inquiry into the reasons or motives of Southern invasion of Northern soil. In this day of peace and plenty it is difficult to realize the force of some of the reasons I am about to mention.

We were hungry, and as we stood on the heights of our Southern Pisgah on the Potomac's shore,

> And viewed the landscape o'er,

we beheld the valleys of Pennsylvania, fair, fertile, and grain-clad, stretching out in inviting panorama before us. Only the Potomac, like Jordan of old, "rolled between" us and that "land of promise." To "cross over and possess it," therefore, seemed the dictate both of military strategy and of empty stomachs.

But there was another reason for crossing. Social reciprocity demanded it. We owed our Northern cousins a large number of visits, and chivalric Southrons could not ignore such obligations. We had endeavored to cancel a part of the social debt by a visit to Maryland the summer before; but the reception accorded us by McClellan and his men at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, as we call it, while very hearty, did not encourage us to stay long. We concluded to postpone our visit further North till a more convenient season. That season seemed to arrive in '63, and we decided this time to test Pennsylvania's hospitality. Therefore for the reasons given, and for the additional reason that we desired closer communication with our Northern kinspeople in order more effectively to persuade them to take General Scott's or Horace Greeley's advice, and "let the wayward Southern sisters depart in peace," and with appetites whetted to keenest relish for Pennsylvania's ripened wheat and fatted cattle, we rapidly and cheerfully crossed the Potomac and then—a few days later—more rapidly and less cheerfully recrossed it. I think it is due to historical accuracy and to a

proper respect for social regulations, to explain that no discourtesy whatever was intended by our unceremonious departure. Our visit was cut short by circumstances over which we did not have entire control, and for which we cannot be held exclusively responsible. [Laughter.]

Twenty months passed before our next visit. The war was over. We had changed our minds and had concluded not to set up a separate government. When we returned to you again, therefore, we came to stay. No more with hostile banners waving in defiance above gray-clad battle lines, but rallying now with all our countrymen around this common flag, whose crimson stripes are made redder and richer by Southern as well as Northern blood, and whose stars are brighter because they emblem the glory of both Northern and Southern achievements. We returned not with rifles in our hands, demanding separation as the price of peace; but with hands outstretched to grasp those extended by the North in sincere and endless brotherhood. We returned, too, without lingering bitterness, or puerile repining; but with a patriotism always broad and sincere, now intensified and refined in the fires of adversity, to renew our vows of fidelity to that unrivaled constitutional government bequeathed by our fathers and theirs; and by God's help to make with them the joint guarantee that this Republic, and its people and the States which compose it, shall remain united co-equal, and forever free. [Applause.]

It was the fortune of my command to be separated from General Lee's army after crossing into Pennsylvania, and to penetrate further into the heart of that State than any other Confederate troops, and to pass through that portion of Pennsylvania inhabited by what they call Pennsylvania Dutch, an unwarlike, magnificent people, priding themselves on their well cultivated fields, their colossal red barns, and horses nearly as big as barns. Some of those horses disappeared about that time from those barns, and by some strange coincidence they were found the next day securely tied in the Confederate camp. How they got there, whether through sympathy for the Southern cause, or were drafted into service, I never knew; to be honest about it, I never inquired; but they were there, and evidently without their owners' consent. This fact was soon made

manifest by one of those owners announcing to me in his broken English, as well as I could understand him, that I had his mare. I endeavored to explain to this Pennsylvania Dutchman that we were obliged to take some of Pennsylvania's horses to pay for those the boys in blue had been taking from us. This explanation, which was entirely satisfactory to me, was not at all so to the Dutchman. He insisted that I pay him for his mare, and I at once offered to pay him full price in Confederate money. This he indignantly refused. Whereupon I offered, in fact I gave him a written order for the full price of his mare, on President Abraham Lincoln, of the United States. [Laughter.] This he liked much better—in fact, he was absolutely satisfied with that mode of settlement, until there crept into his brain some doubt about my authority for drawing on the President of the United States. He had a good deal of difficulty in understanding by what right a Confederate General could draw on the President for money to pay for horses to serve in the Confederate army; and the more he thought of it the less light he had on the subject; and at last, when he saw the truth, he discharged at me a perfect volley of Dutch expletives, and ended by saying, "I have been married three times, and I vood not geeve dot mare for all dose vomans." [Laughter.] I relented and gave him back his mare. Now, the great injustice done by him to the womanhood of his State was made manifest a few days later by the heroic conduct of one of Pennsylvania's noblest daughters. The retreating Federals had fired the bridge which spanned the Susquehanna River at the town of Wrightsville, where lived this superb woman, who I shall designate as the "heroine of the Susquehanna." Wrightsville would have been inevitably consumed but for the fact that my command was formed around the burning district, and at a late hour of night checked the flames. The house which would have been next consumed was the home of the superb woman of whom I am about to speak. Early the next morning she invited me to breakfast at her house with my staff. Seated at her table was this modest, refined Northern woman, surrounded by none except Confederate soldiers: but she was so dignified, calm, and kind that I immediately imagined that I had found a Southern sympathizer in

the heart of Pennsylvania, and I ventured some remark which indicated to her the thought that was in my brain. In an instant her eyes were flashing with patriotic fire, and she turned to me and said: "General Gordon, I cannot afford, sir, to have you misunderstand me, nor misinterpret this courtesy. You and your soldiers last night saved my home from burning, and I desired to give you this evidence of my appreciation; but my own honor and loyalty to my soldier husband demand that I tell you plainly that I am a Union woman—that my husband and son are both in the Union army with my approval, and that my daily prayer to Heaven is that the Union cause may triumph and our country be saved."

My fellow countrymen, I think that every gallant man, North, South, East and West, will echo the sentiment I am about to utter. To my thought a woman with such courage of her convictions of duty to her country, and in the presence of a hostile army, deserves a lofty niche in patriotism's temple. [Applause.]

And now I am sure this generous audience will pardon me if I ask what words of mine could measure the gratitude due from me and my comrades who wore the gray, to glorious Southern women for their part in that great struggle? Of course, I was perfectly familiar with the Spartan courage and self-sacrifice of Southern women in every stage and trial of that war. I had seen those patriotic women of our Southland sending their husbands and their fathers, their brothers and their sons to the front, cheering them in the hour of disaster and tempering their joys in the hour of triumph. I had witnessed the Southern mother's anguish, as with breaking heart and streaming eyes she gave to her beloved boy her parting blessing: "Go, my son," she said, "go to the front. I perhaps will never see you again; but I freely commit you to God, and to the defense of your people." I had seen those Southern women with the sick, the wounded, and the dying; and in the late stages of that war, I had been made to marvel at their saintly spirit of martyrdom, standing as it were, almost neck deep in the desolation around them, and yet bravely facing their fate while the light of Heaven itself played around their divinely beautiful faces. [Applause.] And now I had found their counterpart in this

"heroine of the Susquehanna," this representative of noble Northern womanhood—this representative of tens of thousands of American women, of whose costly sacrifices for country the world will never know. To my comrades, therefore, I submit this proposition, which I know their brave hearts to a man will echo. That proposition is, that these sufferings and sacrifices and devotion of the American women during that Titanic conflict must remain through all the ages as cherished a memorial as the rich libations of blood poured out by their brave brothers in battle. [Applause.]

But now to Gettysburg. That great battle could not be described in the space of a lecture. I shall select from the myriad of thrilling incidents which rush over my memory but two. The first I relate because it seems due to one of the bravest and knightliest soldiers of the Union army. As my command came back from the Susquehanna River to Gettysburg, it was thrown squarely on the right flank of the Union army. The fact that that portion of the Union army melted was no disparagement of either its courage or its lofty American manhood, for any troops that had ever been marshaled, the Old Guard itself, would have been as surely and swiftly shattered. It was that movement that gave to the Confederate army the first day's victory at Gettysburg; and as I rode forward over that field of green clover, made red with the blood of both armies, I found a Major-General among the dead and the dying. But a few moments before, I had seen the proud form of that magnificent Union officer reel in the saddle and then fall in the white smoke of the battle; and as I rode by, intensely looking into his pale face, which was turned to the broiling rays of that scorching July sun, I discovered that he was not dead. Dismounting from my horse, I lifted his head with one hand, gave him water from my canteen, inquired his name and if he was badly hurt. He was General Francis C. Barlow, of New York. He had been shot from his horse while grandly leading a charge. The ball had struck him in front, passed through the body and out near the spinal cord, completely paralyzing him in every limb; neither he nor I supposed he could live for one hour. I desired to remove him before death from that terrific sun. I had him lifted on a litter and borne to

the shade in the rear. As he bade me good-bye, and upon my inquiry what I could do for him, he asked me to take from his side pocket a bunch of letters. Those letters were from his wife, and as I opened one at his request, and as his eye caught, as he supposed, for the last time, that wife's signature, the great tears came like a fountain and rolled down his pale face; and he said to me, "General Gordon, you are a Confederate; I am a Union soldier; but we are both Americans; if you should live through this dreadful war and ever see my wife, will you not do me the kindness to tell my wife for me that you saw me on this field? Tell her for me, that my last thought on earth was of her; tell her for me that you saw me fall in this battle, and that her husband fell, not in the rear, but at the head of his column; tell her for me, General, that I freely give my life to my country, but that my unutterable grief is that I must now go without the privilege of seeing her once more, and bidding her a long and loving farewell." I at once said: "Where is Mrs. Barlow, General? Where could I find her?" for I was determined that wife should receive that gallant husband's message. He replied: "She is very close to me; she is just back of the Union line of battle with the Commander-in-Chief at his headquarters." That announcement of Mrs. Barlow's presence with the Union army struck in this heart of mine another chord of deepest and tenderest sympathy; for my wife had followed me, sharing with me the privations of the camp, the fatigues of the march; again and again was she under fire, and always on the very verge of the battle was that devoted wife of mine, like an angel of protection and an inspiration to duty. I replied: "Of course, General Barlow, if I am alive, sir, when this day's battle, now in progress, is ended—if I am not shot dead before the night comes—you may die satisfied that I will see to it that Mrs. Barlow has your message before to-morrow's dawn."

And I did. [Applause.] The moment the guns had ceased their roar on the hills, I sent a flag of truce with a note to Mrs. Barlow. I did not tell her—I did not have the heart to tell her that her husband was dead, as I believed him to be; but I did tell her that he was desperately wounded, a prisoner in my hands; but that she should have safe escort through my

lines to her husband's side. [Applause.] Late that night, as I lay in the open field upon my saddle, a picket from my front announced a lady on the line. She was Mrs. Barlow. She had received my note and was struggling, under the guidance of officers of the Union army, to penetrate my lines and reach her husband's side. She was guided to his side by my staff during the night. Early next morning the battle was renewed, and the following day, and then came the retreat of Lee's immortal army. I thought no more of that gallant son of the North, General Barlow, except to count him among the thousands of Americans who had gone down on both sides in the dreadful battle. Strangely enough, as the war progressed, Barlow concluded not to die; Providence decreed that he should live. He recovered and rejoined his command; and just one year after that, Barlow saw that I was killed in another battle. The explanation is perfectly simple. A cousin of mine with the same initials, General J. B. Gordon, of North Carolina, was killed in a battle near Richmond. Barlow, who as I say, had recovered and rejoined his command—although I knew he was dead, or thought I did—picked up a newspaper and read this item in it: "General J. B. Gordon of the Confederate army was killed to-day in battle." Calling his staff around him, Barlow read that item and said to them, "I am very sorry to see this; you will remember that General J. B. Gordon was the officer who picked me up on the battlefield at Gettysburg, and sent my wife through his lines to me at night. I am very sorry."

Fifteen years passed. Now, I wish the audience to remember that during all those fifteen years which intervened, Barlow was dead to me, and for fourteen of them I was dead to Barlow. In the meantime, the partiality of the people of Georgia had placed me in the United States Senate. Clarkson Potter was a Member of Congress from New York. He invited me to dine with him to meet his friend, General Barlow. Now came my time to think. "Barlow," I said, "Barlow? That is the same name, but it can't be my Barlow, for I left him dead at Gettysburg." And I endeavored to understand what it meant, and thought I had made the discovery. I was told, as I made the inquiry, that there were two Barlows in the

United States Army. That satisfied me at once. I concluded, as a matter of course, that it was the other fellow I was going to meet; that Clarkson Potter had invited me to dine with the living Barlow and not with the dead one. Barlow had a similar reflection about the Gordon he was to dine with. He supposed that I was the other Gordon. We met at Clarkson Potter's table. I sat just opposite to Barlow; and in the lull of the conversation I asked him, "General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" He replied: "I am the man, sir." [Laughter.] "Are you related," he asked, "to the Gordon who killed me?" "Well," I said, "I am the man, sir." The scene which followed beggars all description. No language could describe that scene at Clarkson Potter's table in Washington fifteen years after the war was over. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Think of it! What could be stranger? There we met, both dead, each of us presenting to the other the most absolute proof of the resurrection of the dead.

But stranger still, perhaps, is the friendship true and lasting begun under such auspices. What could be further removed from the realm of probabilities than a confiding friendship between combatants, which is born on the field of blood amidst the thunders of battle, and while the hostile legions rush upon each other with deadly fury and pour into each other's breasts their volleys of fire and of leaden hail? [Applause.] Such were the circumstances under which was born the friendship between Barlow and myself, and which I believe is more sincere because of its remarkable birth, and which has strengthened and deepened with the passing years. For the sake of our reunited and glorious Republic may we not hope that similar ties will bind together all the soldiers of the two armies,—indeed all Americans—in perpetual unity until the last bugle call shall have summoned us to the eternal camping grounds beyond the stars? [Applause.]

Another incident of an entirely different character may be worth relating, as illustrating the peculiarities and eccentricities of a prominent Confederate officer.

Lieutenant-General Ewell had lost a leg in a previous battle, and supplied its place with a wooden one. During the progress

of the battle at Gettysburg we chanced to be riding together. My ear caught the thud of a Minie ball which, I supposed, had shattered his other leg. I quickly inquired: "Are you hurt?" He as quickly replied: "No, sir; but suppose that had been your leg; we would have had the trouble of carrying you off the field, sir. You see how much better prepared for a fight I am than you are. It doesn't hurt to be shot in a wooden leg, sir." [Laughter.]

This same eccentric officer, General Ewell, at another time was riding out in front of my line, on what he called an independent scout of his own; and he rode most too far. A squadron of Union cavalry got after him and chased him back. He was riding one of the most magnificent animals that ever stood on four feet; and as he came flying in, closely pursued by the Union cavalry, my line opened fire on him and his pursuers; but he came in safely, and reining up to my lines, he opened fire on them of a different kind. He asked, in his peculiarly emphatic style, "What in the world are you shooting at me for? Why don't you shoot at the other fellows?" They answered, "General, we were shooting at the other fellows, and you, too; but we did not know who you were." He replied: "Boys, that is a good excuse this time, but you must be more careful; you might have killed the very finest mare in this army." [Laughter.]

This crusty old bachelor married late in life; married a widow, a Mrs. Brown. Of course, after Mrs. Brown's marriage to General Ewell, she became Mrs. Ewell, to all the world except to him; but he always persisted in introducing her as, "My wife, Mrs. Brown." [Laughter.]

The failure of the Confederate army at Gettysburg did not lower by one hair's breadth the confidence of Lee's men in the infallibility of that great commander. But I am bound to admit that the simultaneous fall of Vicksburg and the disaster at Gettysburg did set the Southern boys to thinking, and right seriously, about the future; but they soon recovered and were ready to meet General Grant as he came from his Southwestern campaigns with the green laurel of victory on his brow, and called us one fine morning in May, 1864, from our long winter's sleep on the historic banks of the Rapidan. We did

not know as much about Grant then as we found out after a while, but we had heard of him. We had heard a good deal about Grant. Among other things, we had heard of that U. S. in his name which some Union prophet, without asking our advice about it, had changed from a simple "U. S." into those disagreeable words, "Unconditional Surrender." We could not see Grant for the underbrush in the wild wilderness, but we knew he was there. His morning salute at times to us was prompt and warm and unmistakable. Lee's response was equally loyal in tone and hearty in character; but before saying anything more about those two old comrades, Lee and Grant, who you remember had been separated from each other a number of years, had not seen each other in a great while, and they were just now coming up to meet each other in the wilderness, and of course were saluting and cheering each other with their big guns as they came along:—before saying anything more about them I want to pause in this story to give one or two incidents illustrative of the life of a private in that war. My countrymen, I must be pardoned for saying that when I recall the uncomplaining suffering, the unbought and poorly paid patriotism of those grand men, the American volunteers, who had no hope of personal honors, no stripes on their coats, nor stars on their collars, who wore the knapsacks, trudged in the mud, leaving the imprint of their feet in their own blood on Virginia's snows—when I recall those men who stood in the forefront of the battle, fired the muskets, won the victories, and made the generals, I would gladly write their names in characters of blazing stars that could never grow dim. [Applause.]

I want to illustrate the life of a private. It will be remembered that that little stream of which I have spoken, the Rapidan, which, by the way, comrades, was called a river through courtesy—it was a sort of brevet title, a promotion from a creek to a river, on account of its long service, probably, in both armies:—it will be remembered that that little stream was for a long time the dividing line between these two great armies. It was so near that the pickets of the two armies refused to fire at each other by common consent. When they did shoot, they shot jokes instead of rifles across the river at each other, and

where the water was shallow they waded in and met each other in the middle and swapped Southern tobacco for Yankee coffee; and where the water was too deep to wade in, they sent those articles across in little boats, loaded on this side with Southern tobacco, and sailed across. Then those little ships were unloaded on the opposite bank and reloaded and sailed back with Yankee coffee for the Johnnies. Thus those two fighting armies kept up for a long time their friendly and international commerce. So great was that commerce that the commanders of both armies ordered it to stop. As a matter of course, the privates ignored the orders, and went on trading. General Lee sent for me and said: "I want you to take charge of my picket line, sir, and break up that trading." I rode along the picket lines, and as I came suddenly around the point of a hill, on one of my picket posts, before they dreamed I was in the neighborhood, I found an amount of confusion such as I had never witnessed. I asked, "What is the matter here, boys? What does all this mean?" "Nothing at all, sir; it is all right here; we assure you it is all right." I thought there was a good deal of assuring about it, and said so, when a bright fellow, who saw I had some doubt on my brain, stepped to the front to get his comrades out of the scrape, and he began—he was a stammering fellow—and he began: "Oh, yes, g-g-g-general; it is all r-r-r-right; we were just getting r-r-r-ready, so we could present arms to you if you should come along after a while." Of course I knew there was not a word of truth in it, but I began to ride away. Looking back suddenly, I saw the high weeds on the bank of this little river shaking. I asked this fellow: "What is the matter with the weeds, sir? They seem to be in confusion, too?" Badly frightened now, he exclaimed: "Oh, g-g-g-general, there is nothing the matter with the weeds; the weeds are all right." I ordered: "Break down those weeds": and there flat on the ground among those weeds was at least six feet of soldier, with scarcely any clothing on his person. I asked: "Where do you belong?" "Over yonder," he said pointing to the Union army, "on the other side." "What are you doing here, sir?" "Well," he said, "General, I didn't think there was any harm in my coming over here and talking to the boys a little while."

"What boys?" I asked. "These Johnnies," he said. I asked: "Don't you know we are in the midst of a great war, sir?" "Yes, General; I know we are having a war, but we are not fighting now." The idea of this Union boy, that because we were not at this minute shooting each other to death, it was a proper occasion to lay aside the arms and make social visits, one army to the other, struck me as the most laughable kind of war I had ever heard of; and I could scarcely keep my face straight enough to give an order. But I summoned all the sternness of my nature and said, "I will show you, sir, that this is war; I am going to march you through the country, and put you in prison." At that announcement my boys rushed to this fellow's defense. They gathered around me and said, "General, wait a minute; let us talk about it. You say you are going to send this Union boy to prison. Hold on, General; that won't do; that won't do at all; we invited this fellow over here, and we promised to protect him. Now, General, don't you see, if you send him off to prison, you will ruin our Southern honor?" What could a commander do with such boys? I made the Union man stand up, and said to him, "Now, sir, if I permit you to go back at the solicitation of these Confederates, will you solemnly promise me, on the honor of a soldier—" And he did not wait for me to finish my sentence. With a loud "Yes, sir," he leaped like a great bull-frog into the river and swam back. [Laughter.]

Now my countrymen, I allude to that little incident for a far higher purpose than mere amusement or entertainment. I want to submit a question in connection with it. Tell me, my countrymen, where else on all this earth could you find a scene like that in the midst of a long and bloody war between two hostile armies? Where else could you find it? Among what people would it be possible except among this glorious American people, uplifted by our free institutions and by that Christian civilization which was born in Heaven? [Applause.]

The Rapidan suggests another scene, to which allusion has often been made since the war but which as illustrative also of the spirit of both armies I may be permitted to recall in this connection. In the mellow twilight of an April day the

two armies were holding their dress parades on the opposite hills bordering the river. At the close of the parade a magnificent brass band of the Union army played with great spirit the patriotic airs, "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." Whereupon the Federal troops responded with a patriotic shout. The same band then played the soul-stirring strains of "Dixie," to which a mighty response came from ten thousand Southern troops. A few moments later, when the stars had come out as witnesses and when all nature was in harmony, there came from the same band the old melody, "Home Sweet Home." As its familiar and pathetic notes rolled over the water and thrilled through the soldiers, the hills reverberated with a thundering response from the united voices of both armies. [Applause.] What was there in this old, old music to so touch the chords of sympathy, so thrill the spirits and cause the frames of brave men to tremble with emotion? It was the thought of home. To thousands, doubtless, it was the thought of that Eternal Home to which the next battle might be the gateway. To thousands of others it was the thought of their dear earthly homes, where loved ones at that twilight hour were bowing around the family altar, and asking God's care over the absent soldier boy.

I ask the audience to return with me now to that wild and weird wilderness of scrub oaks, chinkapins, and pines, where we left Grant and Lee, and in another part of which Hooker and Burnside fought, and Stonewall Jackson fell; and in which Grant was now greeting Lee for the first time in battle on that famous 5th of May, 1864. Lee and Grant in that wild wilderness "volleyed and thundered" their greetings and countergreetings in the most lordly manner for two or three days. On the second day, while riding over the field covered with the dead, General Lee indicated by the peculiar orders he gave me, his high estimate of General Grant's genius for war. He ordered me to move that night to Spottsylvania Court-House. I asked if scouts had not reported that General Grant had suffered heavy losses and was preparing to retreat. Lee's laconic answer revealed his appreciation, I repeat, of the character and ability of his great antagonist. "Yes," he replied, "my scouts have brought me such reports; but General Grant will not re-

treat, sir; he will move to Spottsylvania Court-House." I asked if he had information to that effect. "No," he replied, "but General Grant ought to move to Spottsylvania. That is his best manœuvre and he will do what is best." General Lee then added, "I am so sure of it that I have had a short road cut to that point, and you will move by that route." This was Lee's prophecy. Its notable fulfilment was the arrival of Grant's troops at Spottsylvania almost simultaneously with the head of the Confederate column and the beginning of the great battle of Spottsylvania.

On this field occurred some of the most desperate fighting of the war. Winfield Scott Hancock, the superb, made his famous charge and brilliant capture of the bloody salient in the mist and darkness of that fateful morning—the 12th of May. Here he sent to Grant his characteristic field despatch, "I have used up Johnson and am going into Early." Here Lee, with his army cut in twain, rode into the breach, and like Napoleon at Lodi, placed himself at the head of his reserves, resolved to recapture the salient or fall in the effort. Here, as he sat upon his horse in front of my lines, his head uncovered, his hat in hand, his face rigid and fixed upon the advancing foe, the Confederate soldiers exhibited that deathless devotion to his person which knew no diminution even to the end. As I seized his bridle and called in the hearing of the men, "General Lee, this is no place for you. You must go to the rear," my soldiers caught the words, and with electric spontaneity there came from my lines in thunder-tones, "General Lee to the rear, General Lee to the rear," and they surrounded him and literally bore horse and rider to a place of safety. Here, under the inspiration of his majestic and magnetic presence, occurred that furious counter-charge which swept forward with the resistless power of a cyclone, bearing all things down before it, driving Hancock back, and retaking a large portion of the salient. Here occurred that incessant roll of musketry for more than twenty hours, unparalleled in the annals of war, the storm of Minie balls cutting away standing timber, piling hecatombs of dead Federals in front of the parapets and filling the inner ditches with dead and dying Confederates, upon whose prostrate bodies their living comrades stood to beat back with clubbed

muskets the charging columns of Grant as they rushed with frantic fury up the slippery sides of the blood-drenched breastworks.

My brother Americans, all the ages have claimed chivalry and courage; but I stand here to-night, with the fear of God upon me, measuring my every word, and throw down the challenge to all history. I challenge the proud phalanxes of Cyrus and Alexander, the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, the Old Guard of Napoleon, or the heroic Highlanders of Scotland to furnish a parallel to that heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice which was exhibited by those American boys in blue and gray from '61 to '65.

All things began now to point to the Confederacy's certain and speedy death. Whether, as these boys in blue claimed, they were beginning then to whip us into submission or, as our boys claimed, we were simply wearing ourselves out whipping them [laughter] is a matter of no consequence now. I want to pause a moment, in connection with that piece of innocent pleasantry, to drop one thought; and would to God for the sake of my country, I could send this thought ringing down the ages until it had found a lodgment in every American youth's brain for a hundred generations. That thought is this: that for the future glory of this Republic, it is absolutely immaterial whether on this battlefield or that the blue or the gray won a great victory, for, thanks be to God, every victory won in that war by either side was a monument to American valor. [Applause.]

It was no longer possible to fill our ranks, except by converting slaves into soldiers, and the proposition to free all the Southern negroes at once and arm them for Southern defense became the great problem of the hour. It was no longer possible to feed Lee's army, and starvation—literal starvation—was doing its deadly work. So depleted and poisoned was the blood of our men from insufficient and unsound food, that the slightest wound in the finger, a mere scratch, would oft-times end in gangrene, blood-poisoning and death. Young gentlemen, it was no uncommon sight to see your Southern brothers in Lee's army with sticks in their hands picking grains of corn from under the feet of the half-fed horses, and washing that

corn for soldiers' food. We had to ration on corn right often; and one night after an unusually big ration of corn, I heard a great groaning down in my camp. I walked down and asked "What is the matter with you, Jake? What in the world are you making all this noise about, sir?" "Sick, General; I am sick; I ate too much corn." But Jake was out next morning, and as I came out he hailed me: "Hallo, General, I'm all right this morning, I feel first rate; I ate a lot of corn last night, and now, if you will give me a good-sized bale of hay, I will be ready for the next fight."

The crowning fact which gilds this gloom with a lasting radiance, is that amidst all this suffering the esprit of the army was never broken. The grim humor of the camp waged incessant war upon the spirit of despondency. One soldier would meet another and accost him thus, "Hallo, Bill, I advise you to invest your month's pay in a bottle of the most powerful astringent, and contract your stomach to the size of your ration." [Laughter.]

It was impossible to secure hats enough to shelter the heads of those brave boys from the winter's blast but those rascally Confederates had a way of getting hats for themselves. I was on a train of cars going from Petersburg. A large number of old men were in the cars, coming up to see the boys. Every one of those old men on the inside of the cars had a hat. Those boys on the outside in the army, who had no hats, wanted hats —obliged to have hats—had stationed themselves along the railroad track in a long line, and in the hands of the man at the head they had put a tree-top. There he stood with this tree-top close to the railroad side; and as the train came sweeping by, they called "Look out!" and the old men stuck out their heads, and hats, and the brush swept the hats.

It was the fortune of my command to cover Lee's retreat after the final break of our lines around Petersburg and Richmond, and as we crossed the river at midnight and burned the bridges behind us, I carried on my spirit a load of woe which no language could describe. In addition to the melancholy fate which had befallen Lee's army, I had left behind me in that desolate city that sweet and devoted wife who had followed me during the entire war; I had left that wife extremely ill in

bed. But as I came back from the surrender, I found her still alive, and found a fact for which I would gladly build with these hands a monument to the author of that fact—I do not know whether that author was General Grant himself, or some man like Grant; but this I do know that some knightly soldier with a blue uniform on his back had learned of her illness, and with a spirit worthy of an American freeman, had placed around her home a guard of boys in blue, who protected her from a single intruder. [Applause.]

I repeat, it was the fortune of my command to cover Lee's retreat, fighting all day, marching all night, with little food and no rest, with starvation claiming its victims at every mile of that march,—I would be an unfaithful chronicler, however, if I did not tell you that even under those extreme conditions, that same spirit of fun-making was forever present. Even the religious side of a soldier's life had its laughable phase now and then. There is not a man or woman in this audience who ever laughed at anything who could have resisted it. There was a deep religious feeling in Lee's army. Prayer-meetings were held wherever possible. One was held at my headquarters. A long lanky fellow about so high [indicating] without education, but a brave soldier, knelt at my side and prayed. "Oh, Lord," he said, "we are having a mighty big fight down here and a sight of trouble, and we do hope, Lord, that you will take a proper view of this subject, and give us the victory." [Laughter.] Another prayer-meeting was held, at which there was present an old fellow—a one-legged fellow; his leg had been taken off close to the hip-joint; he had been sent home, of course, but had come back on a visit, and was in the prayer-meeting. His leg was taken off so short that he could not kneel down in prayer, as the boys were in the habit of doing; he had to sit up; so he sat up while Brother Jones prayed. Brother Jones was praying for more manhood, more strength, more courage. This old one-legged Confederate could not stand that sort of a prayer for more courage at that stage of the game, any longer; so, right in the middle of the prayer, he called out: "Hold on there, Brother Jones—hold on there, sir; don't you know you are just praying all wrong? Why don't you pray for more provisions? We have got more courage now than we have

any use for." [Laughter.] This broke up the prayer-meeting. Another prayer-meeting was held, this time in a little log cabin on the roadside, by officers in high command; and one general officer stepped to the door of the little log cabin, in which we were assembled, and beckoned to another general officer passing by to come in and participate in the prayer-meeting. The other general officer did not understand exactly what was wanted with him; so he replied, "No, I thank you, General, no more at present; I have just had some." [Laughter.]

My command was now thrown to the front; and on the evening of the eighth of April, the day before the final surrender, we struck that cordon of bayonets which General Grant had thrown across the line of our retreat at Appomattox. Then came the last sad Confederate council of war. It was called by Lee to meet at night. It met in the woods by his lonely bivouac fire. There was no tent, no table, no chairs, no camp-stools; on blankets spread upon the ground we sat around the great commander. A painter's brush might transfer to canvas the physical features of that scene, but no tongue or pen could describe the unutterable anguish of those broken-hearted commanders as they sat around their beloved leader and looked into his now clouded face and sought to draw from it some ray of hope. I shall not attempt to describe the scene; but I would be untrue to myself and to Lee's memory if I did not say of him that in no hour of that great war did his masterful characteristics appear to me so conspicuous as they did then and there; as he stood in that lonely woodland, by that low-burning fire, surrounded by his broken followers; and yet stood so grandly, so calmly facing and discussing the long-dreaded inevitable.

It was resolved at that last council that my wing of the army, now in front, should attempt at daylight the next morning to cut its way out through Grant's line. We moved at daylight—and this audience will pardon the pride which impels me to say that in no battle of that great war was there a prouder record of American valor ever written than was then and there made by that little band of poorly clad and starving American heroes who followed my standard in that last charge of the war. [Applause.]

As I fought to the front, Longstreet was compelled to fight to the rear, so that every foot of advance by either of us simply widened the breach between the two wings of Lee's army—such was Grant's magnificent strategy; and it was at this hour, as I was desperately fighting in every direction around me, that I received the last note from General Lee. It was to inform me that there was a flag of truce between General Grant and himself, stopping hostilities, and that I should notify the Union commanders in my front of that fact. The audience will understand that no unnecessary delay occurred in sending out that information. I called for my chief of staff and said: "Take a flag of truce and bear this message to the Union commanders quick." He soon informed me we had no flag of truce. "Oh, well," I said, "take your handkerchief and tie it on a stick, and go." He said, "General, I have no handkerchief." I ordered: "Tear your shirt and put that on a stick and go." He looked at his shirt, and then at mine, and said: "I have on a flannel shirt; I see you have; there is not a white shirt in the whole army." I said, "Get something, sir—get something, and go"; and he got a rag and rode to the front, and soon he returned, and with him one of the most superb horsemen who ever sat upon a saddle, and as I looked into his flashing eyes, with his long curls falling to his shoulders, I found myself in the presence of that afterwards great Indian fighter, that man who ought forever to hold a place in every American heart, the gallant Custer. [Applause.] With a wave of his sword, which embodied all the graces of his school, he said to me: "General Gordon, I bring you the compliments of General Sheridan." Very fine, wasn't it? He added, however, "I also bring, sir, General Sheridan's demand for your immediate unconditional surrender"—which was not quite so fine. I replied: "You will please return, General, my compliments to General Sheridan, and say to him that I shall not surrender." The audience will understand that it required no vast amount of courage to send that sort of a message in view of the flag of truce which forbade any more fighting. Soon a white flag was seen in my front, and beneath its silken folds rode Philip Sheridan and his escort. I rode out to meet him, and between Sheridan and myself occurred a similar contro-

versy; he had received no such message from General Grant about a flag of truce—the message had miscarried, and I am quite satisfied that Sheridan happened to be about that time, as he always was, in a place too hot for the messenger to want to find him; but upon my presenting to him the autograph letter from General Lee, it was agreed that we order the firing to cease and withdraw our lines to certain points. This was done, and Sheridan and I dismounted and sat together on the ground.

It would require the pen of a master to describe the succeeding events. In the little brick house where they met, Lee and Grant presented a contrast as strangely inconsistent with the real situation as it was unprecedented and inconceivable. Had any one of this audience, unacquainted with the facts, suddenly appeared in that room, you would have selected Lee for the victor and Grant as the vanquished hero. And when you had analyzed the reasons for this marvelous contrast, your conception of the great characteristics of the two men, and your admiration for each would have risen to a still higher plane.

There stood Lee dressed (as a mark of respect to Grant) in his best uniform, unbent by misfortune, sustaining by his example the spirit of his defeated comrades and illustrating in his calm and lofty bearing the noble adage which he afterwards announced, that "the virtue of humanity ought to equal its trials."

I had seen him before in defeat as well as in the hour of triumph with the exultant shouts of his victorious legions ringing in his ears. I was familiar with the spirit of self-abnegation with which he had served his allegiance to the general Government, and, like old John Adams, had resolved that sink or swim, survive or perish, he would cast his fortunes with those of his people. I had learned from long and intimate association with him that unlike Cæsar and Alexander and Bonaparte, and the great soldiers of history, the goal of his ambition was not glory, but duty, and only duty, that it was true of him as of few men who have ever lived that distance in his case did not lend enchantment, but that the nearer you approached him the greater and grander he grew.

And now, self-poised and modest, bearing on his great heart a mountain-load of woe, with the light of an unclouded con-

science upon his majestic brow, with an innate dignity and nobility of spirit rarely equaled and never excelled, this central figure of the Confederate cause rose in this hour of supremest trial, in the estimation at least of those who had followed him, to the highest place of the morally sublime.

There, too, was Grant (peace to his ashes, and forever cherished be his memory), his slouch hat in hand, his plain blue overcoat upon his shoulders, making with Lee a contrast picturesque and unique. Grave, unassuming, and considerate, there was upon his person no mark of rank; there was about him no air of triumph nor trace of exultation. Serious and silent, except in kindly answers to questions, he seemed absorbed in thought, and evidently sought to withdraw, if in his power, the bitter sting of defeat from the quivering sensibilities of his great antagonist. Some of his responses to questions have already gone into history. His replies were marked by a directness, simplicity, force and generosity in keeping with the character of the magnanimous conqueror who uttered them. They were pregnant with a pathos and a meaning to the defeated Confederates, which can only be understood by a full comprehension of the circumstances and of the nobility of spirit and of the lofty sentiment which inspired them.

But General Grant rose, if possible, to a still higher plane, by his subsequent threat of self-immolation on the altar of a soldier's honor, and by his heroic declaration of the inviolability and protecting power of Lee's parole, and by invoking with almost his dying lips, the spirit of peace, equality, fraternity, and unity among all his countrymen.

These evidences of Grant's and Lee's great characteristics ought to live in history as an inspiration to future generations. They ought to live on pages at least as bright as those which record their military and civic achievements. They ought to be inscribed on their tombs in characters as fadeless as their fame and as enduring as the life of the Republic.

Outside of that room the scenes were no less thrilling or memorable. When the Confederate battleflags had been furled forever, and as a Confederate corps marched to the point where its arms were to be stacked, it moved in front of the division commanded by that knightly soldier, General Joshua L. Cham-

berlain, of Maine. That brilliant officer called his command into line and saluted the Confederates at a "present arms" as they filed by, a final and fitting tribute of Northern chivalry to Southern courage. The briny tears that ran down the haggard and tanned faces of the starving Confederates; the veneration and devotion which they displayed for the tattered flags which had so long waved above them in the white smoke of the battle; the efforts secretly to tear those bullet-rent banners from their supports and conceal them in their bosoms; the mutually courteous and kindly greeting and comradeship between the soldiers of the hitherto hostile armies; their anxiety to mingle with each other in friendly intercourse; the touching and beautiful generosity displayed by the Union soldiers in opening their well-filled haversacks and dividing their rations with the starving Confederates—these and a thousand other incidents can neither be described in words nor pictured on the most sensitive scrolls of the imagination. [Applause.]

No scene like it in any age was ever witnessed at the close of a long and bloody war. No such termination of intestine and internecine strife would be possible save among these glorious American people. It was the inspiration of that enlightened and Christian civilization developed by the free institutions of this unrivaled and Heaven-protected Republic.

While political passion has now and then, and for brief periods, disturbed this auspicious harmony, yet what a marvel of concord, of power, and of progress is presented for the contemplation of mankind by this reunited country. The bloodiest war of the ages, with its embittered alienations all in the past; its lessons and immortal memories a guide and inspiration for all the future. Emerging from this era of passion, of strife, and of carnage, with a national life more robust, a national peace more secure, and a national union more complete and enduring, we call the fettered millions of earth to follow our lead and strike for republican liberty. As the vanguard, the color-bearers in the march of nations, we lift aloft this proud banner of freedom and bid universal humanity to catch its inspiration. [Applause.]

By the memory of the Fathers who bequeathed us this priceless heritage; by the names and deeds of Northern heroes,

living and dead; by the sacrifices and measureless woes endured by Southern womanhood; by the heroic devotion and dauntless courage of the South's sons—which devotion and courage exhibited in defense of the dead Confederacy, have been transmuted by the hallowing touch of time into consecrated services to this living and glorious Republic—by all these we unite in solemn compact that this American people shall know intestine war no more; but shall forever remain an unbroken brotherhood from sea to sea. By all these, and by resistless fiat of an inexorable American sentiment, we proclaim that the American flag shall protect every American citizen on all oceans and in all lands. And in God's own time, it may be His will that this flag shall become omnipotent over every acre of soil on this North American continent. [Applause.]

But whatever be the geographical limits over which destiny decrees it to float as the symbol of our national sovereignty, there shall at least be no boundaries to its moral sway; but as long as political truth triumphs or liberty survives this flag of our Fathers shall remain the proudest and most potential emblem of human freedom in all the world. [Loud Applause.]

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES

Lecture by John B. Gough, temperance platform advocate (born in Sandgate, Kent, England, August 22, 1817; died in Frankford, Penn., February 18, 1886), delivered first in Exeter Hall, London, in 1857, under the auspices of the London Young Men's Christian Association. This was Mr. Gough's second visit to his native country, which he left for America when a poor lad, and his welcome was as cordial as on the occasion of his first visit, five years before, immense audiences greeting him at his every appearance on the lecture platform. The lecture was subsequently repeated in this country many times.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The subject of the evening's address, as you will know, is Social Responsibilities. I must confess that the weight of my own responsibility on this occasion lies heavily upon me, and I regret very much that I have not found time for study in reference to this matter. Speaking five times a week for the past eight or ten weeks, and traveling constantly, I have had no time to arrange ideas or seek for facts, principally; and I feel this the more because of the intellectual treats that you enjoy in the course of lectures delivered before this Association, and because I consider this Association to be the most important in the world. [Applause.] I must, therefore, simply give you my own ideas and views freely—my own opinions with regard to this subject—fairly and fearlessly.

There is a social responsibility that is recognized by society everywhere. The law of the hand holds men responsible for the loss or injury to life or limb or property by malice, carelessness, or ignorance. If a chemist gives poison instead of the right prescription through ignorance, you hold him responsible for the results. If a man throws a stone at a passing railway train, it will not do for him to say: "I did not

think." It is every man's duty to think what may be the consequences of his acts. If a sentry sleeps at his post, and owing to his carelessness and want of watchfulness mischief ensues, that sentry is held responsible. I might go on to illustrate this by the cases of engineers, of lighthouse-keepers, and of all those occupying positions in which their carelessness or want of thought may cause harm and damage to others. But there is a social responsibility recognized and enforced by the higher law of God: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It is of this responsibility that I would speak more particularly to-night.

Men of the world are generally opposed to the recognition of this responsibility, and they cry out with Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" But I address myself to-night to a Christian Association, an association of young men who profess to acknowledge God's law as supreme and paramount to all others. Therefore, I speak with some degree of encouragement and hope that I shall receive sympathy while endeavoring to illustrate and enforce this responsibility. And yet, among Christians we find sometimes this question still asked—"And who is my neighbor?" I hold this to be a truth: every human being on the face of this earth whom God has made in His own image, is my brother. [Applause.] In this country you feel indignation because the Southern gentlemen in the United States do not choose to call the black man their brother; and in your associations when, under high patronage, you send protests against American slavery across the Atlantic, you call the oppressed your colored brothers. I spoke in Quincy, in Illinois, last winter, and I said: "I look upon every man whether black or white, bond or free, as my brother," and they hissed me. It was on the borders of the Mississippi River, within a stone's throw of Missouri. You feel indignation at this want of recognition on the part of our Southern Brethren; but gentlemen, if you please, look not quite so loftily as only to see across some 2,500 miles of ocean and 1,000 miles of land, but look about you and round you in this metropolis.

Ah! brothers, I once saw a man sold, and I stood by the auction-block, while my wife, at a hundred yards' distance,

was trying to comfort a little mulatto woman, because her master would not let her see her husband again. A trader from the South wanted to take the man down the river, and a benevolent man in the vicinity wanted to buy him to keep him with his wife and child. I shall never forget the look of agony with which he gazed upon the trader, and then the ray of hope that seemed to illumine his face as he looked upon his friend. But, presently, the trader offered a sum that shut out all hope, for his friend turned upon his heel and departed. Then that man folded his arms, and I saw the twitching of the fingers, and I saw the convulsive workings of the throat; I saw the white teeth brought upon the lip as if he would press the blood from under it; I saw the eyelids swollen with unshed tears; I saw the veins standing out like whipcords upon his brow, and the drops like beads upon his forehead—and I pitied him. It was human agony—and I pitied him. But as I looked at him, occasionally from his bloodshot eye there flashed a light that told of a wild free spirit there,—that told me there was a soul that no human power could enslave; and then, black as he was, bought and sold as he was, he loomed up before me in the glorious attitude of a free man, compared with the miserable tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, blaspheming slaves of lust that were bidding on their brother. [Applause.]

A slave once stood up before his brethren and said: "Bredren, dis poor ole body ob mine is Massa Carr's slave; de bones an' blood an' sinews an' muscles belong to my massa; he bought dem in de market-place, and paid a price for 'em—yes, bredren, this poor ole body ob mine is Massa Carr's slave—but, glory to God, my soul is de free man ob de Lord Jesus." There is not a poor slave to vice in this metropolis who can say that; and the most pitiful slave on the face of God's footstool is the man "that is bound by the curse of his own sin," that has sold himself for naught.

There are many of your brethren in this city that are festering in the moral pool of degradation and the question is, what shall we do for them? They are your brothers. Aye, see that poor miserable creature staggering through your street, the image of God wiped out of the face and the die of the devil stamped there; the body smitten with disease from head

to heel, until he is as loathsome as Lazarus when he lay at the rich man's door. Though you gather your garments about you as you pass him, he is your brother, and you have a responsibility resting upon you in reference to him and his degradation. See that heap of rags lying near that corner, with the bonnet pressed upon the face, covered with the mire of the streets; there lies your sister. "But," you may say, "she is drunk." Ah! madam, I do not say it would not be so, but, perhaps, if you had been brought up with all the horrible surroundings that she has, if you had been exposed to the temptations that she has, you would be drunk, too.

I ask you, is there not something noble and glorious in the fact of seeking out our brother, not amid the circle of society in which we move, not looking at our visiting list to find him, not looking round the pews in our places of worship to see him, not seeking for him among the Young Men's Christian Associations; but seeking for him in the midst of the haunts of vice and misery, making inquiries not only as to the fact of his degradation, but as to our responsibility in reference to that degradation? The most glorious men and women on the face of the earth have sought for their neighbors and their brother out of their own circle. A poor cobbler in Portsmouth that used to go down upon the wharf to find his neighbors among the ragged miserable children, and bribe them with two or three roasted potatoes to come into his little shop, eighteen feet by six, that he might teach them to read, and mend their clothes, and cook their food—he was a noble man, and John Pounds was the founder of Ragged Schools. [Applause.] John Howard found his neighbors in lazar-houses of Europe, William Wilberforce and his glorious compeers found their neighbors among the negroes of the West Indies plantations: Elizabeth Fry found her neighbors among the half-mad women of Newgate; and she, the heroine of the Nineteenth century, found her neighbors among the bruised and battered soldiers of the Crimea, and many a soldier in the hospitals of Scutari died with his glazed eyes fixed with love and reverence on the angel face of Florence Nightingale. [Applause.] These are your noble men and women—these are God's heroes.

And when we would bring the matter right down to our

own personal responsibilities, the question arises—and I have asked it many times myself (and there is probably not a benevolent man or a philanthropist in this association but has asked the question)—what shall be done to elevate the degraded masses? That is the point—what is doing? Ragged schools? —good! With all my heart I say, good! And God bless their patrons! Model lodging-houses?—good, as far as they go. But you cannot make a model man by putting him in a model house. You have to lift him to the house, or he will bring the house down to his level. [Applause.] It must be by elevating the man that the work will be done; and the working classes of this country must elevate themselves. Oh! if we could only inspire them with that! The glory of it—to elevate themselves! Society is doing a great deal for the workingman, for the lower classes; but it seems to me, sometimes, as if it formed associations to obtain for them toys, and then formed other associations to teach them to play with them.

As I have said before, men of the world look with contempt on what is doing to elevate the degraded classes in a moral way. Some of our philanthropists who "do love the working classes so much" propose to elevate them by excursion trains on the Sabbath. Now, I say you can never elevate a man nor a race by violating the law of God: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," is God's command. "But," they say, "these working classes, penned up in wretched homes, need recreation, and fresh air." Did you ever see a returning excursion train? I went one Sabbath evening in the summer of 1854 for the purpose of seeing a company of men and women returning from such "recreation"—and what a sight it was! Here you would see a man with his hat brought down over his eyes and a thorn-stick under his arm that he had cut from the hedges, tottering along in a most pitiful state; and there you would see a woman with a child fastened behind her back with a shawl, and two or three more little ones coming along after her, crying, and dirty, and miserable. I never saw a set of men returning from twelve hours' hard labor that looked as jaded, as dispirited, and as miserable as that whole excursion party. Now, I say that is not the way to elevate the working classes. Look at New England. And when I say New

England, I point you to a portion of the United States that is free from the curse of slavery, standing up in all its glory with the principles of the good old Puritans; and to those that sneer at Puritanism I say, God send us more of it, if it teaches men to honor the Sabbath! In all New England there is no excursion train running on the Sabbath day—not one.

Now look at our working classes! I tell you, gentlemen, there is scarcely a country on the face of the earth,—I believe there is none,—that can show such a mass of honest, moral workingmen as the natives of this. I am not speaking of your imported monstrosities. Do not imagine I am saying a word against emigration; but let me say this in regard to emigration that is going on at the rate of a thousand a day,—that it goes through a sifting process in our cities so that the dregs are left there and in the vicinity, while the best emigrants go West, and get land and work. I am speaking of the abominations of emigration, and I say the born citizen peasantry working classes do credit to the system; and that system is a strict Sabbath observance. There are many ways of merely elevating the lower classes; but while looking, if you please, —for I want to speak plainly,—at the schools of vice for the lower classes in this metropolis, I say this, whether you believe me or not,—that every man is responsible for the existence of these schools who does not with all his heart and voice protest against them. If you please, let us rend asunder and expose, if not to some, perhaps to you, the secrets of these charnel-houses.

Go on the opposite side of the street, within the shadow of Exeter Hall. You see a man with an illuminated hat; you follow—whom?—old men generally, and boys into a room; but if you can stay there five minutes without blushing, aye, five seconds, I tell you the system of your moral purity is undermined. The most disgusting exhibitions are there—right there to-night, within the shadow of the Hall where Sabbath evening services can be stopped, owing to the tender conscience of a single man. [Applause.] I tell you, sir, that place is licensed; and there is power enough in this Hall to break up that place between to-night and next Tuesday night; as easy as it was to shut up the Argyle Rooms. Then let

us have a protest from the Young Men's Christian Association of London against that sink of iniquity "licensed by Act of Parliament."

Go with me again. I will take you to another place—licensed again! To be sure, all these places are licensed, they are according to law, and I maintain, therefore, that the people are responsible for them. Come with me and I will show you another place; we will not go into every corner of it; but I will show a stage erected and a girl dressed in boy's clothes holding a dialogue with another girl so abominably impure that I say, gentlemen, if your daughter heard the words, you would shudder for the consequences; and yet there are men and women and girls and babies in arms, breathing in a horrible atmosphere of tobacco smoke, drink and impurity. Licensed! Go with me if you please, to another place; it is very magnificent, and I understand that a professed Christian at its opening rejoiced that such a building was erected for the amusement and instruction of the working classes; you will see perhaps one thousand or twelve hundred persons seated there. Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink! All the way through. "Your orders, gentlemen, your orders!" Young girls are there under fifteen years of age, and the matron who brings her children with her. Then some one comes forth to sing a comic song, as it is called; but a song, when I hear it, that would make you weep bitterly as I should weep if the singer was my own brother and I followed him to the grave. Let me take you to another just of the same kind; and then go lower, and lower, and lower down, until the disgusting exhibitions are enough to make a man mad. But this is licensed! Licensed! And, as you pass out, what do you see? A drunken brawl, fighting and quarreling; a poor wretched heap of rags that looks like a woman taken away upon a stretcher. Ah! yes, it is a sliding scale, down, down, and here is your degradation!

Now, I say this, gentlemen, that the degradation is not to be attributed to birth or to blood, but to education. Birth! A man may have a pedigree as long as the Irishman who said he was "perfectly independent of Misther Noah,"—"for," said he, "in the time of the Deluge, one of my ancesthers saved himself in a boat of his own kinstruction." [Laughter and

applause.] I hope I shall not be misunderstood, as throwing any slight upon the nobility or the aristocracy of this land. When I went to Manchester and saw seven million pounds sterling worth of art treasures exhibited which the workingman might look at for a shilling, or sixpence, I felt that the nobility of Great Britain were noble more than in name, to do that for the benefit of the poor. [Applause.] But I do say,—and you will excuse me for saying it, for I want to go as high as I dare—you may take a boy born in a ducal palace; he shall be baptized by the Archbishop, and you shall take him at three weeks of age and give him into the hands of one of the drunken hags in the slums of your city, and let him be brought up with all these horrible surroundings; let him be educated as these children are educated, and this son of a duke will become a thief as quickly as the boy born in the slums. [Applause.] There is as much human depravity in the one as in the other; but here is the hotbed in which the seeds of original sin sown in our mortal body take root, and spring up and fructify and bring forth, and we are shocked at the harvest. Let us look at the cause of it; let us drain these horrible hotbeds and go to work like men to remove the cause. [Applause.] I know we speak of the lower classes as being degraded; and so they are; and it seems to me sometimes as if there was a gulf between them and respectability over which they could never leap and society has broken down the bridge. I was once in a castle in Scotland and they told me that in a dungeon 100 feet below me on the walls were scratched these words: "Nae hope." And may not many who are in the debased and degraded classes of this city grave upon the walls that society has built up between them and respectability, the words "nae hope"? Now I say, brethren, if you are all children of one common Father, help us in this work.

Is it poverty that makes this degradation? I thank God there can be poverty with no degradation. Yes, yes, my earliest recollections are recollections of poverty—hard, bitter, grinding poverty. When I went to visit my native village in 1853, I went in the midst of a glorious English harvest. I went out into the wheat fields. It seemed as though the hedges were the same that they were twenty-three years

ago—as if the farmhouses were the same; and for the pleasure it afforded me, I took one wheat field and walked up and down eight or ten times. Why? Because I remembered a little old woman school-mistress of the village, with her hand upon her weary back, and her two children, my sister Mary, and myself, who gleaned in that field the ears left by the reapers, and we were to have a half-holiday to thrash our wheat and take it to the mill. And I remember the face of that blessed mother of mine who, though she was poor, was never degraded. She was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility; she had obtained the sign and seal in His blood. [Applause.] When He saw fit to try her he put her in the crucible, and when He saw His image reflected in the gold he took her home. O! there was no degradation there! I remember how her face brightened and she would thank God when I used to come in and say "Mother! Good news; flour is down and the loaf has fallen a penny." Ah, yes, poverty! But thank God, no degradation. [Applause.] I grant you that the poor man's lot is a hard one from the beginning to the end; struggling to gain the meat that perisheth, living day after day fighting for food in a rough and heartless world, it is a hard lot. But the poor have this honor, that they are Christ's legacy to His Church. "The poor ye have always with you." God's mission was to the poor.

Now you will allow me, if you please, to state what I consider to be the great cause of the degradation of those who are termed the lower classes, and I express my own opinion freely and fully. I believe that intemperance is the great degrading curse of the country; the very vice itself is debasing and degrading. Drunkenness—what is it? I have attempted sometimes to describe it, but I always feel that I have made a great failure of it. A drunkard—a man with a man's capacities, with a man's reason, a man's heart and a man's soul—to lower himself below the level of the beasts over whom God gave him dominion, is a most pitiful sight. Oh! how degrading it is! Look at the records of crime and can you find me a murder within the last twelve months in which the drunkard has not been the prime agent? I search the records of crime in vain to find such a case. But justice is visited on the head of the

man, drunk or sober. The poor wretch who was swung into eternity the other day before a crowd of men, women and children, declared to the very last that he had no knowledge of the fact. "Gentlemen, I was drunk, mad drunk!" Oh, if we could bring before the people the horrible evil of drunkenness. It seems to me as if we must call upon the drunken dead (for they won't take warning by the living) to wipe the grave-dust crumbling from their brow, and in tattered shrouds of bony whiteness, stalk forth, a host, to testify against the power of drink! Bring from their gallows drink-maddened men-slayers, and let them grip their bloody knives and they would stand, a host to testify against it! Let the poor unfortunate victims drowned by their drink, crawl from their slimy ooze and with suffocation's blood and livid lips hear them testify against the power that has destroyed them. Let them snap their burning chains, the doomed drunkards, and sheeted with fire and dripping with the waves of hell hear them, hear them testify against the deep "damnation of their taking off" by the power of intemperance! Hear it, oh, young man, hear it! And may it warn you against the outer pleasant circle of the whirlpool, the vortex of which is death! [Applause.]

But we speak of social responsibility. To get at that we must get at the influence that every man exerts. Is there a young man in this assembly that will tell me he has no influence? Then I will say that of himself which he would not like to have me say. I made a man very angry once, because when, asked to join our abstinence movement, he said: "I do not know as I have got any particular influence." I said: "I do not know as you have." I heard of a man who once said he had not been as good a man as he ought to have been—that he had overreached in bargains, that he had shut his ear to the cry of the widow, and so on, but that he should not do so any more; when a gentleman got up and said: "I am very glad to hear my friend make this statement, for I can testify to the truth of all that he has said." "It is false, sir," said the man. [Laughter.] The idea of a man without influence! Why, if you stand still, shut your eyes, close your mouth, and fold your arms, you exert an influence by the position you occupy. A man cannot live without exerting an in-

fluence. Now there are a great many people who say: "Ah, it is very good work you are engaged in, going among these poor, degraded people." A gentleman in Edinburgh said: "If Mr. Gough will only go among the poor creatures in the West Port, and on High Street, and in the Grass Market, he will get an audience that may probably be benefited by his addresses." I am willing to go anywhere and everywhere—to the West Port, or any other port, to speak on the subject of intemperance,—just where the people call me (and my time is pretty well filled up). I will go anywhere. But I believe I have got an audience to-night better to be affected, and with whom more good can be accomplished, than if every man and woman of you were debased and degraded, of the very scum of the streets of the city. Why? Because prevention is better than cure. You say: "It is all very well for you; you are a teetotaler; teetotalism is a capital thing for the poor and the degraded, and those who cannot govern themselves." Let me say, my Christian brethren, teetotalism is, by the Bible, a lawful principle; it is lawful to abstain. I am willing to be bound by the Bible. I bring you passages containing cautions and warnings and reproofs and admonitions of the use of wine; and if you can find me one word in the Bible rebuking or reproving abstinence from wine, I will abandon the principle to-night. It is a lawful principle, and you say it is good for the debased. I say it is good for you if by your abstinence you can help up your brother who needs it for his own salvation from drunkenness. Precept is a very good thing. I often hear it said: "You are engaged in a very good cause, Mr. Gough; go on; I wish you success; you have got my sympathies, I hope you will do a great deal of good." All very pleasant, this. But precept without example is worth but little.

A clergyman presided at a meeting I held at one time. They called it a teetotal meeting, though that is a term I do not like very well; I prefer the word "abstinence," because a great many people do not understand the word "teetotal." They think we must drink nothing but tea. [Laughter.] But what we mean is abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage—you all understand that. Well, this clergyman said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am a teetotaler and have been for the past two years,

and I will give you my reason why. I found I had no influence over the drunkards in my parish till I was. Let me give you an illustration of it. A few weeks ago one of my parishioners was very drunk in the street, and he was not aware that I was a member of the Temperance Society. He was very drunk, and he insulted me. The poor fellow was so much under the influence of liquor that I paid no attention to him; but I saw him a few days afterwards, sober, and I said to him: 'I am ashamed of you; you are getting to be a complete nuisance; you are a disgrace to the parish; every two weeks, when you get your wages, you spend them in the public-house, leaving your family in destitution and want, while you hang about the streets in the shameful manner in which I saw you the other day. I am ashamed of you; you are a perfect pest to society.' And he shrugged his shoulders, and twiddled his fingers, and jerked his elbows, and looked at me as sulkily as he could. Presently I said to him: 'Why don't you do as I do?' And then he looked in my face and said: 'Do as you do, sir! There's a great deal of difference between you and me, sir.' 'What difference?' I asked. 'Ah, sir, you know, sir, you are a gentleman and I am a lab'rin' man.' 'Well, what difference can that make?' 'Why, you see, sir, when you wants your drink, you don't have to go to no public-house to get it—don't you see? You gets your wine in the cellar; and there's lots of it there, and you have only to send the servants down to bring it up. And then you drinks in purty good company and drinks purty good liquor, too, I 'spects, sir; and if I could afford it, sir, I'd do just as you do, sir. But don't you see, sir, I am a lab'rin' man. I gets my wages once in two weeks. I gets paid off at the public-house, and when I gets my money I takes a drink along with the lads and then I takes another; that is the way it goes. I drinks what I gets every two weeks, and you drinks yourself, too, sir, reg'lar.' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'I do not drink at all.' 'What, sir? You a teetotaler?' 'Yes, I am, and have been more than two years.' 'Well, sir, you never made any bad use of the drink as anybody ever heerd of, did you? Well, sir, really if a gentleman like you can give up your wine, that drinks in good company, I think a lab'rin' man like me that is exposed to a great many temptations and does make bad use

on it,—I think it's high time to give up mine; and so have I done.' And he went away. The Secretary of the Society got a pledge and put his name to it. 'There, sir,' said he, 'I tell you if a gentleman like you can give up your wine, a lab'rin' man like me ought to do it, sir. There's my name and I will stick to it.' Now," said the clergyman, "I had no power over my brother by saying, 'There is a good society for just such as you are: there is an exceedingly good society, go and join it'; but I could say: 'My brother, do as I do'—there was the secret of my power."

I say if you will arrest the intemperate man you must set him an example, and let your example strengthen him in his purpose and his resolution. As I said last night—and I am not going over the argument—it is a hard matter to save the drunkard; it is a hard matter for that man to break the appetite that seems to permeate every nerve and vein in his system, crying like the leech: "Give, give, give." It is a hard matter, and he needs help, and he needs assistance, and words of kindness and encouragement, and, above all, he needs an example.

In 1853 when I first visited this country I was giving an address in a certain place and two persons came up to sign the pledge—the worst specimens I ever saw at a public meeting in my life, though I have seen such in the street. I can hardly attempt to describe them: the man looked as if the drink had scorched up his neck; he was bowed down, crooked in the back, a sort of shiftless creature, as they would say in America, his limbs hanging as if they were half-paralyzed,—a perfect victim. And the wife was a horrible looking creature. With all my respect for womankind I felt that an eternity of companionship with such as she with no change, would be hell with no other punishment. She was ragged, and her clothes hung loosely upon her. She had a thing that might be called a shawl that should have covered her shoulders and neck, but was twisted round one shoulder and came under the arm; she looked as if she would like a fight—a perfect virago—her eye as cold as a piece of gray granite. But she with her husband signed the pledge. Some of the officers with myself watched the whole operation. The Secretary was making out certificates of mem-

bership for those who were entitled to them by paying sixpence for a beautifully embossed card. The man looked on and said to the woman: "I should like to join the society and get a certificate." Said she: "There's a sixpence to pay for them things; come along wi' me." "No, no," said he; "I want to join the 'ciety and get a ce'tificate and be a member." "There's sixpence to pay," repeated the woman; "no, no, come along."

And there they were, one pulling one way and the other the other, when a gentleman—as noble a looking gentleman as any here on the platform—came up and said cheerfully: "Well, good people, are you going to sign the pledge?" "We have signed the pledge, sir," said the man; "me and my missus, and we want to join the 'ciety and get a ce'tificate." "Well, why don't you?" Then the man fumbled in his rags as if he had left his pocket-book at home, and said: "There's sixpence to pay." "That need make no difference at all; here's a shilling; make these people out a couple of certificates." The effect of the words was as plain and palpable as the effect of sunlight when its first gleam touches the top of a hill. The man looked before half-idiot and half-beast; and now he looked half-idiot and half-man. His back seemed to straighten out a little, and there was more appearance of humanity about him. He was called upon to give his name and he walked up straighter than ever and gave it. I watched the woman. She was working her fingers about her gown as if she would tie it in knots, and looked fiercer than before. The Secretary said: "Now, madame, your name, if you please." She looked straight before her and was perfectly still. "Come, ma'am, we are waiting; others want to be served; we are waiting for you to sign, if you please." Then one hand went up so quick and dashed away one big drop, and then another, and then she gathered the wretched shawl and held it close over her shoulders and bosom, and then put her naked arm to her face, and the tears and dirt mingled to the tips of her fingers. The one word of kindness and sympathy had stirred the white ashes that covered the last spark of the woman, and she stood, sobbing like a little child as she went and gave her name. [Applause.]

This noble man's work was not done. He came and laid his hand on the shoulder of that filthy creature—did he defile

his fingers? No;—and he said to him: "Now, my friend, remember you are one of us, sir!" "One of us, sir!" "To be sure. You and your good woman have signed the pledge and have got a certificate saying that you belong to our society, and are one with us." "Did you hear that, ole ooman? Did you hear that? Come along; the gen'leman says we are 'one of us.' Come along." And away they went. Twenty-two months afterwards I was introduced to that man by a minister of the Gospel, who said: "He wants to shake hands with you before you go to America." I took the man by the hand—"I am glad to see you, sir," said he. "Mr. Gough, I have been to hear you a great many times and I wanted to bid you God-speed across the water before you go." I said: "Have you ever seen that gentleman who laid his hand on your shoulder that night?" "No, sir," said he; "never, God bless him! I have never seen him since. It seems to me sometimes, sir, that if I should never see him again in this world, but met him in heaven, I should never get tired of telling him that the words he said to me that night nerved me as no man's words ever nerved me yet. God bless him! My wife, sir, is a changed woman. We have got children, and we teach them their prayers, and we have got a little bit put in that God Almighty may bless him. Good-bye, Mr. Gough; God bless you!" [Applause.] Is not that worth something? Is it not worth a sacrifice? Is not it worth something with all the scorn and contempt of the circle of society in which you move if, by self-denial and self-sacrifice, the blessing of one man ready to perish shall come upon you? It *is* worth something. Then we say precept and example.

There are many Sabbath-school teachers here, probably. Sabbath-schools are the nurseries of the church; and intemperance is robbing the nursery of the church of its lambs. You have work to do. You have sometimes been astonished to find that in Sabbath-schools in this metropolis and in this country they refuse to allow the principle of abstinence to be spoken of in the presence of their children. And why? Drunkenness in this land would die out with the present race of the intemperate if there were no more made. Death alone would sweep the land of drunkenness in forty years if there were no other drunkards

made. Is there any necessity that there should be any others made? Is there any benefit that you can tell me to be derived morally, physically, intellectually or religiously, to your children by the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage? You may tell me, if you please, "The great fault I find with you teetotalers is your radicalism; you go too far; you seem to say that every individual who drinks must necessarily become a drunkard; that if this boy uses it he must necessarily become intemperate. Now, my father used it and he died a respectable moderate drinker; I use it and I was never out of the way through drink in my life; and it is not a necessity that these children shall become intemperate if they drink."

I do not say so. But I do say this, that no young man ever intended to become a drunkard; he never set out with a determination that he would ruin himself, body and soul, for time and eternity; it is not all who drink that become drunkards—we know that. Suppose you were going to kill a mad dog, and I should call out: "Don't kill that animal! Don't kill him!" You would say: "He is mad." "Well, but if he is mad, he is one of God's creatures; if he is a little crazy, let him alone." "But he will bite somebody, won't he?" "Yes, probably he may bite somebody, but he can't bite everybody, so let him alone." You would say: "That would be nonsensical." Now I am as much afraid of a dog as anybody; I always give a dog a wide berth; if I see one running along the street in the direction in which I am approaching, I always step out, no matter how muddy the streets are. I have such a horror of hydrophobia that if a dog should bite me, I should never see a happy hour again, that is an hour free from uneasiness. The very first nervous twitch of the system I had, the very first symptom of illness, I should be terrified for fear of hydrophobia. But as I am a living man to-night, and shall answer for what I say in that day for which all others are made, I had rather a mad dog should tear my flesh from my limbs to-night than that I should become again a victim of this accursed habit. [Applause.] I should, so help me heaven!

I spoke once in the Melodeon in the city of Boston, and I said this: "Twelve years ago I stood in this house, or sat in this house—for I was a spectator—the last time it was opened

for theatrical performance; and now I deliver the first temperance address ever delivered in it. But I ask, Where are the young men who were associated with me in this house? Where are they now?" And echo only answered: "Where are they now?" One I knew; he came into my place of business and wanted a loan of ninepence, which was just about sixpence of your money. I gave it to him and he got drunk with it. I was told he was ill,—I went to see him but they would not let me in. Three days afterwards they told me he was dying. I then went in, for his mother who stood behind the girl that opened the door told her to admit me. I sat by his bedside. He had beaten his clenched hands till they looked like anything but human hands; he had bitten his lips and his mouth was spitting forth blasphemy and bloody foam, and he was struggling in all the horror of delirium tremens. He bounded from the bed, dashed himself against the wall, and fell back in quivering convulsions. And thus he died. He had not seen his twenty-third birthday; and at eighteen years of age he was a Sabbath-school teacher.

Another one said to me: "John, I am going whaling. I cannot stand the temptations of the city. When I declare I will drink no more, one and another comes and asks me to take a little. So I am going whaling for three years. But," said he, "John, I will have one glorious spree and that will be the last." And he did, and it was the last. The next morning he went on board ship; all his nerves were unstrung; but he was a man whom we should call a noble-hearted fellow; he would never shirk from duty. He was ordered aloft; hand over hand he climbed the ratlines, and set his feet on the crosstrees when he slipped down, fell upon the deck, and was picked up a corpse.

Another kept a pair of horses at Reid's stables at the back of the Pemberton House, and drove young men to Brighton and Dorchester, and Cambridge and Cambridgeport. Where is he? Dead. He died in the horsetrough in Reid's stable, with no living being near him but a person named John Augustus who was then our great Boston philanthropist, and that which seemed to affect him most in his last moments was the thought: "They have all left me, left me alone; they drunk my wine,

they drove my horses, they laughed at my jokes, they clapped me on the back, called me 'good fellow,' they applauded my songs; but now, when death is feeling for my heartstrings, they have all left me, and you, the man I despised, the man I have ridiculed, the man I have laughed at, you are the only man to wipe the death-damp from my brow." And thus he died.

I might bring you another such case, and another, all well attested facts. When I was at home last, I went to this very place, and a man came up and said: "Well, how are you?"

"Well, Charlie," said I; "how do you do?" "Well," said he, "just as I used to. You are a temperance lecturer and I keep on the same old jog." "Do you drink now?" said I. "Just the same as I used to. Let me see; how long is it since you left? Eighteen years? So it is. Well, I go on the same regular old jog; I never get drunk in my life and you know I could always drink you and half a dozen others under the table." There was one man who could stand it, and all about him men were falling with as much intention of being moderate as he. The effect on his nervous system was a mere nothing; he could drink and laugh, and laugh and quaff, and walk away with a curl of the lip in contempt of those who were staggering and tumbling under the table, having taken the same quantity as himself.

I say not all who drink become drunkards, but there is a risk about it; and if that principle of abstinence is lawful, why not assist us in encouraging the young as they come upon the stage of action to repudiate the thing forever? This association is a mighty power and has a mighty power. The Young Men's Christian Association of London is a great fact and every individual in it, as I have said before, exerts an influence, and has an influence to exert. Will you allow me to present to your sympathy and your careful prayerful consideration, the movement I have the honor to advocate as a great instrumentality in rolling away the hindrance to the moral elevation of the working classes and the moral elevation of those who are debased and degraded? We want your sympathy and your prayerful coöperation. At any rate, if you cannot give us that, your thoughtful and prayerful consideration. Take the claims of this movement home with you to-night; look at it on every side, from every point of view.

It may be a little thing to you to save a man, but it is everything to the man saved; and that man is worth saving. Worth saving! To be sure he is. I saw a lady one day on Broadway pull off her glove, and as she pulled it off I heard something strike, with a rich jingling sound, upon the pavement; and I saw something roll in the distance—a gem, a brilliant; it might have been worth twenty guineas, it might have been worth fifty, it might have been worth one hundred. It rolled to the edge of the curbstone and fell into the gutter—and our New York gutters are perfectly detestable, they are generally very deep and very thick; the jewel rolled into it and was out of sight; the lady took her delicate parasol and poked about in the gutter, then brought it up, but it was of no use; stripping the sleeve that covered her white arm, down went the white arm into the mud, and she poked about till she got the gem; she held it daintily between her fingers, and I could not help but laugh to see her shake off the mud and go into a shop near by to get her arm cleansed. You do not blame her for seeking to rescue her gem. But a man is worth more than a diamond!

How fearful we are lest we should come in contamination with that which is degrading! If you should see an eagle you would gaze upon it, for it is the king of birds—a noble bird. You see his broad wings fanning the air as he rises up. As you watch him, you see him hovering, then making one dive with the swiftness of an arrow. You watch for his uprise; you see him, and what has he in his beak? It is a serpent! See the slimy twining form! He has it firm in his beak. And now he rises to take it to his eyrie. Up! Up! But why flutters that eagle now? See! See! The serpent is twining its slimy folds about his body. It has crippled a wing. Ah yes! it has crippled a wing. Now see him flutter. The serpent has twined himself round his throat. It has parted the beak. And now see it about to strike the bird as it twines over and holds another wing. Ah! He goes down slowly, slowly, slowly, and his enemy is about to strike him. Where is the man of you that would not crush the serpent's head as he falls heavily on the ground, and let the eagle go free again?

There are men that are fettered, that are thus bound, thus

entwined in the coil of the serpent, and they need help. They are crying for help, all around, and we seek to give it to them. We have formed this organization on the principle that it is our duty to help our neighbor. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." When I stop the weakness of my brother I am not made partaker of his weakness. The strongest men, morally speaking, that have lived, have been those who have imparted the most strength to their weaker brethren. And when I speak to the Young Men's Christian Association perhaps I may bring up a remark that was made to me by a minister of the Gospel, as an objection to our movement. He said:—

"All that you have said of the evil I believe! It debases more ministers, more Church members, cripples more efforts of our city missions, and hinders more the efficacy of the preaching of the Gospel, than any other agency in this land; but I do not agree with you in your method of getting rid of it."

"How so, sir?"

"Because you are attempting to remove a moral evil by a physical agency."

I said: "It is a moral evil produced by a physical agency."

"Yes," said he, "you may put it in that light if you choose; but there is a higher, nobler, and grander, and more effectual remedy than any abstinence society."

Said I: "What is that?"

He replied: "The grace of God."

Now I do not wish to be misrepresented in what I have to say here. Please hear all I say and do not misrepresent me. There are two classes of men who speak of the grace of God being able to save them; with one class it is pure, unadulterated cant; and if there is anything in the world I hate more than another it is cant. When a man who knows nothing of the power of the grace of God, a man who does not know what he means when he speaks of the grace of God, a man whose whole life gives the lie to his acceptance of the Bible as a rule of faith and practice—when such a man holds up his hands when we want him to work in any good movement, and says, "Oh, I am safe, I am trusting to the grace of God," that is pure, unadulterated cant. [Applause.] Infidels tell us that we who profess to be religious use a great deal of cant. I have found

more cant among skeptics than I have found among Christians; they are full of it; they are the most bigoted set on the face of the earth; although they talk about bigotry and cant you will find more in the ranks of infidels than in the ranks of those who profess Christianity. Another class, I believe, are sincere; I think they mean what they say.

I am one of those who believe that the grace of God bringeth salvation. I am one of those who believe in the renewing and sanctifying influence of the grace of God on the human heart. I am one of those who believe that man cannot work his way to heaven, because if he could, I do not see how he could join in the song of "Worthy the Lamb," for the Lamb would have nothing to do with his salvation if he worked it out himself. I am one of those who believe that a man may be a reformed liar, a reformed cheat, a reformed drunkard; and in so far as he is reformed in these respects so far good; but he may be no more a reformed man than Judas was when he betrayed the Savior. The grace of God alone, operating upon his heart by the influence of His Spirit can reform the man. But suppose I go into a cellar and see a man lying on a heap of rotten straw with a bundle of rags for his pillow, naked, hungry, drunken; I go there, if you please, without my Bible, without a tract, without homily, without any intention of offering prayer. I go with a purely human agency—soap and water. I cleanse him of his filth. And I go with a suit of clothes and I clothe him; a loaf of bread and I feed him; the abstinence principle and I make him sober. I bring him out clean, clothed, fed, and sober. Have not I done a good work? So far as it goes, yes; but these people say: "It does not go far enough to suit us." It goes as far as we ever said our principle would go; but I ask any Christian man, I appeal to any Christian minister, is not that man better prepared to understand and appreciate the truth which he must hear and receive to be saved, than he was down there? And have not I by the mere act of bringing him out of that position done a good work? And may I not pray to God to sanctify these means to a higher end than merely making him sober and putting good clothes upon his back? Can I not look at this movement I advocate in this light? I tell you if I did not, I should lose faith in it; I should lose my

courage; I should lose my energy. When I feel sad and dispirited and weary and worn, I think of the temperance movement as the handmaid to Christianity. And then I get nerve and strength to go to battle against this terrible evil with tenfold more vigor.

I told you when I commenced that I had not time to arrange thoughts and ideas with regard to this matter. I want, if possible, to say something that shall make all these young men and old, minister and layman, feel that there is an amount of degradation in the land and that they are responsible for it. A man is responsible if he does not protest. You hold us in America responsible for slavery unless we hold up our hand against it. Of every man in the North who does not, you say he is sympathizing with slavery; he is a pro-slavery man; there is no half-and-half, it must be either anti-slavery or pro-slavery. So, unless we protest against the cause that produces these fearful effects we are in some degree guilty. But I will say that all our individual efforts are wanted if we are to do anything for the benefit of our fellow men. It is a privilege,—the highest position a man can occupy in this world is to stand as a machine connected with his Maker by a bond of living faith, willing to work and leave the results with Him. Our part is to do all in our power to work, pray, and believe; have faith that is faith; and when we say faith we mean faith, we do not mean what some people call trust.

Allow me to tell a story, although it is an absurd one. I do not know that I can find anything better to express my idea. A minister related it, and so I may. He said: "A great many people's faith is like the old woman's trust. The horse ran away with a wagon in which she was seated and she was in imminent peril. But she was rescued and some one said to her:—

"'Madam, how did you feel when the horse ran away?'

"'Well,' said she, 'I hardly know how I felt; you see, I trusted in Providence at first but when the harness broke, then I gave up.'"

That is it; that is not faith; faith is not dependent on results. Suppose you are sick and see no results? Then you must exercise faith and work on. Faith is walking right into a black cloud, though you see no sign of daylight beyond, though you

see no silver lining. Faith is walking to the edge of the precipice and then—stop? No, but setting your foot right into the void, to find solid rock rise up to rest upon and so onward; that is faith. [Applause.] Now let us have faith when we work for Him. Believe that He approves every effort put forth in His name and in His fear. We of ourselves can do nothing. That I became aware of a great many years since. Of myself I can do nothing; my words are simply breath and will affect nothing. I rode last winter across the prairies for about two hours in a railway train, and could see neither hill, nor bush, nor house, nor tree; it is like being out of sight of land as they say, only you can see nothing but land—nothing but the land and the sky; and the tall, rank, heavy grass grows there in such luxuriance as would astonish you. Sometimes there is a fire in the prairies, and those who are acquainted with it know when they see a red glare in the sky that they must watch, and they fight fire with fire. They pull up the grass in a large circle, then they lay it down by the standing grass and set fire to it. The flame blows from them in every direction and by the time the flood of fire comes up they are removed from it. A missionary party was passing across the prairie toward their destination when they halted for a while, and some one cried: "Look, look yonder—see, what is that?"

A trapper shading his eyes with his hand, said: "The prairie is on fire—we are lost, lost! The fire travels twenty miles an hour and nothing will remain of us but our blackened corpses. Haste, haste," said he, "we must fight fire with fire. Every man, woman, and child of you work, work for your lives! Pull up the grass in a circle larger yet, larger yet. Pull it up, quick! quick! Lay it by the standing grass. I feel the first flush of the heat upon every brow like the hot breath of the simoon; work, work for your lives! within half an hour the fire will be upon us. Bring the fire apparatus."

The apparatus was brought and there were but two matches. They hastily struck one and it failed. The one match left was their last earthly hope. The fire had reached within twenty miles of them. Hush!

Pressing his hand upon his brow the missionary said: "God help us in this our extremity—help us, if it be Thy will. This

is our last hope; our last hope, but in Thee our last human agency."

And reverently bowing and praying, they struck the match. It caught fire. The grass was kindled and the flames went away from them in every direction, and when the waves of fire met the flood of flame, they mingled together and leaped as if in joy to heaven that the noble band had escaped.

Brothers, our instruments in themselves are as feeble as that match. Ere we put forth let us say: "God help us for His great name's sake. Help us, if it be Thy will, and we shall yet stand in a circle while the flames rage harmlessly around us and those saved by our agency." Then we say to you, will you look upon this movement as one of the great instrumentalities for elevating the degraded and the debased in this land? Give it your prayerful serious consideration; and may God help you, according to the dictates of a pure conscience and His word!

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

ON A PIECE OF CHALK

Lecture by Professor Thomas H. Huxley, scientist (born in Ealing, Middlesex, England, May 4, 1825; died in Eastbourne, England, June 29, 1895), delivered to the workingmen of Norwich, during the meeting of the British Association, in 1868. Mr. Leonard Huxley in his life of his father says: "His lecture 'On a Piece of Chalk,' together with two others delivered this year (1868), seem to me to mark the maturing of his style into that mastery of clear expression for which he deliberately labored, the saying exactly what he meant, neither too much nor too little, without confusion and without obscurity. Have something to say, and say it, was the Duke of Wellington's theory of style; Huxley's was to say that which has to be said in such language that you can stand cross-examination on each word. Be clear, though you may be convicted of error. If you are clearly wrong, you will run up against a fact some time and get set right. If you shuffle with your subject and study chiefly to use language which will give a loophole of escape either way, there is no hope for you. This was the secret of his lucidity," An after-dinner speech by Mr. Huxley is given in Volume I.

If a well were sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich, the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as "chalk."

Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk; and, on the seacoast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarped faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material. Northward, the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire; on the south coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks into the Needles of the Isle of Wight; while on the

shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader, and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset, to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire—a distance of over 280 miles as the crow flies. From this band to the North Sea, on the east, and the Channel, on the south, the chalk is largely hidden by other deposits; but, except in the Weald of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very foundation of all the south-eastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the globe, much of which has the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less and others more extensive, than the English. Chalk occurs in northwest Ireland! it stretches over a large part of France—the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact a continuation of that of the London basin; it runs through Denmark and Central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward, it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral, in Central Asia. If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about 3,000 miles in long diameter—the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing inland sea—the Mediterranean.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs, covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches

for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And, in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges such as the Lebanon.

What is this wide-spread component of the surface of the earth? and whence did it come? You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable of refutation and of verification. If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than a "piece of chalk" for my discourse. But, in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest.

A great chapter of the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe, which I hope to enable you to read, with your own eyes, to-night. Let me add, that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert, that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of Nature.

The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together.

We all know that if we "burn" chalk the result is quicklime. Chalk, in fact, is a compound of carbonic acid gas, and lime, and when you make it very hot the carbonic acid flies away and

the lime is left. By this method of procedure we see the lime, but we do not see the carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, you were to powder a little chalk and drop it into a good deal of strong vinegar, there would be a great bubbling and fizzing, and, finally, a clear liquid, in which no sign of chalk would appear. Here you see the carbonic acid in the bubbles; the lime, dissolved in the vinegar, vanishes from sight. There are a great many other ways of showing that chalk is essentially nothing but carbonic acid and quicklime. Chemists enunciate the result of all the experiments which prove this, by stating that chalk is almost wholly composed of "carbonate of lime."

It is desirable for us to start from the knowledge of this fact, though it may not seem to help us very far towards what we seek. For carbonate of lime is a widely-spread substance, and is met with under very various conditions. All sorts of limestones are composed of more or less pure carbonate of lime. The crust which is often deposited by waters which have drained through limestone rocks, in the form of what are called stalagmites and stalactites, is carbonate of lime. Or, to take a more familiar example, the fur on the inside of a tea-kettle is carbonate of lime; and, for anything chemistry tells us to the contrary, the chalk might be a kind of gigantic fur upon the bottom of the earth-kettle, which is kept pretty hot below.

Let us try another method of making the chalk tell us its own history. To the unassisted eye chalk looks simply like a very loose and open kind of stone. But it is possible to grind a slice of chalk down so thin that you can see through it—until it is thin enough, in fact, to be examined with any magnifying power that may be thought desirable. A thin slice of the fur of a kettle might be made in the same way. If it were examined microscopically, it would show itself to be a more or less distinctly laminated mineral substance, and nothing more. But the slice of chalk presents a totally different appearance when placed under the microscope. The general mass of it is made up of very minute granules; but, embedded in this matrix, are innumerable bodies, some smaller and some larger, but, on a rough average, not more than a hundredth of

an inch in diameter, having a well-defined shape and structure. A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of the granules.

The examination of a transparent slice gives a good notion of the manner in which the components of the chalk are arranged, and of their relative proportions. But, by rubbing up some chalk with a brush in water and then pouring off the milky fluid, so as to obtain sediments of different degrees of fineness, the granules and the minute rounded bodies may be pretty well separated from one another, and submitted to microscopic examination, either as opaque or as transparent objects. By combining the views obtained in these various methods, each of the rounded bodies may be proved to be a beautifully-constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers, communicating freely with one another. The chambered bodies are of various forms. One of the commonest is something like a badly-grown raspberry, being formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes congregated together. It is called *Globigerina,* and some specimens of chalk consist of little else than *Globigerinæ* and granules. Let us fix our attention upon the *Globigerina.* It is the spoor of the game we are tracking. If we can learn what it is and what are the conditions of its existence, we shall see our way to the origin and past history of the chalk.

A suggestion which may naturally enough present itself is, that these curious bodies are the result of some process of aggregation which has taken place in the carbonate of lime; that, just as in winter, the rime on our windows simulates the most delicate and elegantly arborescent foliage—proving that the mere mineral water may, under certain conditions, assume the outward form of organic bodies—so this mineral substance, carbonate of lime, hidden away in the bowels of the earth, has taken the shape of these chambered bodies. I am not raising a merely fanciful and unreal objection. Very learned men, in former days, have even entertained the notion that all the formed things found in rocks are of this nature; and if no such conception is at present held to be admissible, it is because long and varied experience has now shown that mineral matter

never does assume the form and structure we find in fossils. If any one were to try to persuade you that an oyster-shell (which is also chiefly composed of carbonate of lime) had crystallized out of sea-water, I suppose you would laugh at the absurdity. Your laughter would be justified by the fact that all experience tends to show that oyster-shells are formed by the agency of oysters, and in no other way. And if there were no better reasons, we should be justified, on like grounds, in believing that *Globigerinæ* are not the product of anything but vital activity. Happily, however, better evidence in proof of the organic nature of the *Globigerinæ* than that of analogy is forthcoming. It so happens that calcareous skeletons, exactly similar to the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk, are being formed, at the present moment, by minute living creatures, which flourish in multitudes, literally more numerous than the sands of the seashore, over a large extent of that part of the earth's surface which is covered by the ocean.

The history of the discovery of these living *Globigerinæ,* and of the part which they play in rock building, is singular enough. It is a discovery which, like others of no less scientific importance, has arisen, incidentally, out of work devoted to very different and exceedingly practical interests. When men first took to the sea, they speedily learned to look out for shoals and rocks; and the more the burden of their ships increased, the more imperatively necessary it became for sailors to ascertain with precision the depth of the waters they traversed. Out of this necessity grew the use of the lead and sounding-line, and, ultimately, marine-surveying, which is the recording of the form of coasts and of the depth of the sea, as ascertained by the sounding-lead, upon charts.

At the same time, it became desirable to ascertain and to indicate the nature of the sea-bottom, since this circumstance greatly affects its goodness as holding ground for anchors. Some ingenious tar, whose name deserves a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen, attained this object by "arming" the bottom of the lead with a lump of grease, to which more or less of the sand or mud, or broken shells, as the case might be, adhered, and was brought to the surface. But, however well adapted such an apparatus might be for rough

nautical purposes, scientific accuracy could not be expected from the armed lead, and to remedy its defects (especially when applied to sounding in great depths) Lieutenant Brooke, of the American Navy, some years ago invented a most ingenious machine, by which a considerable portion of the superficial layer of the sea-bottom can be scooped out and brought up from any depth to which the lead descends. In 1853, Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of this sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg of Berlin, and to Bailey of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep-sea mud was almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms—the greater proportion of these being just like the *Globigerinæ* already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far, the work has been carried on simply in the interests of science, but Lieutenant Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value, when the enterprise of laying down the telegraph-cable between this country and the United States was undertaken. For it became a matter of immense importance to know not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth over the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days, such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young Prince in the Fairy Tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the Princess. However, in the months of June and July, 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great expedition and precision, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward of that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.

The result of all these operations is, that we know the contours and the nature of the surface-soil covered by the North

Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land. It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down-hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a grayish white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined; and, to the eyes, it is quite like very soft, grayish chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it, in the same way as that of the piece of chalk was made, and view it with the microscope, it presents innumerable *Globigerinæ* embedded in a granular matrix. Thus this deep-sea mud is substantially chalk. I say substantially, because there are a good many minor differences; but as these have no bearing on the question immediately before us,—which is the nature of the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk,—it is unnecessary to speak of them.

Globigerinæ of every size, from the smallest to the largest, are associated together in the Atlantic mud, and the chambers of many are filled by a soft animal matter. This soft substance is, in fact, the remains of the creatures to which the *Globigerinæ* shell, or rather skeleton, owes its existence—and

which is an animal of the simplest imaginable description. It is, in fact, a mere particle of living jelly, without defined parts of any kind—without a mouth, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs, and only manifesting its vitality to ordinary observation by thrusting out and retracting from all parts of its surface, long filamentous processes, which serve for arms and legs. Yet this amorphous particle, devoid of everything which, in the higher animals, we call organs, is capable of feeding, growing, and multiplying; of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in seawater; and of building up that substance into a skeleton for itself, according to a pattern which can be imitated by no other known agency.

The notion that animals can live and flourish in the sea, at the vast depths from which apparently living *Globigerinæ* have been brought up, does not agree very well with our usual conceptions respecting the conditions of animal life; and it is not so absolutely impossible as it might at first sight appear to be, that the *Globigerinæ* of the Atlantic sea-bottom do not live and die where they are found.

As I have mentioned, the soundings from the great Atlantic plain are almost entirely made up of *Globigerinæ,* with the granules which have been mentioned, and some few other calcareous shells; but a small percentage of the chalky mud—perhaps at most some five per cent of it—is of a different nature, and consists of shells and skeletons composed of silex, or pure flint. These silicious bodies belong partly to the lowly vegetable organisms which are called *Diatomaceæ,* and partly to the minute, and extremely simple, animals, termed *Radiolaria.* It is quite certain that these creatures do not live at the bottom of the ocean, but at its surface—where they may be obtained in prodigious numbers by the use of a properly constructed net. Hence it follows that these silicious organisms, though they are not heavier than the lightest dust, must have fallen, in some cases, through fifteen thousand feet of water, before they reached their final resting-place on the ocean floor. And considering how large a surface these bodies expose in proportion to their weight, it is probable that they occupy a great length of time in making their burial journey from the surface of the Atlantic to the bottom.

But if the *Radiolaria* and Diatoms are thus rained upon the bottom of the sea, from the superficial layer of its waters in which they pass their lives, it is obviously possible that the *Globigerinæ* may be similarly derived; and if they were so, it would be much more easy to understand how they obtain their supply of food than it is at present. Nevertheless, the positive and negative evidence all points the other way. The skeletons of the full-grown, deep-sea *Globigerinæ* are so remarkably solid and heavy in proportion to their surface as to seem little fitted for floating, and, as a matter of fact, they are not to be found along with the Diatoms and *Radiolaria* in the uppermost stratum of the open ocean. It has been observed, again, that the abundance of *Globigerinæ,* in proportion to other organisms, of like kind, increases with the depth of the sea; and that deep-water *Globigerinæ* are larger than those which live in shallower parts of the sea; and such facts negative the supposition that these organisms have been swept by currents from the shallows into the deeps of the Atlantic. It therefore seems to be hardly doubtful that these wonderful creatures live and die at the depths in which they are found.

However, the important points for us are, that the living *Globigerinæ* are exclusively marine animals, the skeletons of which abound at the bottom of deep seas; and that there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the habits of the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk differed from those of the existing species. But if this is true, there is no escaping the conclusion that the chalk itself is the dried mud of an ancient deep sea.

In working over the soundings collected by Captain Dayman, I was surprised to find that many of what I have called the "granules" of that mud were not, as one might have been tempted to think at first, the mere powder and waste of *Globigerinæ,* and that they had a definite form and size. I termed these bodies "coccoliths," and doubted their organic nature. Dr. Wallich verified my observation, and added the interesting discovery that, not unfrequently, bodies similar to these "coccoliths" were aggregated together into spheroids, which he termed "coccospheres." So far as we knew, these bodies, the nature of which is extremely puzzling and problematical, were peculiar

to the Atlantic soundings. But, a few years ago, Mr. Sorby, in making a careful examination of the chalk by means of thin sections and otherwise, observed, as Ehrenberg had done before him, that much of its granular basis possesses a definite form. Comparing these formed particles with those in the Atlantic soundings, he found the two to be identical; and thus proved that the chalk, like the surroundings, contains these mysterious coccoliths and coccospheres. Here was a further and most interesting confirmation, from internal evidence, of the essential identity of the chalk with modern deep-sea mud. *Globigerinæ,* coccoliths, and coccospheres are found as the chief constituents of both, and testify to the general similarity of the conditions under which both have been formed.

The evidence furnished by the hewing, facing, and superposition of the stones of the Pyramids, that these structures were built by men, has no greater weight than the evidence that the chalk was built by *Globigerinæ;* and the belief that those ancient pyramid-builders were terrestrial and air-breathing creatures like ourselves, is not better based than the conviction that the chalk-makers lived in the sea. But as our belief in the building of the Pyramids by men is not only grounded on the internal evidence afforded by these structures, but gathers strength from multitudinous collateral proofs, and is clinched by the total absence of any reason for a contrary belief; so the evidence drawn from the *Globigerinæ* that the chalk is an ancient sea-bottom, is fortified by innumerable independent lines of evidence; and our belief in the truth of the conclusion to which all positive testimony tends, receives the like negative justification from the fact that no other hypothesis has a shadow of foundation.

It may be worth while briefly to consider a few of these collateral proofs that the chalk was deposited at the bottom of the sea. The great mass of the chalk is composed, as we have seen, of the skeletons of *Globigerinæ,* and other simple organisms, embedded in granular matter. Here and there, however, this hardened mud of the ancient sea reveals the remains of higher animals which have lived and died, and left their hard parts in the mud, just as the oysters die and leave their shells behind them, in the mud of the present seas.

There are, at the present day, certain groups of animals which are never found in fresh waters, being unable to live anywhere but in the sea. Such are the corals; those corallines which are called *Polyzoa;* those creatures which fabricate the lamp-shells, and are called *Brachiopoda;* the pearly *Nautilus,* and all animals allied to it; and all the forms of sea-urchins and star-fishes. Not only are all these creatures confined to salt water at the present day; but, so far as our records of the past go, the conditions of their existence have been the same: hence, their occurrence in any deposit is as strong evidence as can be obtained, that that deposit was formed in the sea. Now the remains of animals of all kinds which have been enumerated, occur in the chalk, in greater or less abundance; while not one of those forms of shell-fish which are characteristic of fresh water has yet been observed in it.

When we consider that the remains of more than three thousand distinct species of aquatic animals have been discovered among the fossils of the chalk, that the great majority of them are of such forms as are now met with only in the sea, and that there is no reason to believe that any one of them inhabited fresh water—the collateral evidence that the chalk represents an ancient sea-bottom acquires as great force as the proof derived from the nature of the chalk itself. I think you will now allow that I did not overstate my case when I asserted that we have as strong grounds for believing that all the vast area of dry land, at present occupied by the chalk, was once at the bottom of the sea, as we have for any matter of history whatever; while there is not justification for any other belief.

No less certain it is that the time during which the countries we now call south-east England, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, Egypt, Arabia, Syria were more or less completely covered by a deep sea was of considerable duration. We have already seen that the chalk is, in places, more than a thousand feet thick. I think you will agree with me, that it must have taken some time for the skeletons of animalcules of a hundredth of an inch in diameter to heap up such a mass as that. I have said that throughout the thickness of the chalk the remains of other animals are scattered. These remains are often

in the most exquisite state of preservation. The valves of the shell-fishes are commonly adherent; the long spines of some of the sea-urchins, which would be detached by the smallest jar, often remain in their places. In a word, it is certain that these animals have lived and died when the place which they now occupy was the surface of as much of the chalk as had then been deposited; and that each has been covered up by the layer of *Globigerina* mud, upon which the creatures embedded a little higher up have, in like manner, lived and died. But some of these remains prove the existence of reptiles of vast size in the chalk sea. These lived their time, and had their ancestors and descendants, which assuredly implies time, reptiles being of slow growth.

There is more curious evidence, again, that the process of covering up, or, in other words, the deposit of *Globigerina* skeletons, did not go on very fast. It is demonstrable that an animal of the cretaceous sea might die, that its skeleton might lie uncovered upon the sea-bottom long enough to lose all its outward coverings and appendages by putrefaction; and that, after this had happened, another animal might attach itself to the dead and naked skeleton, might grow to maturity and might itself die before the calcareous mud had buried the whole.

Cases of this kind are admirably described by Sir Charles Lyell. He speaks of the frequency with which geologists find in the chalk a fossilized sea-urchin, to which is attached the lower valve of a *Crania*. This is a kind of shell-fish, with a shell composed of two pieces, of which, as in the oyster, one is fixed and the other free. "The upper valve is almost invariably wanting, though occasionally found in a perfect state of preservation in the white chalk at some distance. In this case, we see clearly that the sea-urchin first lived from youth to age, then died and lost its spines, which were carried away. Then the young *Crania* adhered to the bared shell, grew and perished in its turn; after which, the upper valve was separated from the lower before the Echinus became enveloped in chalky mud."

A specimen in the Museum of Practical Geology in London, still further prolongs the period which must have elapsed

between the death of the sea-urchin, and its burial by the *Globigerinæ*. For the outward face of the valve of a *Crania*, which is attached to a sea-urchin *(Micraster)*, is itself overrun by an incrusting coralline, which spreads thence over more or less of the surface of the sea-urchin. It follows that, after the upper valve of the *Crania* fell off, the surface of the attached valve must have remained exposed long enough to allow the growth of the whole coralline, since corallines do not live embedded in mud.

The progress of knowledge may, one day, enable us to deduce from such facts as these the maximum rate at which the chalk can have accumulated, and thus to arrive at the minimum duration of the chalk period. Suppose that the valve of the *Crania* upon which a coralline has fixed itself in the way just described, is so attached to the sea-urchin that no part of it is more than an inch above the face upon which the sea-urchin rests. Then, as the coralline could not have fixed itself, if the *Crania* had been covered up with chalk mud, and could not have lived had itself been so covered, it follows, that an inch of chalk mud could not have accumulated within the time between the death and decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin and the growth of the coralline to the full size which it has attained. If the decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin; the attachment, growth to maturity, and decay of the *Crania;* and the subsequent attachment and growth of the coralline, took a year (which is a low estimate enough), the accumulation of the inch of chalk must have taken more than a year; and the deposit of a thousand feet of chalk must, consequently, have taken more than twelve thousand years.

The foundation of all this calculation is, of course, a knowledge of the length of time the *Crania* and the coralline needed to attain their full size; and, on this head, precise knowledge is at present wanting. But there are circumstances which tend to show, that nothing like an inch of chalk has accumulated during the life of a *Crania;* and, on any probable estimate of the length of that life, the chalk period must have had a much longer duration than that thus roughly assigned to it.

Thus, not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom; but it is no less certain, that the chalk

sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk sea began, or ended, its existence, is baffled by difficulties of the same kind. But the relative age of the cretaceous epoch may be determined with as great ease and certainty as the long duration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made, in various parts of Western Europe, of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions. It has been proved that the whole population of Europe, whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages, such as the Esquimaux are now; that, in the country which is now France, they hunted the reindeer, and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now—the River Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this; and, it is probable, that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia, than that of Western Europe.

The existence of these people is forgotten even in the traditions of the oldest historical nations. The name and fame of them had utterly vanished until a few years back; and the amount of physical change which has been effected since their day renders it more than probable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne or of Amiens are to them as they are to us, in point of antiquity. But, if we assign to these hoar relics of long-vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or boulder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own seaboard for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the boulder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and

must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge boulders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the boulder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the boulder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells us a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts; there stand the stools of oak and yew-trees, beeches, and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land, before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the bolls of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn. When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch, in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the elapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land, until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game the spoils of which have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained

in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants, hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of your own country, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself. The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris. But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but, after its formation, the time required for the deposit of these later rocks, and for their upheaval into dry land, must have elapsed, before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon," began to flow.

Thus, evidence which cannot be rebutted, and which need not be strengthened, though if time permitted I might in-

definitely increase its quantity, compels you to believe that the earth, from the time of the chalk to the present day, has been the theater of a series of changes as vast in their amount as they were slow in their progress. The area on which we stand has been first sea and then land, for at least four alternations; and has remained in each of these conditions for a period of great length.

Nor have these wonderful metamorphoses of sea into land, and of land into sea, been confined to one corner of England. During the chalk period, or "cretaceous epoch," not one of the present great physical features of the globe was in existence. Our great mountain ranges, Pyrenees, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, have all been upheaved since the chalk was deposited, and the cretaceous sea flowed over the sites of Sinai and Ararat. All this is certain, because rocks of cretaceous, or still later, date have shared in the elevatory movements which gave rise to these mountain chains; and may be found perched up, in some cases, many thousand feet high upon their flanks. And evidence of equal cogency demonstrates that, though, in Norfolk, the forest-bed rests directly upon the chalk, yet it does so, not because the period at which the forest grew immediately followed that at which the chalk was formed, but because an immense lapse of time, represented elsewhere by thousands of feet of rock, is not indicated at Cromer.

I must ask you to believe that there is no less conclusive proof that a still more prolonged succession of similar changes occurred, before the chalk was deposited. Nor have we any reason to think that the first term in the series of these changes is known. The oldest sea-beds preserved to us are sands, and mud, and pebbles, the wear and tear of rocks which were formed in still older oceans.

But, great as is the magnitude of these physical changes of the world, they have been accompanied by a no less striking series of modifications in its living inhabitants. All the great classes of animals, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, creeping things, and things which dwell in the waters, flourished upon the globe long ages before the chalk was deposited. Very few, however, if any of these ancient forms of animal life were identical with those which now live. Certainly not one of the

higher animals was of the same species as any of those now in existence. The beasts of the field, in the days before the chalk, were not our beasts of the field, nor the fowls of the air such as those which the eye of man has seen flying, unless his antiquity dates infinitely further back than we at present surmise. If we could be carried back into those times, we should be as one suddenly set down in Australia before it was colonized. We should see mammals, birds, reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, as such, and yet not one of them would be just the same as those with which we are familiar, and many would be extremely different.

From that time to the present, the population of the world has undergone slow and gradual, but incessant, changes. There has been no grand catastrophe—no destroyer has swept away the forms of life of one period, and replaced them by a totally new creation; but one species has vanished and another has taken its place; creatures of one type of structure have diminished, those of another have increased as time has passed on. And thus, while the differences between the living creatures of the time before the chalk and those of the present day appear startling, if placed side by side, we are led from one to the other by the most gradual progress, if we follow the course of Nature through the whole series of those relics of her operations which she has left behind. It is by the population of the chalk sea that the ancient and the modern inhabitants of the world are most completely connected. The groups which are dying out flourish, side by side, with the groups which are now the dominant forms of life. Thus the chalk contains remains of those strange flying and swimming reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, which are found in no later deposits, but abounded in preceding ages. The chambered shells called ammonites and belemnites, which are so characteristic of the period preceding the cretaceous, in like manner die with it.

But amongst these fading remainders of a previous state of things, are some very modern forms of life, looking like Yankee peddlers among a tribe of Red Indians. Crocodiles of modern type appear; bony fishes, many of them very similar to existing species, almost supplant the forms of fish which

predominate in more ancient seas; and many kinds of living shell-fish first become known to us in the chalk. The vegetation acquires a modern aspect. A few living animals are not even distinguishable as species, from those which existed at that remote epoch. The *Globigerina* of the present day, for example, is not different specifically from that of the chalk; and the same may be said of many other *Foraminifera*. I think it probable that critical and unprejudiced examination will show that more than one species of much higher animals have had a similar longevity; but the only example which I can at present give confidently is the snake's-head lamp-shell *(Terebratulina caput serpentis)*, which lives in our English seas and abounded (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.

The longest line of human ancestry must hide its diminished head before the pedigree of this insignificant shell-fish. We Englishmen are proud to have an ancestor who was present at the Battle of Hastings. The ancestors of *Terebratulina caput serpentis* may have been present at a battle of *Ichthyosauria* in that part of the sea which, when the chalk was forming, flowed over the site of Hastings. While all around has changed, this *Terebratulina* has peacefully propagated its species from generation to generation, and stands to this day, as a living testimony to the continuity of the present with the past history of the globe.

Up to this moment I have stated, so far as I know, nothing but well-authenticated facts, and the immediate conclusions which they force upon the mind. But the mind is so constituted that it does not willingly rest in facts and immediate causes, but seeks always after a knowledge of the remoter links in the chain of causation.

Taking the many changes of any given spot of the earth's surface, from sea to land and from land to sea, as an established fact, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves how these changes have occurred. And when we have explained them—as they must be explained—by the alternate slow movements of elevation and depression which have affected the crust of the earth, we go still further back, and ask, Why these movements?

I am not certain that any one can give you a satisfactory answer to that question. Assuredly I cannot. All that can

be said, for certain, is, that such movements are part of the ordinary course of nature, inasmuch as they are going on at the present time. Direct proof may be given, that some parts of the land of the northern hemisphere are at this moment insensibly rising and others insensibly sinking; and there is indirect, but perfectly satisfactory, proof, that an enormous area now covered by the Pacific has been deepened thousands of feet, since the present inhabitants of that sea came into existence. Thus there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the physical changes of the globe, in past times, have been effected by other than natural causes. Is there any more reason for believing that the concomitant modifications in the forms of the living inhabitants of the globe have been brought about in other ways?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us try to form a distinct mental picture of what has happened in some special case. The crocodiles are animals which, as a group, have a very vast antiquity. They abounded ages before the chalk was deposited; they throng the rivers in warm climates at the present day. There is a difference in the form of the joints of the back-bone, and in some minor particulars, between the crocodiles of the present epoch and those which lived before the chalk; but, in the cretaceous epoch, as I have already mentioned, the crocodiles had assumed the modern type of structure. Notwithstanding this, the crocodiles of the chalk are not identically the same as those which lived in the times called "older tertiary," which succeeded the cretaceous epoch; and the crocodiles of the older tertiaries are not identical with those of the newer tertiaries, nor are these identical with existing forms. I leave open the question whether particular species may have lived on from epoch to epoch. But each epoch has had its peculiar crocodiles; though all, since the chalk, have belonged to the modern type, and differ simply in their proportions, and in such structural particulars as are discernible only to trained eyes.

How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles to be accounted for? Only two suppositions seem to be open to us—either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some

pre-existing form by the operation of natural causes. Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine. I can find no warranty for believing in the distinct creation of a score of successive species of crocodiles in the course of countless ages of time. Science gives no countenance to such a wild fancy; nor can even the perverse ingenuity of a commentator pretend to discover this sense, in the simple words in which the writer of Genesis records the proceedings of the fifth and six days of the Creation.

On the other hand, I see no good reason for doubting the necessary alternative, that all these varied species have been evolved from pre-existing crocodillian forms, by the operation of causes as completely a part of the common order of nature as those which have effected the changes of the inorganic world. Few will venture to affirm that the reasoning which applies to crocodiles loses its force among other animals, or among plants. If one series of species has come into existence by the operation of natural causes, it seems folly to deny that all may have arisen in the same way.

A small beginning has led us to a great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent, though nowise brilliant, thought to-night. It has become luminous, and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting "without haste, but without rest" of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

SHAKESPEARE

Lecture by Colonel Robert Green Ingersoll, lawyer and orator (born in Dresden, N. Y., August 11, 1833; died in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., July 21, 1899). This lecture was considered by his admirers the most scholarly and most delightful of Colonel Ingersoll's public efforts. It was delivered many times in various places.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—William Shakespeare was the greatest genius of our world. He left to us the richest legacy of all the dead—the treasures of the rarest soul that ever lived and loved and wrought of words the statues, pictures, robes, and gems of thought.

It is hard to overstate the debt we owe to the men and women of genius. Take from our world what they have given, and all the niches would be empty, all the walls naked; meaning and connection would fall from words of poetry and fiction, music would go back to common air, and all the forms of subtle and enchanting Art would lose proportion and become the unmeaning waste and shattered spoil of thoughtless Chance.

Shakespeare is too great a theme. I feel as though endeavoring to grasp a globe so large that the hand obtains no hold. He who would worthily speak of the great dramatist should be inspired by "a muse of fire that should ascend the brightest heaven of invention." He should have "a kingdom for a stage, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

More than three centuries ago, the most intellectual of the human race was born. He was not of supernatural origin. At his birth there were no celestial pyrotechnics. His father and mother were both English, and both had the cheerful habit of living in this world. The cradle in which he was

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rocked was canopied by neither myth nor miracle, and in his veins there was no drop of royal blood.

This babe became the wonder of mankind. Neither of his parents could read or write. He grew up in a small and ignorant village on the banks of the Avon, in the midst of the common people of three hundred years ago. There was nothing in the peaceful, quiet landscape on which he looked, nothing in the low hills, the cultivated and undulating fields, and nothing in the murmuring stream, to excite the imagination: nothing, so far as we can see, calculated to sow the seeds of the subtlest and sublimest thought.

So there is nothing connected with his education, or his lack of education, that in any way accounts for what he did. It is supposed that he attended school in his native town; but of this we are not certain. Many have tried to show that he was, after all, of gentle blood, but the fact seems to be the other way. Some of his biographers have sought to do him honor by showing that he was patronized by Queen Elizabeth, but of this there is not the slightest proof. As a matter of fact, there never sat on any throne, a king, queen, or emperor who could have honored William Shakespeare.

Ignorant people are apt to overrate the value of what is called education. The sons of the poor, having suffered the privations of poverty, think of wealth as the mother of joy. On the other hand, the children of the rich, finding that gold does not produce happiness, are apt to underrate the value of wealth. So the children of the educated often care but little for books, and hold all culture in contempt. The children of great authors do not, as a rule, become writers.

Nature is filled with tendencies and obstructions. Extremes beget limitations, even as a river by its own swiftness creates obstructions for itself.

Possibly, many generations of culture breed a desire for the rude joys of savagery, and possibly generations of ignorance breed such a longing for knowledge, that of this desire, of this hunger of the brain, Genius is born. It may be that the mind, by lying fallow, by remaining idle for generations, gathers strength.

Shakespeare's father seems to have been an ordinary man

of his time and class. About the only thing we know of him is that he was officially reported for not coming monthly to church. This is good as far as it goes. We can hardly blame him, because at that time Richard Bifield was the minister at Stratford, and an extreme Puritan, one who read the Psalter by Sternhold and Hopkins.

The church was at one time Catholic, but in John Shakespeare's day it was Puritan, and in 1564, the year of Shakespeare's birth, they had the images defaced. It is greatly to the honor of John Shakespeare that he refused to listen to the "tidings of great joy" as delivered by the Puritan Bifield.

Nothing is known of his mother, except her beautiful name —Mary Arden. In those days but little attention was given to the biographies of women. They were born, married, had children, and died. No matter how celebrated their sons became, the mothers were forgotten. In old times, when a man achieved distinction, great pains were taken to find out about the father and grandfather, the idea being that genius is inherited from the father's side. The truth is, that all great men have had great mothers. Great women have had, as a rule, great fathers.

The mother of Shakespeare was, without doubt, one of the greatest of women. She dowered her son with passion and imagination and the higher qualities of the soul, beyond all other men. It has been said, that a man of genius should select his ancestors with great care; and yet there does not seem to be as much in heredity as most people think. The children of the great are often small. Pigmies are born in palaces, while over the children of genius is the roof of straw. Most of the great are like mountains, with the valley of ancestors on one side and the depression of posterity on the other.

In his day Shakespeare was of no particular importance. It may be that his mother had some marvelous and prophetic dreams, but Stratford was unconscious of the immortal child. He was never engaged in a reputable business. Socially he occupied a position below servants. The law described him as "a sturdy vagabond." He was neither a noble, a soldier, nor a priest. Among the half-civilized people of England, he who amused and instructed them was regarded as a menial. Kings

had their clowns, the people their actors and musicians. Shakespeare was scheduled as a servant. It is thus that successful stupidity has always treated genius. Mozart was patronized by an archbishop—lived in the palace, but was compelled to eat with the scullions. The composer of divine melodies was not fit to sit by the side of the theologian, who long ago would have been forgotten but for the fame of the composer.

We know but little of the personal peculiarities, of the daily life, or of what may be called the outward Shakespeare, and it may be fortunate that so little is known. He might have been belittled by friendly fools. What silly stories, what idiotic personal reminiscences, would have been remembered by those who scarcely saw him! We have his best, his sublimest; and we have probably lost only the trivial and the worthless. All that is known can be written on a page.

We are tolerably certain of the date of his birth, of his marriage, and of his death. We think he went to London in 1586, when he was twenty-two years old. We think that a few years afterwards he was part owner of Blackfriars' Theatre. We have a few signatures, some of which are supposed to be genuine. We know that he bought some land, that he had two or three law-suits. We know the names of his children. We also know that this incomparable man, so apart from, and so familiar with, all the world, lived during his literary life in London; that he was an actor, dramatist, and manager; that he returned to Stratford, the place of his birth; that he neglected his writings, deserted the children of his brain; that he died on the anniversary of his birth at the age of fifty-two, and that he was buried in the church where the images had been defaced, and that on his tomb was chiseled a rude, absurd, and ignorant epitaph.

No letter of his to any human being has been found, and no line written by him can be shown.

And here let me give my explanation of the epitaph. Shakespeare was an actor—a disreputable business—but he made money—always reputable. He came back from London a rich man. He bought land, and built houses. Some of the supposed great probably treated him with deference. When he

died he was buried in the church. Then came a reaction. The pious thought the church had been profaned. They did not feel that the ashes of an actor were fit to lie in holy ground. The people began to say the body ought to be removed. Then it was, as I believe, that Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, had this epitaph cut on the tomb:—

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To digg the dust enclosed heare:
> Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
> And curst be he yt moves my bones.

Certainly Shakespeare could have had no fear that his tomb would be violated. How could it have entered his mind to have put a warning, a threat, and a blessing, upon his grave? But the ignorant people of that day were no doubt convinced that the epitaph was the voice of the dead, and so feeling, they feared to invade the tomb. In this way the dust was left in peace.

The epitaph gave me great trouble for years. It puzzled me to explain why he, who erected the intellectual pyramids, should put such a pebble at his tomb. But when I stood beside the grave and read the ignorant words, the explanation I have given flashed upon me.

It has been said that Shakespeare was hardly mentioned by his contemporaries, and that he was substantially unknown. This is a mistake. In 1600 a book was published called "England's Parnassus," and it contained ninety extracts from Shakespeare. In the same year was published the "Garden of the Muses," containing several pieces from Shakespeare, Chapman, Marston, and Ben Jonson. "England's Helicon" was printed in the same year, and contained poems from Spenser, Greene, Harvey, and Shakespeare.

It may be wonderful that he was not better known. But is it not wonderful that he gained the reputation that he did in so short a time, and that twelve years after he began to write he stood at least with the first?

But there is a wonderful fact connected with the writings of Shakespeare: In the Plays there is no direct mention of any of his contemporaries. We do not know of any poet, au-

thor, soldier, sailor, statesman, priest, nobleman, king, or queen, that Shakespeare directly mentioned.

Is it not marvelous that he, living in an age of great deeds, of adventures in far-off lands and unknown seas, in a time of religious wars, in the days of the Armada, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Edict of Nantes, the assassination of Henry III, the victory of Lepanto, the execution of Marie Stuart—did not mention the name of any man or woman of his time? Some have insisted that the paragraph ending with the line:—

> The imperial votress passed on in maiden meditation fancy free,

referred to Queen Elizabeth; but it is impossible for me to believe that the daubed and wrinkled face, the small black eyes, the cruel nose, the thin lips, the bad teeth, and the red wig of Queen Elizabeth could by any possibility have inspired those marvelous lines.

It is perfectly apparent from Shakespeare's writings that he knew but little of the nobility, little of kings and queens. He gives to these supposed great people great thoughts, and puts great words in their mouths and makes them speak—not as they really did—but as Shakespeare thought such people should. This demonstrates that he did not know them personally.

Some have insisted that Shakespeare mentions Queen Elizabeth in the last scene of Henry VIII. The answer to this is that Shakespeare did not write the last scene in that play. The probability is that Fletcher was the author.

Shakespeare lived during the great awakening of the world, when Europe emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, when the discovery of America had made England, that blossom of the Gulf Stream, the center of commerce, and during a period when some of the greatest writers, thinkers, soldiers, and discoverers were produced.

Cervantes was born in 1547, dying on the same day that Shakespeare died. He was undoubtedly the greatest writer that Spain has produced. Rubens was born in 1577. Camoens, the Portuguese, the author of "Lusiad," died in 1597. Giordano Bruno—greatest of martyrs—was born in 1548,

visited London in Shakespeare's time, delivered lectures at Oxford, and called that institution "the widow of learning." Drake circled the globe in 1580. Galileo was born in 1564—the same year with Shakespeare. Michelangelo died in 1563. Kepler—he of the Three Laws—born in 1571. Calderon, the Spanish dramatist, born in 1601. Corneille, the French poet, in 1606. Rembrandt, greatest of painters, 1607. Shakespeare was born in 1564. In that year John Calvin died. What a glorious exchange!

Seventy-two years after the discovery of America Shakespeare was born, and England was filled with the voyages and discoveries written by Hakluyt, and the wonders that had been seen by Raleigh, by Drake, by Frobisher, and Hawkins. London had become the center of the world, and representatives from all known countries were in the new metropolis. The world had been doubled. The imagination had been touched and kindled by discovery. In the far horizon were unknown lands, strange shores beyond untraversed seas. Toward every part of the world were turned the prows of adventure. All these things fanned the imagination into flame, and this had its effect upon the literary and dramatic world. And yet Shakespeare—the master spirit of mankind—in the midst of these discoveries, of these adventures, mentioned no navigator, no general, no discoverer, no philosopher.

Galileo was reading the open volume of the sky, but Shakespeare did not mention him. This to me is the most marvelous thing connected with this most marvelous man.

At that time England was prosperous—was then laying the foundation of her future greatness and power. When men are prosperous, they are in love with life. Nature grows beautiful, the arts begin to flourish, there is work for painter and sculptor, the poet is born, the stage is erected; and this life with which men are in love is represented in a thousand forms. Nature, or Fate, or Chance prepared a stage for Shakespeare, and Shakespeare prepared a stage for Nature.

Famine and faith go together. In disaster and want the gaze of man is fixed upon another world. He that eats a crust has a creed. Hunger falls upon its knees, and heaven, looked for through tears, is the mirage of misery. But pros-

perity brings joy and wealth and leisure—and the beautiful is born.

One of the effects of the world's awakening was Shakespeare. We account for this man as we do for the highest mountain, the greatest river, the most perfect gem. We can only say: He was.

> It hath been taught us from the primal state,
> That he which is was wish'd until he were.

In Shakespeare's time the actor was a vagabond, the dramatist a disreputable person; and yet the greatest dramas were then written. In spite of law, and social ostracism, Shakespeare reared the many-colored dome that fills and glorifies the intellectual heavens.

Now the whole civilized world believes in the theater, asks for some great dramatist, is hungry for a play worthy of the century, is anxious to give gold and fame to any one who can worthily put our age upon the stage; and yet no great play has been written since Shakespeare died.

Shakespeare pursued the highway of the right. He did not seek to put his characters in a position where it was right to do wrong. He was sound and healthy to the center. It never occurred to him to write a play in which a wife's lover should be jealous of her husband.

There was in his blood the courage of his thought. He was true to himself and enjoyed the perfect freedom of the highest art. He did not write according to rules; but smaller men make rules from what he wrote.

How fortunate that Shakespeare was not educated at Oxford; that the winged god within him never knelt to the professor. How fortunate that this giant was not captured, tied and tethered by the literary Lilliputian of his time.

He was an idealist. He did not, like most writers of our time, take refuge in the real, hiding a lack of genius behind a pretended love of truth. All realities are not poetic, or dramatic, or even worth knowing. The real sustains the same relation to the ideal that a stone does to a statue, or that paint does to a painting. Realism degrades and impoverishes. In

no event can a realist be more than an imitator and copyist. According to the realist's philosophy, the wax that receives and retains an image is an artist.

Shakespeare did not rely on the stage-carpenter, or the scenic painter. He put his scenery in his lines. There you will find mountains and rivers and seas, valleys and cliffs, violets and clouds, and over all "the firmament fretted with gold and fire." He cared little for plot, little for surprise. He did not rely on stage effects, or red fire. The plays grow before your eyes, and they come as the morning comes. Plot surprises but once. There must be something in a play besides surprise. Plot in an author is a kind of strategy—that is to say, a sort of cunning, and cunning does not belong to the highest natures.

There is in Shakespeare such a wealth of thought that the plot becomes almost immaterial; and such is this wealth that you can hardly know the play—there is too much. After you have heard it again and again, it seems as pathless as an untrodden forest.

He belonged to all lands. "Timon of Athens" is as Greek as any tragedy of Æschylus. "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" are perfect Roman, and as you read, the mighty ruins rise and the Eternal City once again becomes the mistress of the world. No play is more Egyptian than "Antony and Cleopatra." The Nile runs through it, the shadows of the pyramids fall upon it, and from its scenes the Sphinx gazes forever on the outstretched sands.

In "Lear" is the true pagan spirit. "Romeo and Juliet" is Italian. Everything is sudden, love bursts into immediate flower, and in every scene is the climate of the land of poetry and passion. The reason of this is, that Shakespeare dealt with elemental things, with universal men. He knew that locality colors without changing, and that in all surroundings the human heart is substantially the same.

Not all the poetry written before his time would make his sum: not all that has been written since, added to all that was written before, would equal his.

There was nothing within the range of human thought, within the horizon of intellectual effort, that he did not touch. He knew the brain and heart of man—the theories, customs,

superstitions, hopes, fears, hatreds, vices, and virtues of the human race.

He knew the thrills and ecstasies of love, the savage joys of hatred and revenge. He heard the hiss of envy's snakes and watched the eagles of ambition soar. There was no hope that did not put its star above his head, no fear he had not felt, no joy that had not shed its sunshine on his face. He experienced the emotions of mankind. He was the intellectual spendthrift of the world. He gave with the generosity, the extravagance, of madness.

Read one play, and you are impressed with the idea that the wealth of the brain of a god has been exhausted; that there are no more comparisons, no more passions to be expressed, no more definitions, no more philosophy, beauty, or sublimity to be put in words; and yet, the next play opens as fresh as the dewy gates of another day.

The outstretched wings of his imagination filled the sky. He was the intellectual crown of the earth.

The plays of Shakespeare show so much knowledge, thought, and learning, that many people—those who imagine that universities furnish capacity—contend that Bacon must have been the author.

We know Bacon. We know that he was a scheming politician, a courtier, a time-server of church and king, and a corrupt judge. We know that he never admitted the truth of the Copernican system, that he was doubtful whether instruments were of any advantage in scientific investigation, that he was ignorant of the higher branches of mathematics, and that, as a matter of fact, he added but little to the knowledge of the world. When he was more than sixty years of age, he turned his attention to poetry, and dedicated his verses to George Herbert. If you will read these verses you will say that the author of "Lear" and "Hamlet" did not write them.

Bacon dedicated his work on the "Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human," to James I, and in his dedication he stated that there had not been, since the time of Christ, any king or monarch so learned in all erudition, divine or human. He placed James I before Marcus Aurelius and all other kings and emperors since Christ, and concluded by saying that James

I had "the power and fortune of a king, the illumination of a priest, the learning and universality of a philosopher." This was written of James I, described by Macaulay as a "stammering, slobbering, trembling coward, whose writings were deformed by the grossest and vilest superstitions—witches being the special objects of his fear, his hatred, and his persecution."

It seems to have been taken for granted that if Shakespeare was not the author of the great dramas, Lord Bacon must have been.

It has been claimed that Bacon was the greatest philosopher of his time. And yet in reading his works we find that there was in his mind a strange mingling of foolishness and philosophy. He takes pains to tell us, and to write it down for the benefit of posterity, that "snow is colder than water, because it hath more spirit in it, and that quicksilver is the coldest of all metals, because it is the fullest of spirit."

He stated that he hardly believed that you could contract air by putting opium on top of the weather-glass, and gave the following reason:—

"I conceive that opium and the like make spirits fly rather by malignity than by cold."

This great philosopher gave the following recipe for stanching blood:—

"Thrust the part that bleedeth into the body of a capon, new ripped and bleeding. This will stanch the blood. The blood, as it seemeth, sucking and drawing up by similitude of substance the blood it meeteth with, and so itself going back."

The philosopher also records this important fact:—

"Divers witches among heathen and Christians have fed upon man's flesh to aid, as it seemeth, their imagination with high and foul vapors."

Lord Bacon was not only a philosopher, but he was a biologist, as appears from the following:—

"As for living creatures, it is certain that their vital spirits are a substance compounded of an airy and flamy matter, and although air and flame being free will not mingle, yet bound in by a body that hath some fixing, will."

Now and then the inventor of deduction reasons by analogy. He says:—

"As snow and ice holpen, and their cold activated by nitre or salt, will turn water into ice, so it may be it will turn wood or stiff clay into stone."

It is claimed that he was a great observer, and as evidence of this he recorded the wonderful fact that "tobacco cut and dried by the fire loses weight"; that "bears in the winter wax fat in sleep, though they eat nothing"; that "tortoises have no bones"; that "there is a kind of stone, if ground and put in water where cattle drink, the cows will give more milk"; that "it is hard to cure a hurt in a Frenchman's head, but easy in his leg; that it is hard to "cure" a hurt in an Englishman's leg, but easy in his head"; that "wounds made with brass weapons are easier to cure than those made with iron"; that "lead will multiply and increase, as in statues buried in the ground"; and that "the rainbow touching anything causeth a sweet smell."

Bacon seems also to have turned his attention to ornithology, and says that "eggs laid in the full of the moon breed better birds," and that "you can make swallows white by putting ointment on the eggs before they are hatched."

He informs us "that witches cannot hurt kings as easily as they can common people"; that "perfumes dry and strengthen the brain"; that "any one in the moment of triumph can be injured by another who casts an envious eye, and the injury is greatest when the envious glance comes from the oblique eye."

He expresses doubt, however, "as to whether you can cure a wound by putting ointment on the weapon that caused the wound, instead of on the wound itself."

It is claimed by the advocates of the Baconian theory that their hero stood at the top of science; and yet "it is absolutely certain that he was ignorant of the law of the acceleration of falling bodies, although the law had been made known and printed by Galileo thirty years before Bacon wrote upon the subject. Neither did this great man understand the principle of the lever. He was not acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes, and as a matter of fact was ill-read in those branches of learning in which, in his time, the most rapid progress had been made.

After Kepler discovered his third law, which was on May 15, 1618, Bacon was more than ever opposed to the Copernican system. This great man was far behind his own time, not only in astronomy, but in mathematics. In the preface to the "Descriptio Globi Intellectualis," it is admitted either that Bacon had never heard of the correction of the parallax, or was unable to understand it. He complained on account of the want of some method for shortening mathematical calculations; and yet "Napier's Logarithms" had been printed nine years before the date of his complaint.

He attempted to form a table of specific gravities by a rude process of his own, a process that no one has ever followed; and he did this in spite of the fact that a far better method existed.

We have the right to compare what Bacon wrote with what it is claimed Shakespeare produced. I call attention to one thing—to Bacon's opinion of human love. It is this:—

"The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. As to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies, but in life it doth much mischief—sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. Amongst all the great and worthy persons there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

The author of "Romeo and Juliet" never wrote that.

It seems certain that the author of the wondrous Plays was one of the noblest of men.

Let us see what sense of honor Bacon had.

In writing commentaries on certain passages of Scripture, Lord Bacon tells a courtier, who has committed some offense, how to get back into the graces of his prince or king. Among other things he tells him not to appear too cheerful, but to assume a very grave and modest face; not to bring the matter up himself; to be extremely industrious, so that the prince will see that it is hard to get along without him; also to get his friends to tell the prince or king how badly he, the courtier, feels; more than he says, all these failings, "let him contrive to transfer the fault to others."

It is true that we know but little of Shakespeare, and consequently do not positively know that he did not have the ability to write the Plays; but we do know Bacon, and we know that he could not have written these Plays. Consequently they must have been written by a comparatively unknown man—that is to say, by a man who was known by no other writings. The fact that we do not know Shakespeare, except through the Plays and Sonnets, makes it possible for us to believe that he was the author.

Some people have imagined that the Plays were written by several; but this only increases the wonder, and adds a useless burden to credulity.

Bacon published in his time all the writings that he claimed. Naturally, he would have claimed his best. Is it possible that Bacon left the wondrous children of his brain on the doorstep of Shakespeare, and kept the deformed ones at home? Is it possible that he fathered the failures and deserted the perfect?

Of course it is wonderful that so little has been found touching Shakespeare; but is it not equally wonderful, if Bacon was the author, that not a line has been found in all his papers, containing a suggestion, or a hint, that he was the writer of these Plays? Is it not wonderful that no fragment of any scene—no line—no word—has been found?

Some have insisted that Bacon kept the authorship secret, because it was disgraceful to write Plays. This argument does not cover the Sonnets. And, besides, one who had been stripped of the robes of office, for receiving bribes as a judge, could have borne the additional disgrace of having written "Hamlet." The fact that Bacon did not claim to be the author, demonstrates that he was not. Shakespeare claimed to be the author, and no one in his time or day denied the claim. This demonstrates that he was.

Bacon published his works, and said to the world: This is what I have done.

Suppose you found in a cemetery a monument erected to "John Smith, inventor of the Smith-churn," and suppose you were told that Mr. Smith provided for the monument in his will, and dictated the inscription, would it be possible to con-

vince you that Mr. Smith was also the inventor of the locomotive and telegraph?

Bacon's best can be compared with Shakespeare's common, but Shakespeare's best rises above Bacon's best, like a domed temple above a beggar's hut.

Of course it is admitted that there were many dramatists before and during the time of Shakespeare; but they were only the foothills of that mighty peak the top of which the clouds and mists still hide. Chapman and Marlowe, Heywood and Jonson, Webster, Beaumont, and Fletcher wrote some great lines, and in the monotony of declamation now and then is found a strain of genuine music. All of them together constituted only a herald of Shakespeare. In all these Plays there is but a hint, a prophecy, of the great drama destined to revolutionize the poetic thought of the world.

Shakespeare was the greatest of poets. What Greece and Rome produced was great until his time. "Lions make leopards tame."

The great poet is a great artist. He is painter and sculptor. The greatest pictures and statues have been painted and chiseled with words. They outlast all others. All the galleries of the world are poor and cheap compared with the statues and pictures in Shakespeare's book.

Language is made of pictures represented by sounds. The outer world is a dictionary of the mind, and the artist called the soul uses this dictionary of things to express what happens in the noiseless and invisible world of thought. First a sound represents something in the outer world, and afterwards something in the inner, and this sound at last is represented by a mark, and this mark stands for a picture, and every brain is a gallery, and the artists—that is to say, the souls—exchange pictures and statues.

All art is of the same parentage. The poet uses words, makes pictures and statues of sounds. The sculptor expresses harmony, proportion, passion, in marble; the composer, in music; the painter in form and color. The dramatist expresses himself not only in words, not only paints these pictures, but he expresses his thought in action.

Shakespeare was not only a poet, but a dramatist, and ex-

pressed the ideal, the poetic not only in words, but in action. There are the wit, the humor, the pathos, the tragedy of situation, of relation. The dramatist speaks and acts through others—his personality is lost. The poet lives in the world of thought and feeling, and to this the dramatist adds the world of action. He creates characters that seem to act in accordance with their own natures and independently of him. He compresses lives into hours, tells us the secrets of the heart, shows us the springs of action—how desire bribes the judgment and corrupts the will, how weak the reason is when passion pleads, and how grand it is to stand for right against the world.

It is not enough to say fine things: great things, dramatic things, must be done.

Let me give you an illustration of dramatic incident accompanying the highest form of poetic expression: Macbeth, having returned from the murder of Duncan, says to his wife:—

> Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
> Macbeth does murder sleep;—the innocent sleep;
> Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast. . . .
>
> Still it cried: "Sleep no more!" to all the house;
> Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
> Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more.

She exclaims:—

> Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
> You do unbend your noble strength, to think
> So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water,
> And wash this filthy witness from your hand,—
> *Why did you bring these daggers from the place?*

Macbeth was so overcome with horror at his own deed, that he not only mistook his thoughts for the words of others, but was so carried away beyond himself that he brought with him the daggers, the evidence of his guilt—the daggers that he should have left with the dead. This is dramatic.

In the same play, the difference of feeling before and after the commission of a crime is illustrated to perfection. When Macbeth is on his way to assassinate the king, the bell strikes, and he says, or whispers:—

> Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell.

Afterward, when the deed has been committed, and a knocking is heard at the gate, he cries:—

> Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou could'st!

Let me give one more instance of dramatic action. When Antony speaks above the body of Cæsar he says:—

> You all do know this mantle: I remember
> The first time ever Cæsar put it on—
> 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
> That day he overcame the Nervii.
> Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
> See what a rent the envious Casca made!
> Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
> And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
> Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.

There are men, and many of them, who are always trying to show that somebody else chiseled the statue or painted the picture; that the poem is attributed to the wrong man, and that the battle was really won by a subordinate.

Of course Shakespeare made use of the work of others, and we might almost say, all others. Every writer must use the work of others. The only question is, how the accomplishments of other minds are used, whether as a foundation to build higher, or whether stolen to the end that the thief may make a reputation for himself, without adding to the great structure of literature.

Thousands of people have stolen stones from the Coliseum to make huts for themselves. Thousands of writers have taken the thoughts of others with which to adorn themselves. These are plagiarists. But the man who takes the thought of another, adds to it, gives it intensity and poetic form, throb and life, is in the highest sense original.

Shakespeare found nearly all of his facts in the writings of others and was indebted to others for most of the stories of his plays. The question is not: Who furnished the stone, or who owned the quarry, but who chiseled the statue?

We now know all the books that Shakespeare could have read, and consequently know many of the sources of his information. We find in "Pliny's Natural History," published in 1601, the following: "The sea Pontis evermore floweth and runneth out into the Propontis; but the sea never retireth back again with the Impontis." This was the raw material, and out of it Shakespeare made the following:—

> Like to the Pontic Sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
> To the Propontic and the Hellespont——
> Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
> Shall ne'er turn back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
> Till that a capable and wide revenge
> Swallow them up.

Perhaps we can give an idea of the difference between Shakespeare and other poets, by a passage from "Lear." When Cordelia places her hand upon her father's head and speaks of the night and of the storm, an ordinary poet might have said:—

> On such a night, a dog
> Should have stood against my fire.

A very great poet might have gone a step further and exclaimed:—

> On such a night, mine enemy's dog
> Should have stood against my fire.

But Shakespeare said—

> Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire.

Of all the poets—of all the writers—Shakespeare is the most original. He is as original as Nature.

It may truthfully be said that "Nature wants stuff to vie strange forms with fancy, to make another."

There is in the greatest poetry a kind of extravagance that touches the infinite, and in this Shakespeare exceeds all others.

You will remember the description given of the voyage of Paris in search of Helen:—

> The seas and winds (old wranglers), took a truce,
> And did him service: he touched the ports desir'd,
> And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
> He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
> Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.

So, in "Pericles," when the father finds his daughter, he cries out:—

> O Helicanus, strike me, honored sir;
> Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
> Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
> O'erbear the shores of my mortality.

The greatest compliment that man has ever paid to the woman he adores is these lines:—

> And those eyes, the break of day,
> Lights that do mislead the morn.

Nothing can be conceived more perfectly poetic.

In that marvelous play, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," is one of the most extravagant things in literature:—

> Thou rememb'rest
> Since once I sat upon a promontory,
> And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
> To hear the sea-maid's music.

This is so marvelously told that it almost seems probable. So the description of Mark Antony:—

For his bounty
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in.

Think of the astronomical scope and amplitude of this:

Her bed is India—there she lies, a pearl.

Is there anything more intense than these words of Cleopatra?—

Rather on Nilus mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring!

Or this of Isabella:—

Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I yield
My body up to shame.

Is there any intellectual man in the world who will not agree with this?—

Let me not live
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits.

Can anything exceed the words of Troilus when parting with Cressida?—

We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, most poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one,
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how;
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Take this example, where pathos almost touches the grotesque:—

Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

Often when reading the marvelous lines of Shakespeare, I feel that his thoughts are "too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness, for capacity of my ruder powers." Sometimes I cry out, "O churl!—write all, and leave no thoughts for those who follow after."

Shakespeare was an innovator, an iconoclast. He cared nothing for the authority of men or of schools. He violated the "unities," and cared nothing for the models of the ancient world.

The Greeks insisted that nothing should be in a play that did not tend to the catastrophe. They did not believe in the episode, in the sudden contrasts of light and shade, in mingling the comic and the tragic. The sunlight never fell upon their tears, and darkness did not overtake their laughter. They believed that nature sympathized or was in harmony with the events of the play. When crime was about to be committed, some horror to be perpetrated, the light grew dim, the wind sighed, the trees shivered, and upon all was the shadow of the coming event.

Shakespeare knew that the play had little to do with the tides and currents of universal life, that nature cares neither for smiles nor tears, for life nor death, and that the sun shines as gladly on coffins as on cradles.

The first time I visited the *Place de la Concorde,* where, during the French Revolution, stood the guillotine, and where now stands an Egyptian obelisk, a bird sitting on the top, was singing with all its might. Nature forgets.

One of the most notable instances of the violation by Shakespeare of the classic model, is found in the Sixth Scene of the First Act of "Macbeth."

When the King and Banquo approached the castle in which the King is to be murdered that night, no shadow falls athwart the threshold. So beautiful is the scene that the King says:—

> This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

And Banquo adds:—

> This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
> By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
> Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
> Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
> Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
> The air is delicate.

Another notable instance is the porter scene immediately following the murder. So, too, the dialogue with the clown who brings the asp to Cleopatra just before the suicide, illustrates my meaning.

I know of one paragraph in the Greek drama worthy of Shakespeare. This is in "Medea." When Medea kills her children she curses Jason, using the ordinary Billingsgate, but at the conclusion says: "I pray the gods to make him virtuous, that he may the more deeply feel the pang that I inflict."

Shakespeare dealt in lights and shadows. He was intense. He put noons and midnights side by side. No other dramatist would have dreamed of adding to the pathos; of increasing our appreciation of Lear's agony, by supplementing the wail of the mad King with the mocking laughter of a loving clown.

The ordinary dramatists, the men of talent (and there is the same difference between talent and genius that there is between a stone-mason and a sculptor), create characters that become types. Types are, of necessity, caricatures: actual men and women are to some extent contradictory in their actions. Types are blown in the one direction by the one wind: characters have pilots.

In real people, good and evil mingle. Types are all one way, or all the other—all good, or all bad, all wise or all foolish.

Pecksniff was a perfect type, a perfect hypocrite; and will remain a type as long as language lives—a hypocrite that even

drunkenness could not change. Everybody understands Pecksniff, and compared with him Tartuffe was an honest man.

Hamlet is an individual, a person, an actual being; and for that reason there is a difference of opinion as to his motives and as to his character. We differ about Hamlet as we do about Cæsar, or about Shakespeare himself. Hamlet saw the ghost of his father and heard again his father's voice, and yet, afterwards, he speaks of "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

In this there is no contradiction. The reason outweighs the senses. If we should see a dead man rise from his grave, we would not, the next day, believe that we did. No one can credit a miracle until it becomes so common that it ceases to be miraculous.

Types are puppets, controlled from without: characters act from within. There is the same difference between characters and types that there is between springs and water-works, between canals and rivers, between wooden soldiers and heroes. In most plays and in most novels the characters are so shadowy that we have to piece them out with the imagination.

The dramatist lives the lives of others, and in order to delineate character must not only have imagination but sympathy with the character delineated. The great dramatist thinks of a character as an entirety, as an individual.

I once had a dream, and in this dream I was discussing a subject with another man. It occurred to me that I was dreaming, and then I said to myself: If this is a dream, I am doing the talking for both sides—consequently I ought to know in advance what the other man is going to say. In my dream I tried the experiment. I then asked the other man a question, and before he answered made up my mind what the answer was to be. To my surprise, the man did not say what I expected he would, and so great was my astonishment that I awoke. It then occurred to me that I had discovered the secret of Shakespeare. He did, when awake, what I did when asleep—that is, he threw off a character so perfect that it acted independently of him.

In the delineation of character Shakespeare has no rivals. He creates no monsters. His characters do not act without

reason, without motive. Iago had his reasons. In Caliban, nature was not destroyed; and Lady Macbeth certifies that the woman still was in her heart, by saying:—

> Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Shakespeare's characters act from within. They are centers of energy. They are not pushed by unseen hands, or pulled by unseen strings. They have objects, desires. They are persons—real, living beings.

Few dramatists succeed in getting their characters loose from the canvas. Their backs stick to the wall. They do not have free and independent action. They have no background, no unexpressed motives, no untold desires. They lack the complexity of the real.

Shakespeare makes the character true to itself. Christopher Sly, surrounded by the luxuries of a lord, true to his station, calls for a pot of the smallest ale.

Take one expression by Lady Macbeth. You remember that after the murder is discovered, after the alarm bell is rung, she appears upon the scene wanting to know what has happened. Macduff refuses to tell her, saying that the slightest word "would murder as it fell." At this moment Banquo comes upon the scene and Macduff cries out to him:—

> Our royal master's murdered!

What does Lady Macbeth then say? She in fact makes a confession of guilt. The weak point in the terrible tragedy is that Duncan was murdered in Macbeth's castle. So when Lady Macbeth hears what they suppose is news to her, she cries:—

> What! In our house!

Had she been innocent, her horror of the crime would have made her forget the place—the venue. Banquo sees through this, and sees through her. Her expression was a light, by which he saw her guilt; and he answers:—

> Too cruel anywhere.

No matter whether Shakespeare delineated clown or king, warrior or maiden; no matter whether his characters are taken

from the gutter or the throne, each is a work of consummate art, and when he is unnatural, he is so splendid that the defect is forgotten.

When Romeo is told of the death of Juliet, and thereupon makes up his mind to die upon her grave he gives a description of the shop where poison could be purchased. He goes into particulars and tells of the alligators stuffed, of the skins of ill-shaped fishes, of the beggarly account of empty boxes, of the remnants of pack thread, and old cakes of roses; and while it is hardly possible to believe that under such circumstances a man would take the trouble to make an inventory of a strange kind of drugstore, yet the inventory is so perfect, the picture is so marvelously drawn, that we forget to think whether it is natural or not.

In making the frame of a great picture Shakespeare was often careless; but the picture is perfect. In making the sides of the arch he was negligent; but when he placed the keystone, it burst into blossom. Of course there are many lines in Shakespeare that never should have been written. In other words, there are imperfections in his plays. But we must remember that Shakespeare furnished the torch that enables us to see these imperfections.

Shakespeare speaks through his characters, and we must not mistake what the characters say, for the opinion of Shakespeare. No one can believe that Shakespeare regarded life as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." That was the opinion of a murderer, surrounded by avengers, and whose wife, partner in his crimes—troubled with thick-coming fancies—had gone down to her death.

Most actors and writers seem to suppose that the lines called "The Seven Ages" contain Shakespeare's view of human life. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The lines were uttered by a cynic, in contempt and scorn of the human race.

Shakespeare did not put his characters in the livery and uniform of some weakness, peculiarity, or passion. He did not use names as tags or brands. He did not write under the picture: "This is a villain." His characters need no suggestive names to tell us what they are; we see them and we know them for ourselves.

It may be that in the greatest utterances of the greatest characters in the supreme moments, we have the real thoughts, opinions, and convictions of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare idealizes the common and transfigures all he touches; but he does not preach. He was interested in men and things as they were. He did not seek to change them; but to portray. He was Nature's mirror; and in that mirror Nature saw herself.

When I stood amid the great trees of California that lift their spreading capitals against the clouds, looking like Nature's columns to support the sky, I thought of the poetry of Shakespeare.

What a procession of men and women, statesmen and warriors, kings and clowns, issued from Shakespeare's brain. What women!

Isabella—in whose spotless life, love and reason blended into perfect truth.

Juliet—within whose heart, passion and purity met like white and red within the bosom of a rose.

Cordelia—who chose to suffer loss, rather than show her wealth of love with those who gilded lies in hope of gain.

Hermione—"tender as infancy and grace," who bore with perfect hope and faith the cross of shame, and who at last forgave with all her heart.

Desdemona—so innocent, so perfect, her love so pure that she was incapable of suspecting that another could suspect, and who with dying words sought to hide her lover's crime, and with her last faint breath uttered a loving lie that burst into a perfumed lily between her pallid lips.

Perdita—a violet dim, and sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes—"The sweetest low-born lass that ever ran on the green-sward." Helena—who said:—

> I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
> Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
> I still pour in the waters of my love,
> And lack not to lose still. Thus Indian-like,
> Religious in mine error, I adore
> The sun that looks upon his worshiper,
> But knows of him no more.

Miranda—who told her love as gladly as a flower gives its bosom to the kisses of the sun.

And Cordelia, whose kisses cured and whose tears restored. And Stainless Imogen, who cried: "What is it to be false?"

And here is the description of the perfect woman:—

> To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
> To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
> Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
> That doth renew swifter than blood decays.

Shakespeare has done more for woman than all the other dramatists of the world.

For my part, I love the Clowns. I love Launce and his dog Crabb, and Gobbo, whose conscience threw its arms around the neck of his heart, and Touchstone, with his lie seven times removed; and dear old Dogberry—a pretty piece of flesh, tedious as a king. And Bottom, the very paramour for a sweet voice, longing to take the part to tear a cat in; and Autolycus, the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, sleeping out the thought for the life to come. And great Sir John, without conscience, and for that reason unblamed and enjoyed, and who at the end babbles of green fields, and is almost loved. And ancient Pistol, the world his oyster. And Bardolph, with the flea on his blazing nose, putting beholders in mind of a damned soul in hell. And the poor Fool, who followed the mad king, and went "to bed at noon." And the clown who carried the worm of Nilus, whose "biting was immortal." And Corin, the shepherd, who described the perfect man: "I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm."

And mingling in this motley throng, Lear, within whose brain a tempest raged until the depths were stirred, and the intellectual wealth of a life was given back to memory, and then by madness thrown to storm and night. When I read the living lines I feel as though I looked upon the sea and saw it wrought by frenzied whirlwinds, until the buried treasures and the sunken wrecks of all the years were cast upon the shores.

And Othello—who like the base Indian threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.

And Hamlet—thought-entangled; hesitating between two worlds.

And Macbeth—strange mingling of cruelty and conscience, reaping the sure harvest of successful crime—"Curses not loud but deep—mouth-honor—breath."

And Brutus, falling on his sword that Cæsar might be still.

And Romeo, dreaming of the white wonder of Juliet's hand. And Ferdinand, the patient log-man for Miranda's sake. And Florizel, who, "for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide," would not be faithless to the low-born lass. And Constance, weeping for her son, while grief "stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

And in the midst of tragedies and tears, of love and laughter and crime, we hear the voice of the good friar, who declares that in every human heart, as in the smallest flower, there are encamped the opposed hosts of good and evil and our philosophy is interrupted by the garrulous old nurse, whose talk is as busily useless as the babble of a stream that hurries by a ruined mill.

From every side the characters crowd upon us—the men and women born of Shakespeare's brain. They utter with a thousand voices the thoughts of the "myriad-minded" man, and impress themselves upon us as deeply and vividly as though they really lived with us.

Shakespeare alone has delineated love in every possible phase, has ascended to the very top, and actually reached heights that no other has imagined. I do not believe the human mind will ever produce or be in a position to appreciate, a greater love-play than "Romeo and Juliet." It is a symphony in which all music seems to blend. The heart bursts into blossom, and he who reads feels the swooning intoxication of a divine perfume.

In the alembic of Shakespeare's brain the baser metals were turned to gold; passions became virtues; weeds became exotics from some diviner land; and common mortals made of ordinary clay outranked the Olympian Gods. In his brain there was the touch of chaos that suggests the infinite; that belongs to genius. Talent is measured and mathematical; dominated

by prudence and the thought of use. Genius is tropical. The creative instinct runs riot, delights in extravagance and waste, and overwhelms the mental beggars of the world with uncounted gold and unnumbered gems.

Some things are immortal: The plays of Shakespeare, the marbles of the Greeks, and the music of Wagner.

Shakespeare was the greatest of philosophers. He knew the conditions of success, of happiness; the relations that men sustain to each other, and the duties of all. He knew the tides and currents of the heart, the cliffs and caverns of the brain. He knew the weakness of the will, the sophistry of desire, and that

> Pleasure and revenge
> Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
> Of any true decision.

He knew that the soul lives in an invisible world, that flesh is but a mask, and that

> There's no art
> To find the mind's construction in the face.

He knew that courage should be the servant of judgment, and that

> When valor preys on reason
> It eats the sword it fights with.

He knew that man is never master of the event, that he is to some extent the sport or prey of the blind forces of the world, and that

> In the reproof of chance
> Lies the true proof of men.

Feeling that the past is unchangeable, and that that which must happen is as much beyond control as though it had happened, he says:—

Let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way.

Shakespeare was great enough to know that every human being prefers happiness to misery, and that crimes are but mistakes. Looking in pity upon the human race, upon the pain and poverty, the crimes and cruelties, the limping travelers on the thorny paths, he was great and good enough to say:—

There is no darkness but ignorance.

In all the philosophies there is no greater line This great truth fills the heart with pity.

He knew that place and power do not give happiness; that the crowned are subject as the lowest to fate and chance.

For within the hollow crown
That round the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

So, too, he knew that gold could not bring joy; that death and misfortune come alike to rich and poor, because:—

If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

In some of his philosophy there was a kind of scorn, a hidden meaning that could not in his day and time have safely been expressed. You will remember that Laertes was about to kill the king, and this king was the murderer of his own

brother, and sat upon the throne by reason of his crime. In the mouth of such a king Shakespeare puts these words:—

There's such divinity doth hedge a king.

So in "Macbeth":—

How he solicits Heaven
Heaven best knows, but strange visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despairs of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Shakespeare was the master of the human heart; knew all the hopes, fears, ambitions, and passions that sway the mind of man; and thus knowing, he declared that

Love is not love that alters
When it alteration finds.

This is the sublimest declaration in the literature of the world.

Shakespeare seems to give the generalization, the result, without the process of thought. He seems always to be at the conclusion; standing where all truths meet.

In one of the Sonnets is this fragment of a line that contains the highest possible truth:—

Conscience is born of love.

If man were incapable of suffering, the words right and wrong never could have been spoken. If a man were destitute of imagination, the flower of pity never could have blossomed in his heart.

We suffer; we cause others to suffer—those that we love—and of this fact conscience is born.

Love is the many-colored flame that makes the fireside of the heart. It is the mingled spring and autumn—the perfect climate of the soul.

In the realm of comparison Shakespeare seems to have exhausted the relations, parallels, and similitudes of things. He only could have said:—

> Tedious as a twice-told tale
> Vexing the ears of a drowsy man.
>
> Duller than a great thaw.
>
> Dry as the remainder biscuit
> After a voyage.

In the words of Ulysses, spoken to Achilles, we find the most wonderful collection of pictures and comparisons ever compressed within the same number of lines:—

> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,—
> A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
> Those scraps are good deeds passed; which are devour'd
> As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
> As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
> Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
> For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
> Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path,
> For emulation hath a thousand sons,
> That one by one pursue: if you give way,
> Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
> Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
> And leave you hindmost;
> Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
> Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
> O'er-run and trampled on. Then, what they do in present,
> Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
> For Time is like a fashionable host,
> That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
> And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
> Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
> And Farewell goes out sighing.

So the words of Cleopatra, when Charmain speaks:—

> Peace, peace!
> Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
> That sucks the nurse asleep?

Nothing is more difficult than a definition—a crystallization of thought so perfect that it emits light. Shakespeare says of suicide:—

> It is great
> To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
> Which shackles accident, and bolts up change.

He defines drama to be:—

> Turning th' accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass.

Of death:—

> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod.

Of memory:—

> The warder of the brain.

Of the body:—

> This muddy vesture of decay.

And he declares that

> Our little life is rounded with a sleep.

He speaks of Echo as

> The babbling gossip of the air—

Romeo, addressing the poison that he is about to take, says:—

Come, bitter conduct, come unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark!

He describes the world as

This bank and shoal of time.

He says:—

Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo.

It would take days to call attention to the perfect definitions, comparisons, and generalizations of Shakespeare. He gave us the deeper meanings of our words; taught us the art of speech. He was the lord of language, master of expression and compression. He put the greatest thoughts into the shortest words; made the poor rich and the common royal.

Production enriched his brain. Nothing exhausted him. The moment his attention was called to any subject—comparisons, definitions, metaphors, and generalizations filled his mind and begged for utterance. His thoughts like bees robbed every blossom in the world, and then with "merry march" brought the rich booty home "to the tent royal of their emperor."

Shakespeare was the confidant of Nature. To him she opened her "infinite book of secrecy," and in his brain were "the hatch and brood of time."

There is in Shakespeare the mingling of laughter and tears, humor and pathos. Humor is the rose, with the thorn. Wit is a crystallization, humor an efflorescence. Wit comes from the brain, humor from the heart. Wit is the lightning of the soul.

In Shakespeare's nature was the climate of humor. He saw and felt the sunny side even of the saddest things. "You have seen sunshine and rain at once." So Shakespeare's tears fell oft upon his smiles. In moments of peril, in the very darkness of death, there comes a touch of humor that falls like a fleck of sunshine.

Gonzalo, when the ship is about to sink, having seen the boatswain, exclaims:—

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows."

Shakespeare is filled with the strange contrasts of grief and laughter. While poor Hero is supposed to be dead, wrapped in the shroud of dishonor, Dogberry and Verges unconsciously put again the wedding-wreath upon her pure brow.

The soliloquy of Launcelot, great as Hamlet's, offsets the bitter and burning words of Shylock.

There is no time to speak of Maria in "Twelfth Night," of Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale," of the parallel drawn by Fluellen between Alexander of Macedon and Harry of Monmouth, or of the marvelous humor of Falstaff, who never had the faintest thought of right or wrong—or of Mercutio, that embodiment of wit and humor—or of the gravediggers who lamented that "great folk should have countenance in this world to drown and hang themselves, more than their even Christian," and who reached the generalization that "the gallows does well because it does well to those who do ill."

There is also an example of grim humor—an example without a parallel in literature, so far as I know. Hamlet having killed Polonius is asked:—

> Where's Polonius?
> At supper.
> At supper! where?
> Not where he eats, but where he is eaten.

Above all others, Shakespeare appreciated the pathos of situation.

Nothing is more pathetic than the last scene in "Lear." No one has ever bent above his dead who did not feel the words uttered by the mad king,—words born of a despair deeper than tears:—

> Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
> And thou no breath at all?

So Iago, after he has been wounded, says:—

I bleed, sir! but not killed.

And Othello answers from the wreck and shattered remnant of his life:—

I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

When Troilus finds Cressida has been false, he cries:—

Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think we had mothers.

Ophelia, in her madness, "the sweet bells jangled out o' tune," says softly:—

I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.

When Macbeth has reaped the harvest, the seeds of which were sown by his murderous hand, he exclaims—and what could be more pitiful?—

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun.

Richard II feels how small a thing it is to be, or to have been, a king, or to receive honors before or after power is lost; and so, of those who stood uncovered before him, he asks this piteous question:—

I live with bread like you; feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a King?

Think of the salutation of Antony to the dead Cæsar:—

Pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth.

When Pisanio informs Imogen that he had been ordered by Posthumus to murder her, she bares her neck and cries:—

The lamb entreats the butcher: Where is thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding
When I desire it.

Antony, as the last drops are falling from his self-inflicted wound, utters with his dying breath to Cleopatra, this:—

> I here importune death awhile, until
> Of many thousand kisses the poor last
> I lay upon thy lips.

To me, the last words of Hamlet are full of pathos:—

> O, I die, Horatio;
> The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit: . . .
> The rest is silence.

Some have insisted that Shakespeare must have been a physician, for the reason that he shows such knowledge of medicine, of the symptoms of disease and death; because he was so familiar with the brain, and with insanity in all its forms.

I do not think he was a physician. He knew too much; his generalizations were too splendid. He had none of the prejudices of that profession in his time. We might as well say that he was a musician, a composer, because we find in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" nearly every musical term known in Shakespeare's time.

Others maintain that he was a lawyer, perfectly acquainted with the forms, with the expressions familiar to that profession. Yet there is nothing to show that he was a lawyer, or that he knew more about law than any intelligent man should know. He was not a lawyer. His sense of justice was never dulled by reading English law.

Some think that he was a botanist, because he named nearly all known plants. Others, that he was an astronomer, a naturalist, because he gave hints and suggestions of nearly all discoveries.

Some have thought that he must have been a sailor, for the reason that the orders given in the opening of "The Tempest" were the best that could, under the circumstances, have been given to save the ship.

For my part, I think there is nothing in the plays to show that he was a lawyer, doctor, botanist, or scientist. He had the observant eyes that really see, the ears that really hear, the brain that retains all pictures, all thoughts, logic as unerring as light, the imagination that supplies defects and builds the perfect from a fragment. And these faculties, these aptitudes, working together, account for what he did.

He exceeded all the sons of men in the splendor of his imagination. To him the whole world paid tribute, and Nature poured her treasures at his feet. In him all races lived again, and even those to be were pictured in his brain.

He was a man of imagination—that is to say, of genius, and having seen a leaf, and a drop of water, he could construct the forests, the rivers, and the seas. In his presence all the cataracts would fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float.

If Shakespeare knew one fact, he knew its kindred and its neighbors. Looking at a coat of mail, he instantly imagined the society, the conditions, that produced it and what it, in turn, produced. He saw the castle, the moat, the drawbridge, the lady in the tower, and the knightly lover spurring across the plain. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainer, the trampled serf, and all the glory and the grief of feudal life.

He lived the life of all.

He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles. He listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, and sat upon the cliffs, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood. He was present when the great man drank hemlock, and met the night of death, tranquil as a star meets morning. He listened to the peripatetic philosophers, and was unpuzzled by the sophists. He watched Phidias as he chiseled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe.

He lived by the mysterious Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knew the very thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He heard great Memnon's morning song when marble lips were smitten by the sun. He laid him

down with the embalmed and waiting dead, and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubts—the children born of long delay.

He walked the ways of mighty Rome, and saw great Cæsar with his legions in the field. He stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumphs given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthless war. He heard the shout that shook the Coliseum's roofless walls, when from the reeling gladiator's hand the short sword fell, while from his bosom gushed the stream of wasted life.

He lived the life of savage men. He trod the forests' silent depths, and in the desperate game of life or death he matched his thought against the instinct of the beast.

He knew all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He was the victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and moons of failure and success.

He knew the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he had shared the ecstasy of flight and the poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon.

He sat beneath the bo-tree's contemplative shade, wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought, and dreamed all dreams that light, the alchemist, has wrought from dust and dew, and stored within the slumbrous poppy's subtle blood.

He knelt with awe and dread at every shrine. He offered every sacrifice, and every prayer; felt the consolation and the shuddering fear; mocked and worshiped all the gods; enjoyed all heavens, and felt the pangs of every hell.

He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

The Imagination had a stage in Shakespeare's brain, whereon were set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and

the night of tears, and where his players bodied forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by Fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds are many-formed. To him giving was hoarding, sowing was harvest; and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvelous mind were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition, and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky, lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—toward which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

THE LOST ARTS

Lecture by Wendell Phillips, orator (born in Boston, Mass., November 29, 1811, died in Boston, February 2, 1884), delivered first on the lyceum platform in 1838 and thereafter for forty-five years given repeatedly, over two thousand times in all, his biographer states, "to fascinated crowds from Portland to St. Louis, until it netted him $15c,000, the largest sum ever earned by a similar production, [up to that time.]" It was also delivered gratuitously many times for the benefit of philanthropic, educational, and reform movements. His speech on "John Brown and the Spirit of Fifty-nine" is printed in Volume XI.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am to talk to you to-night about "The Lost Arts,"—a lecture which has grown under my hand year after year, and which belongs to that first phase of the lyceum system, before it undertook to meddle with political duties or dangerous and angry questions of ethics; when it was merely an academic institution, trying to win busy men back to books, teaching a little science, or repeating some tale of foreign travel, or painting some great representative character, the symbol of his age. I think I can claim a purpose beyond a moment's amusement in this glance at early civilization.

I, perhaps, might venture to claim that it was a medicine for what is the most objectionable feature of our national character; and that is self-conceit—an undue appreciation of ourselves, an exaggerated estimate of our achievements, of our inventions, of our contributions to popular comfort, and of our place, in fact, in the great procession of the ages. We seem to imagine that, whether knowledge will die with us, or not, it certainly began with us. We have a pitying estimate, a tender compassion, for the narrowness, ignorance, and darkness of the bygone ages. We seem to

ourselves not only to monopolize, but to have begun, the era of light. In other words, we are all running over with a fourth-day-of-July spirit of self-content. I am often reminded of the German whom the English poet Coleridge met at Frankfort. He always took off his hat with profound respect when he ventured to speak of himself. It seems to me, the American people might be painted in the chronic attitude of taking off its hat to itself; and therefore it can be no waste of time, with an audience in such a mood, to take their eyes for a moment from the present civilization, and guide them back to that earliest possible era that history describes for us, if it were only for the purpose of asking whether we boast on the right line. I might despair of curing the habit of boasting, but I might direct it better!

Well, I have been somewhat criticized, year after year, for this endeavor to open up the claims of old times. I have been charged with repeating useless fables with no foundation. Take the subject of glass. This material, Pliny says, was discovered by accident. Some sailors, landing on the eastern coast of Spain, took their cooking utensils and supported them on the sand by the stones that they found in the neighborhood; they kindled their fire, cooked the fish, finished the meal, and removed the apparatus, and glass was found to have resulted from the nitre and sea-sand, vitrified by the heat. Well, I have been a dozen times criticized by a number of wise men, in newspapers, who have said that this was a very idle tale, that there never was sufficient heat in a few bundles of sticks to produce vitrification—glass-making. I happened, two years ago, to meet, on the prairies of Missouri, Professor Shepherd, of Yale College. I mentioned this criticism to him. "Well," said he, "a little practical life would have freed men from that doubt." He went on: "We stopped last year in Mexico, to cook some venison. We got down from our saddles, and put the cooking apparatus on stones we found there; made our fire with the wood we got there, resembling ebony; and when we removed the apparatus there was pure silver gotten out of the embers by the intense heat of that almost iron wood.—Now," said he, "that heat was greater than any necessary to vitrify the materials

of glass." Why not suppose that Pliny's sailors had lighted on some exceedingly hard wood? May it not be as possible as in this case?

So, ladies and gentlemen, with a growing habit of distrust of a large share of this modern and exceedingly scientific criticism of ancient records, I think we have been betraying our own ignorance, and that frequently, when the statement does not look, on the face of it, to be exactly accurate, a little investigation below the surface will show that it rests on a real truth. Take, for instance, the English proverb, which was often quoted in my college days. We used to think how little logic the common people had; and when we wanted to illustrate this in the schoolroom—it was what we called a *non sequitur;* the effect did not come from the cause named—we always quoted the English proverb, "Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands." We said, "How ignorant a population!" But, when we went deeper into the history, we found that the proverb was not meant for logic, but was meant for sarcasm. One of the bishops had £50,000 given to him, to build a breakwater to save the Goodwin Sands from the advancing sea; but the good bishop, instead of building the breakwater to keep out the sea, simply built a steeple; and this proverb was sarcastic, and not logical, that "Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands." When you contemplate the motive, there was the closest and best-welded logic in the proverb. So I think a large share of our criticism of old legends and old statements will be found in the end to be the ignorance that overleaps its own saddle, and falls on the other side.

Before I proceed to talk of these lost arts, I ought in fairness to make an exception. Over a very large section of literature, there is a singular contradiction to this swelling conceit. There are certain lines in which the moderns are ill satisfied with themselves, and contented to acknowledge that they ought fairly to sit down at the feet of their predecessors. Take poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, the drama, and almost everything in works of any form that relates to beauty—with regard to that whole sweep, the modern world gilds it with its admiration. Take the very

phrases that we use. The artist says he wishes to go to Rome. "For what?" "To study the masters." Well, all the masters have been in their graves several hundred years. We are all pupils. You tell the poet, "Sir, that line of yours would remind one of Homer," and he is delighted. Stand in front of a painting, in the hearing of the artist, and compare its coloring to that of Titian or Raphael, and he remembers you forever. I recollect once standing in front of a bit of marble carved by Powers, a Vermonter, who had a matchless, instinctive love of art and perception of beauty. I said to an Italian standing with me, "Well, now, that seems to me to be perfection." The answer was, "To be perfection,"—shrugging his shoulders,—"why, sir, that reminds you of Phidias!" as if to remind you of that Greek was a greater compliment than to be perfection.

Well, now, the very choice of phrases betrays a confession of inferiority; and you see it again crops out in the amount we borrow. Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty, or form, we are borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and, when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which holds the remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use, that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line of beauty to the antique.

Take the stories of Shakespeare, who has, perhaps, written his forty-odd plays. Some are historical. The rest, two-thirds of them, he did not stop to invent, but he found them. These he clutched, ready-made to his hand, from the Italian novelists, who had taken them before from the East. Cinderella and her slipper is older than all history, like half a dozen other baby legends. The annals of the world do not go back far enough to tell us their origin.

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges or the

suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunlop, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If this were my topic, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls and the laughable mistakes of the Irish. The tale which either Maria Edgeworth or her father thought the best is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows: "My dear friend, I would write you in detail, more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder, reading every word." ("No, you lie; I've not read a word you have written!") This is an Irish bull, still it is a very old one. It is only two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and thought the other Irish bull was the best,—of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in the cradle." That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greek stole it from the Egyptian hundreds of years back.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related of a man who went into an inn, and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wine-glass about half the usual size (the teacups also in that day were not more than half the present size). The landlord said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old."—"Well," said the thirsty traveler, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw." That story as told is given as a story of Athens three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ was born. Why! all these Irish bulls are Greek,—every one of them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who shut his eyes, and looked into the glass to see how he

would look when he was dead; take the Irishman that bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend who said to him, "Why, sir, I heard you were dead,"—"Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not."—"Oh, no!" says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." Well, those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of the parallel character, come from Athens.

Our old Boston patriots felt that tarring and feathering a Tory was a genuine patent Yankee firebrand,—Yankeeism. They little imagined that when Richard Cœur de Lion set out on one of his crusades, among the orders he issued to his camp of soldiers was, that any one who robbed a hen-roost should be tarred and feathered. Many a man who lived in Connecticut has repeated the story of taking children to the limits of the town, and giving them a sound thrashing to enforce their memory of the spot. But the Burgundians in France, in a statute now eleven hundred years old, attributed valor to the East of France because it had a law that the children should be taken to the limits of the district, and there soundly whipped, in order that they might forever remember the boundary-line.

So we have very few new things in that line. But I said I would take the subject of glass. It is the very best expression of man's self-conceit.

I had heard that nothing had been observed in ancient times which could be called by the name of glass—that there had been merely attempts to imitate it. I thought they had proved the proposition: they certainly had elaborated it. In Pompeii, a dozen miles south of Naples, which was covered with ashes by Vesuvius eighteen hundred years ago, they broke into a room full of glass: there was ground glass, window-glass, cut-glass, and colored glass of every variety. It was undoubtedly a glassmaker's factory. So the lie and the refutation came face to face. It was like a pamphlet printed in London, in 1836, by Dr. Lardner, which proved that a steamboat could not cross the ocean; and the book came to this country in the first steamboat that came across the Atlantic.

The chemistry of the most ancient period had reached a point which we have never even approached, and which we in vain struggle to reach to-day. Indeed, the whole management of the effect of light on glass is still a matter of profound study. The first two stories which I have to offer you are simply stories from history.

The first is from the letters of the Catholic priests who broke into China, which were published in France some two hundred years ago. They were shown a glass, transparent and colorless, which was filled with a liquor made by the Chinese, that was shown to the observers, and appeared to be colorless like water. This liquor was poured into the glass, and then, looking through it, it seemed to be filled with fishes. They turned this out, and repeated the experiment, and again it was filled with fishes. The Chinese confessed that they did not make them; that they were the plunder of some foreign conquest. This is not a singular thing in Chinese history; for in some of their scientific discoveries we have found evidence that they did not make them, but stole them.

The second story, of half a dozen, relates to the age of Tiberius, the time of St. Paul; and tells of a Roman who had been banished, and who returned to Rome, bringing a wonderful cup. This cup he dashed upon the marble pavement, and it was crushed, not broken, by the fall. It was dented some, and with a hammer he easily brought it into shape again. It was brilliant, transparent, but not brittle. I once made this statement in New Haven; and among the audience was Professor Silliman. He was kind enough to come to the platform when I had ended, and say that he was familiar with most of my facts, but, speaking of malleable glass, he had this to say—that it was nearly a natural impossibility, and that no amount of evidence which could be brought would make him credit it. Well, the Romans got their chemistry from the Arabians; they brought it into Spain, eight centuries ago, and in their books of that age they claim that they got from the Arabians malleable glass. There is a kind of glass spoken of there, that, if supported by one end, by its own weight in twenty hours would dwindle down to a fine line, and that you could curve around your wrist. Von Beust,

the Chancellor of Austria, has ordered secrecy in Hungary in regard to a recently discovered process by which glass can be used exactly like wool, and manufactured into cloth.

These are a few records. When you go to Rome, they will show you a bit of glass like the solid rim of this tumbler—transparent glass, a solid thing, which they lift up so as to show you that there is nothing concealed; but in the center of the glass is a drop of colored glass, perhaps as large as a pea, mottled like a duck, finely mottled, with the shifting colored hues of the neck, and which even a miniature pencil could not do more perfectly. It is manifest that this drop of liquid glass must have been poured, because there is no joint. This must have been done by a greater heat than the annealing process, because that process shows breaks.

The imitation of gems has deceived not only the lay people, but the connoisseurs. Some of these imitations in later years have been discovered. The celebrated vase of the Genoa Cathedral was considered a solid emerald. The Roman Catholic legend of it was, that it was one of the treasures that the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon, and that it was the identical cup out of which the Savior drank at the Last Supper. Columbus must have admired it. It was venerable in his day; it was death for anybody to touch it but a Catholic. And when Napoleon besieged Genoa, the Jews offered to loan the Senate three million dollars on that single article as security. Napoleon took it, and carried it to France, and gave it to the Institute. Somewhat reluctantly the scholars said, "It is not a stone: we hardly know what it is."

Cicero said that he had seen the entire Iliad, which is a poem as large as the New Testament, written on a skin so thin that it could be rolled up in the compass of a nut-shell. Now, this is imperceptible to the ordinary eye. You have seen the Declaration of Independence in the compass of a quarter of a dollar, written with glasses. I have to-day a paper at home, as long as half my hand, on which was photographed the whole contents of a London newspaper. It was put under a dove's wing, and sent into Paris, where they enlarged it, and read the news. This copy of the Iliad must have been made by some such process.

In the Roman theater—the Coliseum, which could seat a hundred thousand people—the emperor's box, raised to the highest tier, bore about the same proportion to the space as this stand does to this hall; and to look down to the center of a six-acre lot, was to look a considerable distance. ("Considerable," by the way, is not a Yankee word. Lord Chesterfield uses it in his letters to his son, so it has a good English origin.) Pliny says that Nero the tyrant had a ring with a gem in it, which he looked through and watched the sword-play of the gladiators—men who killed each other to amuse the people—more clearly than with the naked eye. So Nero had an opera-glass.

Mauritius the Sicilian stood on the promontory of his island, and could sweep over the entire sea to the coast of Africa with his *nauscopite,* which is a word derived from two Greek words, meaning "to see a ship." Evidently Mauritius, who was a pirate, had a marine telescope.

You may visit Dr. Abbot's museum, where you will see the ring of Cheops. Bunsen puts him five hundred years before Christ. The signet of the ring is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and the engraving is invisible without the aid of glasses. No man was ever shown into the cabinets of gems in Italy without being furnished with a microscope to look at them. It would be idle for him to look at them without one. He couldn't appreciate the delicate lines and the expression of the faces. If you go to Parma, they will show you a gem once worn on the finger of Michelangelo, of which the engraving is two thousand years old, on which there are the figures of seven women. You must have the aid of a glass in order to distinguish the forms at all. I have a friend who has a ring, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and on it is the naked figure of the god Hercules. By the aid of glasses you can distinguish the interlacing muscles, and count every separate hair on the eyebrows. Layard says he would be unable to read the engravings at Nineveh without strong spectacles, they are so extremely small. Rawlinson brought home a stone about twenty inches long and ten wide, containing an entire treatise on mathematics. It would be perfectly illegible without glasses. Now, if we are

unable to read it without the aid of glasses, you may suppose the man who engraved it had pretty strong spectacles. So the microscope, instead of dating from our time, finds its brothers in the books of Moses—and these are infant brothers.

So if you take colors. Color is, we say, an embellishment. We dye our dresses, and ornament our furniture. It is a luxury to gratify the eye. But the Egyptians impressed it into a new service. For them, it was a method of recording history. Some parts of their history were written; but when they wanted to elaborate history they painted it. Their colors are immortal, else we could not know of it. We find upon the stucco of their walls their kings holding court, their armies marching out, their craftsmen in the ship-yard, with the ships floating in the dock; and, in fact, we trace all their rites and customs painted in undying colors. The French who went to Egypt with Napoleon said that all the colors were perfect except the greenish-white, which is the hardest for us. They had no difficulty with the Tyrian purple. The buried city of Pompeii was a city of stucco. All the houses are stucco outside, and it is stained with Tyrian purple—the royal color of antiquity.

But you cannot rely on the name of a color after a thousand years. So the Tyrian purple is almost a red—about the color of these curtains. This is a city of all red. It had been buried seventeen hundred years; and if you take a shovel now, and clear away the ashes, this color flames up upon you, a great deal richer than anything we can produce. You can go down into the narrow vault which Nero built as a retreat from the great heat, and you will find the walls painted all over with fanciful designs in arabesque, which have been buried beneath the earth fifteen hundred years; but when the peasants light it up with their torches, the colors flash out before you as fresh as they were in the days of St. Paul. Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Page, spent twelve years in Venice, studying Titian's method of mixing his colors, and he thinks he has got it. Yet come down from Titian, whose colors are wonderfully and perfectly fresh, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and although his colors are not yet a hundred years old, they are fading: the colors on his lips are dying out, and the cheeks are losing their

tints. He did not know how to mix well. All this mastery of color is as yet unequaled. If you should go with that most delightful of all lecturers, Professor Tyndall, he would show you in the spectrum the vanishing rays of violet, and prove to you that beyond their limit there are rays still more delicate, and to you invisible, but which he, by chemical paper, will make visible; and he will tell you that, probably, though you see three or four inches more than your predecessors did, three hundred years ago, yet three hundred years later, our successors will surpass our limit. The French have a theory that there is a certain delicate shade of blue that Europeans cannot see. In one of his lectures to his students, Ruskin opened his Catholic mass-book, and said, "Gentlemen, we are the best chemists in the world. No Englishman ever could doubt that. But we cannot make such a scarlet as that; and even if we could, it would not last for twenty years. Yet this is five hundred years old!" The Frenchman says, "I am the best dyer in Europe: nobody can equal me, and nobody can surpass Lyons." Yet in Cashmere, where the girls make shawls worth thirty thousand dollars, they will show him three hundred distinct colors, which he not only cannot make, but cannot even distinguish. When I was in Rome, if a lady wished to wear a half dozen colors at a masquerade, and have them all in harmony, she would go to the Jews; for the Oriental eye is better than even those of France or Italy, of which we think so highly.

Taking the metals. The Bible in its first chapters shows that man first conquered metals there in Asia; and on that spot to-day he can work more wonders with those metals than we can.

One of the surprises that the European artists received, when the English plundered the summer palace of the King of China, was the curiously wrought metal vessels of every kind, far exceeding all the boasted skill of the workmen of Europe.

Mr. Colton of the Boston *Journal,* the first week he landed in Asia, found that his chronometer was out of order, from the steel of the works having become rusted. The London *Medical and Surgical Journal* advises surgeons not to

venture to carry any lances to Calcutta—to have them gilded, because English steel could not bear the atmosphere of India. Yet the Damascus blades of the Crusades were not gilded, and they are as perfect as they were eight centuries ago. There was one at the London Exhibition, the point of which could be made to touch the hilt, and which could be put into a scabbard like a cork-screw, and bent every way without breaking, like an American politician. Now, the wonder of this is, that perfect steel is a marvel of science. If a London chronometer maker wants the best steel to use in his chronometer, he does not send to Sheffield, the center of all science, but to the Punjab, the empire of the seven rivers, where there is no science at all. The first needle ever made in England was made in the time of Henry VIII, and made by a negro; and when he died, the art died with him. Some of the first travelers in Africa stated that they found a tribe in the interior who gave them better razors than they had; the irrepressible negro coming up in science as in politics. The best steel is the greatest triumph of metallurgy, and metallurgy is the glory of chemistry.

The poets have celebrated the perfection of the Oriental steel; and it is recognized as the finest by Moore, Byron, Scott, Southey, and many others. I have even heard a young advocate of the lost arts find an argument in Byron's "Sennacherib," from the fact that the mail of the warriors in that one short night had rusted before the trembling Jews stole out in the morning to behold the terrible work of the Lord. Scott, in his "Tales of the Crusaders"—for Sir Walter was curious in his love of the lost arts—describes a meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin. Saladin asks Richard to show him the wonderful strength for which he is famous, and the Norman monarch responds by severing a bar of iron which lies on the floor of his tent. Saladin says, "I cannot do that"; but he takes an eider-down pillow from the sofa, and, drawing his keen blade across it, it falls in two pieces. Richard says, "This is the black art; it is magic; it is the devil: you cannot cut that which has no resistance"; and Saladin, to show him that such is not the case, takes a scarf from his shoulders, which is so light that

it almost floats in the air, and, tossing it up, severs it before it can descend. George Thompson told me he saw a man in Calcutta throw a handful of floss-silk into the air, and a Hindoo sever it into pieces with his saber. We can produce nothing like this.

Considering their employment of the mechanical forces, and their movement of large masses from the earth, we know that the Egyptians had the five, seven, or three mechanical powers; but we cannot account for the multiplication and increase necessary to perform the wonders they accomplished.

In Boston, lately, we have moved the Pelham Hotel, weighing fifty thousand tons, fourteen feet, and are very proud of it; and since then we have moved a whole block of houses twenty-three feet, and I have no doubt we will write a book about it: but there is a book telling how Domenico Fontana of the sixteenth century set up the Egyptian obelisk at Rome on end, in the Papacy of Sixtus V. Wonderful! Yet the Egyptians quarried that stone, and carried it a hundred and fifty miles, and the Romans brought it seven hundred and fifty miles, and never said a word about it. Mr. Batterson of Hartford, walking with Brunel, the architect of the Thames tunnel, in Egypt, asked him what he thought of the mechanical power of the Egyptians; and he said, "There is Pompey's Pillar: it is a hundred feet high, and the capital weighs two thousand pounds. It is something of a feat to hang two thousand pounds at that height in the air, and the few men that can do it would better discuss Egyptian mechanics."

Take canals. The Suez Canal absorbs half its receipts in cleaning out the sand which fills it continually, and it is not yet known whether it is a pecuniary success. The ancients built a canal at right angles to ours; because they knew it would not fill up if built in that direction, and they knew such a one as ours would. There were magnificent canals in the land of the Jews, with perfectly arranged gates and sluices. We have only just begun to understand ventilation properly for our houses; yet late experiments at the Pyramids in Egypt show that those Egyptian tombs were ventilated in the most perfect manner.

Again, cement is modern, for the ancients dressed and joined

their stones so closely, that, in buildings thousands of years old, the thin blade of a penknife cannot be forced between them. The railroad dates back to Egypt. Arago has claimed that they had a knowledge of steam. A painting has been discovered of a ship full of machinery, and a French engineer said that the arrangement of this machinery could only be accounted for by supposing the motive power to have been steam. Bramah acknowledges that he took the idea of his celebrated lock from an ancient Egyptian pattern. De Tocqueville says there was no social question that was not discussed to rags in Egypt.

"Well," say you, "Franklin invented the lightning-rod." I have no doubt he did; but years before his invention, and before muskets were invented, the old soldiers on guard on the towers used Franklin's invention to keep guard with; and if a spark passed between them and the spear-head, they ran and bore the warning of the state and condition of affairs. After that you will admit that Benjamin Franklin was not the only one that knew of the presence of electricity, and the advantages derived from its use. Solomon's Temple, you will find, was situated on an exposed point of the hill: the temple was so lofty that it was often in peril, and was guarded by a system exactly like that of Benjamin Franklin.

Well, I may tell you a little of ancient manufactures. The Duchess of Burgundy took a necklace from the neck of a mummy, and wore it to a ball given at the Tuileries; and everybody said they thought it was the newest thing there. A Hindoo princess came into court; and her father, seeing her, said, "Go home, you are not decently covered—go home"; and she said, "Father, I have seven suits on;" but the suits were of muslin so thin that the king could see through them. A Roman poet says, "The girl was in the poetic dress of the country." I fancy the French would be rather astonished at this. Four hundred and fifty years ago the first spinning-machine was introduced into Europe. I have evidence to show that it made its appearance two thousand years before.

Why have I groped among these ashes? I have told you these facts to show you that we have not invented everything—that we do not monopolize the encyclopedia. The past had

knowledge. But it was the knowledge of the classes, not of the masses. "The beauty that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" were exclusive, the possession of the few. The science of Egypt was amazing: but it meant—the privilege of the king and the priest. It separated royalty and priesthood from the people, and was the engine of oppression. When Cambyses came down from Persia and thundered across Egypt treading out royalty and priesthood, he trampled out at the same time civilization itself.

Four thousand years passed before the people came into existence. To-day learning no longer hides in the convent or slumbers in the palace. No! she comes out into every-day life, joins hands with the multitude and cushions the peasant. Our astronomy looks at but does not dwell in the stars. It serves navigation and helps us run boundaries. Our chemistry is not the secret of the alchemist striving to change base metals into gold. It is Liebig with his hands full of blessings for every farmer, and digging gold out of the earth with the miner's pickax. Of all we know I can show you ninety-nine items out of every hundred which the past anticipated and which the world forgot. Our distinction lies in the liberty of intellect and the diffusion of knowledge.

When Gibbon finished his history of Rome, he said: "We have iron and fire: the hand can never go back on the dial of time." He made this boast as he stood, at night, amid the ruins of the Corsani palace, looking out on the churches where the monks were chanting.

But what is to prevent history from repeating itself? Why should our arts not be lost, our temples of Jupiter not fall, our Rome not decline? Will our possession of iron and fire preserve them? Before Rome was peopled nations rose and fell with iron in one hand and fire in the other. Any civilization that is exclusive, any arts that are secret and individual must perish.

The distinctive glory of the nineteenth century is that it distributes knowledge; that it recognizes the divine will, which is that every man has a right to know whatever may be serviceable to himself or to his fellows; that it makes the church, the schoolhouse and the town-hall its symbols, and humanity its

care. This democratic spirit will animate our arts with immortality, if God means that they shall last.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

Lecture by Wendell Phillips, delivered first in 1861, and repeated in succeeding years hundreds of times in cities and towns of the Northern States, becoming one of the best-known of American lyceum lectures. Its delivery has been described as "an enchantment; its form often varying in successive presentations, as in the case of 'The Lost Arts.'"

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have been requested to offer you a sketch made some years since of one of the most remarkable men of the last generation, Touissant L'Ouverture, the great St. Domingo chief—an unmixed negro, with no drop of white blood in his veins. My sketch is therefore, as you may readily perceive, at once a biography and an argument—a biography, of course, very brief, of a negro soldier and statesman, and which I offer to you as an argument in behalf of the race from which he sprung. You perceive from the very announcement of my subject, that I am about to compare and weigh races; indeed, I am engaged to-night in what you will think the absurd effort to convince you that the negro race, instead of being that object of pity or contempt which we usually consider it, is entitled, judged by the facts of history, to a place close by the side of the Saxon. Now races love to be judged in two ways —by the great men they produce and by the average merit of the mass of the races. We Saxons are proud of Bacon, Shakespeare, Hampden, Hancock, Washington, Franklin—the stars we have lent to the galaxy of history; and then we turn with equal pride to the average merit of Saxon blood, since it streamed from its German home. So, again, there are three tests by which races love to be tried. The first, the basis of all, is courage—the element which says, "This continent is mine from the Lakes to the Gulf—let him beware who seeks to divide it." [Cheers.] And the second is the recognition that force is doubled by purpose; liberty regulated by law is the secret of Saxon progress. And the third element is persistency,

endurance; first, a purpose, then death or success. Of these three elements is made that Saxon pluck which has placed our race in the van of modern civilization.

In the hour you lend me to-night I am to attempt the Quixotic effort to convince you that the negro blood, instead of standing at the bottom of the list, is entitled if judged either by its great men or its masses, either by its courage, its purpose, or its endurance, to a place as near ours as any other blood known in history. And for the purpose of my argument, I take an island, St. Domingo, about the size of South Carolina, the third spot in America upon which Columbus placed his foot. Charmed by the magnificence of its scenery and fertility of its soil, he gave it the fondest of all names, Hispaniola, Little Spain. His successor, more pious, rebaptized it from St. Dominic, St. Domingo; and when the blacks in 1803 drove out white blood from its surface, they drove our names with us, and began the year 1804 under the old name, Hayti, the land of mountains. It was originally tenanted by the filibusters, French and Spanish, of the early commercial epochs, the pirates of that days as of ours. The Spanish took the eastern two-thirds, the French the western third of the island, and they gradually settled into colonies. The French, to whom my story belongs, became the pet colony of the mother land. Guarded by peculiar privileges, enriched by the scions of wealthy houses, aided by the unmatched fertility of the soil, it soon was the richest gem in the Bourbon crown; and at the period to which I call your attention, about the era of our Constitution, 1789, its wealth was almost incredible. The effeminacy of the white race rivaled that of the Sybarite of antiquity, while the splendor of their private life outshone Versailles, and their luxury found no mate but in the mad prodigality of the Cæsars. At this time the island held about thirty thousand white, twenty thousand or thirty thousand mulattoes, and five hundred thousand slaves. The slave-trade was active. About twenty-five thousand slaves were imported annually; this only sufficed to fill the gap which the murderous culture of sugar annually produced. The mulattoes, as with us, were children of the slaveholders, but unlike us, the French slaveholder never forgot his child by a bondwoman. He gave him every-

thing but his name—wealth, rich plantations, gangs of slaves; sent him to Paris for his education, summoned the best culture of France for the instruction of his daughters, so that in 1790 the mulatto race held one-third of the real estate, and one-quarter of the personal estate of the island. But though educated and rich, he bowed under the same yoke as with us. Subjected to special taxes, he could hold no public office, and if convicted of any crime, was punished with double severity. His son might not sit on the same seat at school with a white boy; he might not enter a church where a white man was worshiping; if he reached a town on horseback he must dismount and lead his horse by the bridle; and when he died, even his dust could not rest in the same soil with a white body. Such was the white race and the mulatto—a thin film of a civilization beneath which surged the dark mass of five hundred thousand slaves.

It was over such a population the white man melted in sensuality, the mulatto feeling all the more keenly his degradation from the very wealth and culture he enjoyed; the slave sullen and indifferent, heeding not the quarrels or the changes of the upper air;—it was over this population that there burst in 1789 the thunderstorm of the French Revolution. The first words which reached the island were the motto of the Jacobin Club—"Liberty, Equality." The white man heard them aghast. He had read of the streets of Paris running blood. The slave heard them with indifference; it was a quarrel in the upper air, between other races, which did not concern him. The mulatto heard them with a welcome which no dread of other classes could quell. Hastily gathered into conventions, they sent to Paris a committee of the whole body, laid at the feet of the National Convention the free gift of six millions of francs, pledged one-fifth of their annual rental toward the payment of the national debt, and only asked in return that this yoke of civil and social contempt should be lifted from their shoulders.

You may easily imagine the temper in which Mirabeau and Lafayette welcomed this munificent gift of the free mulattoes of the West Indies, and in which the petition for equal civil rights was received by a body which had just resolved that all men were equal. The Convention hastened to express its grati-

tude and issued a decree which commences thus: "All freeborn Frenchmen are equal before the law." Ogé was selected—the friend of Lafayette, a lieutenant-colonel in the Dutch service, the son of a wealthy mulatto woman, educated in Paris, the comrade of all the leading French Republicans—to carry the decree and the message of French Democracy to the island. He landed. The decree of the National Convention was laid on the table of the General Assembly of the island. One old planter seized it, tore it in fragments, trampled it under his feet, swearing by all the saints in the calendar that the island might sink before they would share their rights with bastards. They took an old mulatto, worth a million, who had simply asked for his rights under that decree, and hung him. A white lawyer of seventy who drafted the petition, they hung at his side. They took Ogé, broke him on the wheel, ordered him to be drawn and quartered, and one-quarter of his body to be hung up in each of the four principal cities of the island; and then they adjourned.

You can conceive better than I can describe the mood in which Mirabeau and Danton received the news that their decree had been torn in pieces and trampled under foot by the petty legislature of an island colony, and their comrade drawn and quartered by the orders of its governor. Robespierre rushed to the tribune, and shouted: "Perish the colonies rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!" The Convention reaffirmed their decree and sent it out a second time to be executed.

But it was not then as now, when steam has married the continents. It took months to communicate; and while this news of the death of Ogé and the defiance of the National Convention was going to France and the answer returning, great events had transpired in the island itself. The Spanish or the eastern section, perceiving these divisions, invaded the towns of the western section, and conquered many of its cities. One-half of the slave-holders were Republicans, in love with the new constellation which had just gone up in our Northern sky, seeking to be admitted a State in this Republic, plotting for annexation. The other half were loyalists, anxious, deserted, as they supposed themselves, by the Bourbons, to make alliance

with George III. They sent to Jamaica, and entreated its governor to assist them in their intrigue. At first he sent them only a few hundred soldiers. Some time later, General Howe and Admiral Parker were sent with several thousand men, and finally, the English government entering more seriously into the plot, General Maitland landed with four thousand Englishmen on the north side of the island, and gained many successes. The mulattoes were in the mountains, awaiting events. They distrusted the government, which a few years before they had assisted in putting down an insurrection of the whites, and which had forfeited its promise to grant them civil privileges. Deserted by both sections, Blanchelande, the governor, had left the capital and fled for refuge to a neighboring city.

In this state of affairs the second decree reached the island. The whites forgot their quarrel, sought out Blanchelande, and obliged him to promise that he would never publish the decree. Affrighted, the governor consented to that course, and they left him. He then began to reflect that in reality he was deposed, that the Bourbons had lost the scepter of the island. He remembered his successful appeal to the mulattoes five years before, to put down an insurrection. Deserted now by the whites, and by the mulattoes, only one force was left him in the island —that was the blacks. They had always remembered with gratitude the *code noir,* the black code of Louis XIV, the first interference of any power in their behalf. To the blacks Blanchelande appealed. He sent a deputation to the slaves. He was aided by the agents of the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X, who was seeking to do in St. Domingo what Charles II did in Virginia (whence its name of Old Dominion), institute a reaction against the rebellion at home. The two joined forces and sent first to Toussaint. Nature made him a Metternich, a diplomatist. He probably wished to avail himself of this offer, foreseeing the advantage to his race, but to avail himself of it so cautiously as to provide against failure, risking as little as possible until the intentions of the other party had been tested, and so managing as to be able to go on or withdraw as the best interest of his race demanded. He had practiced well the Greek rule, "Know thyself," and thoroughly studied his own part. Later in life, when criticizing his great

mulatto Rigaud, he showed how well he knew himself. "I know Rigaud," he said; "he drops the bridle when he gallops, he shows his arm when he strikes. For me, I gallop also, but know where to stop; when I strike I am felt, not seen. Rigaud works only by blood and massacre, I know how to put the people in movement; but when I appear all must be calm."

He therefore said to the envoys: "Where are your credentials?" "We have none." "I will have nothing to do with you." They then sought François and Biassou, two other slaves of strong passions, considerable intellect, and great influence over their fellow-slaves, and said: "Arm, assist the government, put down the English on the one hand, and the Spanish on the other"; and on August 21, 1791, fifteen thousand blacks led by François and Biassou, supplied with arms from the arsenal of the government, appeared in the midst of the colony. It is believed that Toussaint, unwilling himself to head the movement, was still desirous that it should go forward, trusting, as proved the case, that it would result in benefit to his race. He is supposed to have advised François in his course—saving himself for a more momentous hour.

This is what Edward Everett calls the Insurrection of St. Domingo. It bore for its motto on one side of its banner, "Long live the King," and on the other, "We claim the Old Laws." Singular mottoes for a rebellion! In fact, it was the *posse comitatus:* it was the only French army on the island; it was the only force that had a right to bear arms; and what it undertook, it achieved. It put Blanchelande in his seat; it put the island beneath his rule. When it was done, the blacks said to the governor they had created, "Now grant us one day in seven; give us one day's labor; we will buy another and with the two buy a third"—the favorite method of emancipation at that time. Like the Blanchelande of five years before, he refused. He said: "Disarm! disperse!" and the blacks answered, "The right hand that has saved you—the right hand that has saved the island for the Bourbons may, perchance, clutch some of our own rights," and they stood still. [Cheering.] This is the first insurrection, if any such there were in St. Domingo—the first determined purpose on the part of the negro, having saved the government, to save himself.

Now, let me stop a moment, and remind you of one thing. I am about to open to you a chapter of bloody history—no doubt of it. Who set the example? Who dug up from its grave of a hundred years, the hideous punishment of the wheel, and broke Ogé, every bone, a living man? Who flared in the face of the indignant and astonished Europe the forgotten barbarity of quartering the yet palpitating body? Our race. And if the black man learned the lesson but too well, it does not lie in our lips to complain. During this whole struggle, the record is, mark you, by the white man—the whole picture from the pencil of the white race—that for one life the negro took in battle, in hot and bloody fight, the white race took in cool malignity of revenge, three to answer for it. Notice also that up to this moment the slave had taken no part in the struggle except at the bidding of the government; and even then not for himself, but only to sustain the laws.

At this moment then, the island stands thus: The Spaniard is on the east triumphant; the Englishman is on the northwest intrenched; the mulattoes are in the mountains waiting; the blacks are in the valleys victorious; one-half the French slave-holding element is republican, the other half royalist; the white race against the mulatto and the black; the black against both; The Frenchman against the English and Spaniard; the Spaniard against both. It is a war of races and a war of nations. At such a moment L'Ouverture appeared.

He had been born a slave on a plantation in the north of the island—an unmixed negro, his father stolen from Africa. If anything, therefore, that I say of him to-night, moves your admiration, remember the black race claims it all—we have no part nor lot in it. He was fifty years old at this time. An old negro had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, Military Memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods he learned some of the qualities of herbs, and was village doctor. On the estate the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty he joined the army as a physician. Before he went he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore, and never afterwards did he forget to send them year by year ample means of support. And I might add

that all of the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected his family. [Cheering.]

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. If I were to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough in which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. [Applause.] I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

The second story told of him is this: About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First, their Commissioners summoned to meet the French Committee were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when, afterward, François, their general, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding-whip and struck him over the shoulders. If he had been the savage which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his twenty-five thousand soldiers and they would have trodden out the Frenchman in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their general. Then the word went forth: "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism like most great leaders—like Mahommed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown [cheers]—he could preach as well as fight—mounting a hillock and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult offered to our chief, only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out; to shed that is

courage, to shed this is cowardice and cruelty beside"; and he saved fifteen hundred lives. [Applause.]

I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800; what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities; conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time, and almost the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army arose upon Laveaux, their general, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French in return named him General-in-Chief. *Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout,* said one. "This man makes an opening everywhere"—hence his soldiers named him L'Ouverture, the opening.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment and find something to measure him by. You remember that Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools of Europe; Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least allow that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle-class among Englishmen—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each

other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered [cheers]; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. [Applause.] Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica which, with Athens for its capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further, Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute-book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The State he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner found himself at the helm of state than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen," and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. Now that was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you, your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;"—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that was never broken, of a victorious slave.

Again, Carlyle has said: "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies, poor, ill-clad, and half-starved—and said to them: "Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry and you can learn

these virtues only there." And they went. The French admiral who witnessed the scene, said that in a week his army melted back into peasants.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting for him a constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." [Cheers.]

With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytian history proves that with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute-book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union, except Rhode Island, was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet—negro, Catholic, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his Committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs." [Applause.]

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century and select what statesmen you please. Let him be either American or European, let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the richest training of university routine, let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his

temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro—rare military skill. Profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons, anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before an Englishman or American had won the right —and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo. [Cheers.]

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and with a single stroke of his pen reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his Council: "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholder said: "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Gregoire. "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions if they changed their skins." Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island, for I know of my own knowledge that when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III offered him any title and revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked: "I have sixty thousand idle troops; I must find them something to do." He meant to say: "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the face of sixty thousand Republican soldiers; I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for this expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the satirists of Paris

had christened Toussaint the Black Napoleon; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him a letter: "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you of the present Napoleon, that when the epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles Soulouquerie, from the name of Soulouque, the Black Emperor, he deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush Toussaint from one motive or another, from the prompting of ambition, or dislike of this resemblance, which was very close. If either imitated the other it must have been the white since the negro preceded him several years. They were very much alike and they were very French. French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vainglorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids: "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood Toussaint said to the French captain who urged him to go to France in his frigate: "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me." Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank; he loved to put on the gray coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could bear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often the yellow Madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days; could dictate to three secretaries at once; could wear out four or five horses. Like Napoleon no man ever divined his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro and so in him they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the north in a carriage, he would be in the south on horseback; if they thought he was in the city in a house, he would be in the field in a tent. They once riddled his carriage with bullets; he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were ar-

rested. They expected to be shot. The next day was some saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, Toussaint came down from his high seat, repeated it with him and permitted them to go unpunished. [Cheers.] He had a wit common to all great commanders, which makes its way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white—there is the black—what are you afraid of?" So when people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and repeating it, would say: "Do you understand that?" "No, sir." "What! want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it."

Then again, like Napoleon, he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, offering his breast to their muskets, and saying: "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, his soldiers shouting: *"Vive l'Empereur!"* That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint finding that four of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew sword, flung it away, went across the field to them, folded his arms and said: "Children, can you point a bayonet at me?" The blacks fell on their knees praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this. During a tumult, a few white proprietors, who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, General Moise, was accused of indecision in quelling the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and on its verdict ordered his own nephew to be shot, sternly Roman in thus keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister, Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders

to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Toussaint's old mulatto rivals and foes.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom and sending arms to tyrants. [Loud and long continued applause.] England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world, marshaled against him. America, full of slaves, of course, was hostile. Only the Yankees sold him poor muskets at a very high price. [Laughter.] Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who never yet had met an equal, whose tread like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe, soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, said: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; all is lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make"; and he was obeyed. [Applause.] When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV cover Holland with troops, he said: "Break down the dykes! give Holland back to ocean"; and Europe said: "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said: "Burn Moscow! starve back the invaders!" and Europe answered "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But remember the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to reduce freemen to slavery with every bloody and cruel de-

vice that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now to save his liberty the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon and turned back the hateful invaders with the vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said: "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took two thousand white men, women and children and carried them to the mountains in safety, and then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. [Cheers.] Wherever they went they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles hymn and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the Marseillaise. And it was not till their officers sabered them on, that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations saying:—"We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc: "I will submit; I could continue the struggle for years—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that. I will submit and come in."

He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected and

that the island should be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly-equipped troops, and saw opposite Toussaint's ill-armed followers, he said to him: "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. [Cheers.] He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him—the only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what is the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer to a man since the Crusades is, you lie. Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish general, who knew him well, said: "He was the purest soul God ever put into a body." Of him history bears witness: "He never broke his word." Maitland was traveling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on; and met Toussaint, who showed him two letters, one from the French general, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power and the other his reply. It was: "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." [Cheers.] Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused; the government would have doubted him—would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: "If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly;" and he went. The moment he entered the room the officers drew their swords, and told him he was a prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says: "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain and said: "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch;

I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up." [Cheers.] Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened a while, then replied: "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures but they are not such as you come to seek." He was then sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high upon the side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer it is damp and wet. In this living tomb, the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them runs thus:—

"Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story is told that in Josephine's time, a young French marquis was placed in it and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her: "Have a model of it made and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said: "Take it away; it is horrible!" She put it on his footstool and he kicked it from him. She held it out to him the third time, and said: "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him and to stay four days; when he returned Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken twelve years after to his prison at St. Helena planned for a tomb as he had planned that of Toussaint, and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of

dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman without a murmur in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

From the moment he was betrayed the negroes began to doubt the French and rushed to arms. Soon every negro but Maurepas deserted the French. Leclerc summoned Maurepas to his side. He came, loyally bringing with him five hundred soldiers. Leclerc spiked his epaulettes to his shoulders, shot him, and flung him into the sea. He took his five hundred soldiers on shore, shot them on the edge of a pit, and tumbled them in. Dessalines from the mountains saw it, and selecting five hundred French officers from his prisons hung them on separate trees in sight of Leclerc's fleet; and born as I was not far from Bunker Hill, I have yet found no reason to think he did wrong. [Cheers.]

They murdered Pierre Toussaint's wife at his own door, and after such treatment that it was mercy when they killed her. The maddened husband who had but a year before saved the lives of twelve hundred white men carried his next thousand prisoners and sacrificed them on her grave.

The French exhausted every form of torture. Negroes were bound together and thrown into the sea; any one who floated was shot; others sunk with cannon-balls tied to their feet; some smothered with sulphur fumes, others strangled, scourged to death, gibbeted; sixteen of Toussaint's officers were chained to rocks in desert islands—others in marshes and left to be devoured by poisonous reptiles and insects. Rochambeau sent to Cuba for blood-hounds. When they arrived young girls went down to the wharf, decked the hounds with ribbons and flowers, kissed their necks, and seated in the ampitheater, the women clapped their hands to see the negroes thrown to these dogs, previously starved to rage. But the negroes besieged this very city so closely that these same girls in their misery ate the very hounds they had welcomed.

Then flashed forth that defying courage and sublime endurance which show how alike all races are when tried in the same furnace. The Roman wife whose husband faltered when Nero

ordered him to kill himself, seized a dagger and mortally wounding her own body, cried: "Poetus, it is not hard to die." The world regards it with proud tears. Just in the same spirit when a negro colonel was ordered to execution and trembled, his wife seized his sword and giving herself a death-wound said, "Husband, death is sweet when liberty is gone."

The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers, but disaster still followed his efforts. What the sword did not devour the fever ate up. Leclerc died. Pauline carried his body back to France. Napoleon met her at Bordeaux, saying: "Sister, I gave you an army; you bring me back ashes." Rochambeau—the Rochambeau of our history—left in command of eight thousand troops, sent word to Dessalines: "When I take you I will not shoot you like a soldier, or hang you like a white man; I will whip you to death like a slave." Dessalines chased him from battlefield to battlefield, from fort to fort, and finally shut him up in Samana. Heating cannon-balls to destroy his fleet, Dessalines learned that Rochambeau had begged of the English admiral permission to cover his troops with the English flag, and the generous negro suffered the boaster to embark undisturbed.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who have skulked home under the English flag, and ask them. And if that does not satisfy you come home, and if it had been October, 1859, you might have come by way of quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

And you may also remember this—that we Saxons were slaves about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of America melted away their chains. Spartacus in Italy led the slaves of Rome against the Empress of the world. She murdered him and crucified them. There never was a slave rebellion successful but one and that was in St. Domingo.

Every race has been some time or other in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords and won its liberty on the battlefield, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo. God grant that the wise vigor of our government may avert that necessity from our land—may raise into peaceful liberty the four millions committed to our care and show under democratic institutions a statesmanship as far-sighted as that of England, as brave as the negro of Hayti!

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his endurance. In 1805 he said to the white men, "This island is ours; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him stood the South American republics planted by the best blood of the country of Lope da Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could no more daguerreotype their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And yet at their side the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself. It is said that at first with rare patriotism the Haytian government ordered the destruction of all the sugar plantations remaining and discouraged its culture, deeming that the temptation which lured the French back again to attempt their enslavement. Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, sink every ship, destroy her railroads, blot out every remnant of education from her sons, let her be ignorant and penniless, with nothing but her hands to begin the world over again—how much could she do in sixty years? And Europe, too, would lend you money, but she would not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her goods as willingly as they do our own. Thus far she has foiled the ambition of Spain, the greed of England and the malicious statesmanship of Calhoun. Toussaint made her what she is. In this work there have been grouped around him a score of men mostly of pure negro blood who ably seconded his efforts. They were able in war and skillful in civil affairs, but not like him remarkable for that rare mingling of high

qualities which alone makes true greatness and ensures a man leadership among those otherwise almost his equals. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance—these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No retaliation," was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will some day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father."

I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night for you read history not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noonday [thunders of applause], then dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture. [Long continued applause.]

JAMES BURTON POND

MEMORIES OF THE LYCEUM

Lecture by Major J. B. Pond, lecture manager (born in Cuba, Allegany County, N. Y., June 11, 1838;), delivered originally in New York City in 1895, and subsequently repeated in various cities.

The great triumvirate of lecture kings consisted of Gough, Beecher, and Wendell Phillips. Other men for a season, and sometimes for a few years, were as popular as any of them, but it was a calcium-light popularity, whereas the popularity of the "Big Three" endured for their entire lives.

Phillips held his place the longest, beginning lyceum work about 1845, and continuing it to his death, nearly forty years later. Gough was the most supremely popular—not the greatest of the three intellectually, but most level to the largest number of the plain people. Beecher came parallel with him and had a higher influence. Beecher touched the hearts of men; Gough held by the fear of the effects of wrong-doing; Phillips, through the intellect, reached the conscience of his generation.

John B. Gough never faced an audience that he did not capture and captivate; and not in the United States only, not in the North only, where his popularity never wavered, but in the South, where Yankees were not in favor, and in the Canadian Provinces, where they were disliked, and in every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland as well. He delighted all kinds and conditions of men. He was at his best before an educated audience in an evangelical community. But when he addressed a "mission" audience in North street, Boston, or in the Five Points, in New York, he charmed the gamin and the poorest classes who gathered there as much as he charmed

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the cultivated assemblages in Music Hall, Boston, then admitted to be the finest audiences that Boston and its suburbs could turn out.

Mr. Gough never asked a fee in his life. He left his remuneration to the public who employed him. It rose year after year, beginning with less than a dollar at times, until, when the bureau did his business for him, it reached from $200, the lowest fee, to $500 a night. In the last years of his life his income exceeded $30,000. He probably delivered more lectures than any man who has lived in the present age. From a carefully kept record we find that from 1842 to 1852 he lectured on an average of 300 times a year, making 3,000 lectures. From 1862 to 1870 he averaged 260 times a year, or 2,080 lectures on temperance. Of these, 1,160 were delivered in Great Britain. After 1870 Mr. Gough lectured on miscellaneous subjects. Each year he prepared a new lecture upon a fresh topic. From 1861 to the time of his death, February 11, 1886, he delivered 3,526 lectures, making in all 9,600 addresses before 9,000,000 hearers. It was my privilege, in 1879, to see in Mr. Gough's library four large books containing the names of over 140,000 men, women, and children who, by his own personal efforts, had been induced to sign the pledge.

It was the habit of John B. Gough, for forty years, to carry two overcoats on his lecture tours. After his lectures he put both of them on—the first, a light one, which he buttoned up tight, and the second, a very heavy one, a sort of combination of heavy ulster and the regulation overcoat. His two-hour lecture was an unbroken succession of contortions and antics that left him dripping with perspiration. It required all this clothing to protect his body from the air before he changed his wet clothing for dry. On his return to his hotel, Mrs. Gough was always waiting with fresh clothing. A valet at once set to work rubbing him down, exactly as is the custom of grooming a racehorse at the end of the heat. After this process he appeared apparently as fresh as ever. He would eat a bowl of bread and milk, and always an old-fashioned bowl. Mrs. Gough was his constant companion, but did not attend the lectures. During the last twelve years of their travel together she did not hear him once. Gough was a man of the people, the son of a

workingman, and himself a workingman, self-educated but not what is technically called a scholar.

Wendell Phillips was the most polished and graceful orator our country ever produced. He spoke as quietly as if he were talking in his own parlor and almost entirely without gestures, yet he had as great a power over all kinds of audiences as any American of whom we have any record. Often called before howling mobs, who had come to the lecture-room to prevent him from being heard, and who would shout and sing to drown his voice, he never failed to subdue them in a short time. One illustration of his power and tact occurred in Boston. The majority of the audience was hostile. They yelled and sang and completely drowned his voice. The reporters were seated in a row just under the platform, in the place where the orchestra plays in an ordinary theater. Phillips made no attempt to address the noisy crowd, but bent over and seemed to be speaking in a low tone to the reporters. By and by the curiosity of the audience was excited; they ceased to clamor and tried to hear what he was saying to the reporters. Phillips looked at them and said quietly:—

"Go on, gentlemen, go on. I do not need your ears. Through these pencils I speak to thirty millions of people."

Not a voice was raised again. The mob had found its master and stayed whipped until he sat down.

Eloquent as he was a lecturer, he was far more effective as a debater. Debate was for him the flint and steel which brought out all his fire. His memory was something wonderful. He would listen to an elaborate speech for hours, and, without a single note of what had been said, in writing, reply to every part of it as fully and completely as if the speech were written out before him. Those who heard him only on the platform, and when not confronted by an opponent, have a very limited comprehension of his wonderful resources as a speaker. He never hesitated for a word, or failed to employ the word best fitted to express his thought on the point under discussion. Mr. Phillips was decidedly old-fashioned in many of his ways. When at home, for example, he did his own marketing, and he knew how to buy. His chief purchases, however, were always in the dainties for his invalid wife. His own table habits were

of the simplest. He was quite apt to answer his own door-bell.

William Lloyd Garrison was the equal of Phillips in one respect only—in moral courage and unselfish devotion to the slave.

There never was a more benevolent face than William Lloyd Garrison's. He had a kindly eye, a winning smile, a gentleness of way, a crisp, straightforward style of talking, and a merciless movement in straight lines of thought. He visited England after the war was over and the emancipation of the slaves was accomplished, and received unusual courtesies. At a dinner given by the British Anti-Slavery Society, he was presented with a gold watch. As he took it in his hand he said: "Well, gentlemen, if this had been a rotten egg, I should have known what to do with it, but as it is a gold watch, I have nothing to say."

Charles Sumner was an aristocrat. He was my father's ideal. After I had got back from Kansas and visited my father's home in Wisconsin, father said to me: "James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to speak at R——. We must hear him."

So we arranged to go. We walked nine miles to hear him speak. My father never spoke of him without giving him his title. He had enjoyed that speech intensely. I do not know whether I did or not. Father occupied a front seat with the intention of rushing up to the platform and greeting him by the hand when he was finished, but the Honorable Charles was too quick for him. He disappeared, got to his hotel, and nobody saw him.

Father said: "James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to Milwaukee to-morrow morning, and we can ride with him a part of the way." We were on the train early the next morning, and so was the Honorable Charles Sumner. He was sitting reading in the drawing-room car. Father stepped up and said: "The Honorable Charles Sumner? I have read all of your speeches. I feel that it is the duty of every American to take you by the hand. This is my son. He has just returned from the Kansas conflict."

Honorable Charles Sumner did not see father or his son, but he saw the porter, and said: "Can you get me a place where I will be undisturbed?"

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was without doubt one of the greatest popular orators of the age. He never received the full credit due to his great success as an orator during his lifetime, as his vehement assaults on the Christian religion aroused so many and such powerful enmities. But without regarding his creed, judging him solely by his power as an orator, no nation can to-day produce his equal. There was poetry, wit, humor, sarcasm, and tenderest pathos in nearly every lecture he delivered, whether on religion or politics.

When coming from New England one day with Mr. Beecher, Colonel Ingersoll was in the same car. After a pleasant salutation between the two, the Colonel went to his seat. In his mischievous way, Mr. Beecher said: "I have written that man's epitaph." He showed me written on the margin of a newspaper, with his pencil, two words: "Robert Burns."

Henry Ward Beecher was my nearest and dearest friend for eleven years. Excepting only Arizona and New Mexico, there was not a State or Territory in the Union in which we had not traveled together. I was near him in the days of 1875–77, at the time of his deepest sorrow, when he was reviled and spit upon; I saw the majestic courage with which he passed through gaping crowds at railroad stations, and at the entrances of hotels and public halls—a courage which I had not conceived mere humanity could possess. I have looked upon him when I felt that I would give my poor life a thousand times could that sacrifice alleviate the sufferings that I knew he was undergoing.

It was on January 23, 1877, that I had arranged with W. T. Powell, of Richmond, Va., for Mr. Beecher to lecture in that city. Mr. Powell was manager of the Richmond Theater, and was to pay $400 for the lecture. It was to be on Tuesday evening, and as Mr. Beecher lectured Monday evening in Baltimore, we had arranged to take the sleeper immediately after the Baltimore lecture and be in Richmond early the following morning.

As we went aboard the sleeper at Baltimore a telegram was put in my hands, which read as follows: "No use coming. Beecher will not be allowed to speak in Richmond. No tickets sold."

I at once replied: "Have started. Mr. Beecher will be on hand to keep his contract." I did not mention the incident to Mr. Beecher.

Just before our arrival in Richmond the following morning, Mr. Powell came to me on the train and told me that the feeling against Mr. Beecher was so bitter that it would not do for him to attempt to speak; that not a ticket had been sold, and he dared not advertise. Mr. Beecher and I went direct to the Exchange Hotel, and as we registered our names I saw at once that there was a general disposition, from the hotel-clerk down to the negro porter and the bellboy, to guy us. We went down to breakfast, and the waiter and headwaiter who seated us were disgustingly uncivil. Mr. Beecher made no remarks. We ate our breakfast, and as we passed out of the dining room into a long hall we met a pretty little golden-haired child. Mr. Beecher, in his characteristic manner, stopped and began talking to and caressing the child, taking some candy from his pocket (he never was without bait for children), offered it, and was just getting into the little girl's favor, when the mother came along and snatched her away, as though she were rescuing her from a fierce beast of prey.

Mr. Beecher walked quietly to his room. I left instructions at the hotel office that no one was to knock at his door. Mr. Powell called and assured me that it would be all Mr. Beecher's life was worth to attempt to speak in Richmond. I told him that I would let him off that night from his contract if he would rent me the theater. He consented, and I at once got out some bills and dodgers and advertised Mr. Beecher to speak that evening. The Legislature was in session and passed an informal vote that none of them would go near the theater. The Tobacco Board did the same.

Evening arrived and I could get no one to attend the door, so I did it myself. Mr. Powell applied for an extra force of a dozen police, which was of no account, as they were wholly in sympathy with the crowd. The Rev. Dr. Grey, the principal Presbyterian minister, and the head of a leading institution of learning in Richmond, wrote the chief of police that though he distinctly wished it to be understood that he did not endorse or favor Mr. Beecher's speaking in Richmond, he sincerely

hoped that the threat to egg Mr. Beecher would not be carried into effect. As each member of the Legislature and the Tobacco Board knew that none of the other members would attend the lecture, each embraced the opportunity to go; and there, to their surprise, they all met. It was a crowd of men who made the best of the joke they had played upon themselves. They were hilarious and disrespectful.

The time came for me to go after Mr. Beecher. I had no door tender, but the theater was full of men, and my pockets were stuffed with dollars, so I left the door to take care of itself. I found him ready. While in the carriage on our way from the hotel to the theater not a word passed between us, and during the day neither of us had spoken of the situation. When we arrived at the stage door of the theater the dozen policemen were keeping the crowd back. As we alighted from the carriage at the door a general yell went up. We met Mr. Powell on the stage. He called me to one side and said:—

"Don't you introduce Mr. Beecher. The gallery is full of eggs. You will have trouble."

I stepped into the waiting-room. Mr. Beecher said: "Go ahead; I am ready." I walked on the stage and he followed. As we sat down I saw the theater full of men only. The crowd was disposed to be uncivil; canes began to rake the baluster of the balcony railing and feet to pound the floor, and in less than a minute a yell fairly shook the theater. Mr. Beecher signaled me to proceed.

I stood a moment for them to get quiet, and then introduced him to his first Virginia audience.

Mr. Beecher was to speak on "Hard Times," but had decided to change the subject to the "Ministry of Wealth." As he rose and stepped toward the footlights, another yell went up. He stood unmoved, and waited for some time; finally a lull came, and he began. He said that there was a natural law that brains and capital controlled the commercial world, and it could not be changed even by the Virginia Legislature, which opened with prayer and closed with the benediction. The Legislature were all there, and the public, like any other public, were ready to accept any good-natured drive at the Legislature. It was not many minutes before the audience was in full sym-

pathy with the speaker, and for two and a half hours Mr. Beecher addressed that crowd, swaying them with his mighty eloquence, and telling them such truths as they never before had listened to. His peroration was a tribute to the Commonwealth of Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, her history and her people, and closed with a brief retrospect: how she had prospered when she set her mark high and bred her sons for Presidents, and position, but how changed when she came to breed men for the market; how manfully and nobly her worthy sons had kissed the sod, and how sad had been her lot. But in all her prosperity and adversity, God had not forsaken her. Industry brought prosperity, and soon, very soon, Virginia was to be one of the brightest stars in the constellation of States.

Such applause and cheers as he got during that address I have never before or since heard. He stepped off the stage and into the carriage, and we were in our rooms at the hotel before half the audience could get out of the theater. After getting to his room Mr. Beecher threw himself back in a large chair in front of a blazing wood fire and laughingly remarked: "Don't you think we have captured Richmond?"

He had no more than spoken when the door opened and a crowd of men came rushing in. My first impression was that it was a mob, as it did not seem that there had been time for them to come from the theater; but I was mistaken.

The foremost was a tall man, with a slouch hat. (They were all in slouch hats.) He said: "Mr. Beecher, this is our 'Leftenant'-Governor. We have come to thank you for that great speech. This is our member for So-and-so, and this is Judge Harris," and so on, introducing a score or more of the prominent Virginians. "Mr. Beecher, we want you to stay and speak for us to-morrow evening. We want our women to hear you," etc.

Mr. Beecher was in his most happy humor. He shook the Virginians warmly by the hand. He told them that he was announced for Washington the following evening, and his time was all booked for the season. They offered to raise $500 if he would remain over. The following morning at seven o'clock many Virginians were at the station to see him off. All the

morning papers contained extensive synopses of the lecture and favorable notices.

After that first appearance Mr. Beecher spoke twice in Richmond to the choicest audiences that the old capital could turn out. I consider this the greatest lecture I ever knew Mr. Beecher to give.

In 1863 Mr. Beecher made a single speech in Great Britain, as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, but it was delivered piecemeal in different places. Its exordium was on October 9, in Manchester—its peroration was pronounced on the 20th of the same month in Exeter Hall, London. The public is more or less familiar with the result of that mission.

After a few months' absence he returned to America, having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the Court of Versailles. He had no official existence; but through the heart of the people he reached nobles, ministers, courtiers, and the throne itself. He whom the *Times* attacked, he whom *Punch* caricatured, was a power in the land. The change of the ruling classes in England, who were strong for the South, was at once manifest. As Mr. Scott, who introduced him in Exeter Hall, told me years later: "You should have been here to witness the effect of that speech as he swayed his enthusiastic audience hither and thither by his convincing arguments and appeal."

After my first experience as a manager with Ann Eliza Young and my joining the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, the field enlarged quite as rapidly as was desirable. Women speakers were notably in demand, quite in contrast with the public requirements of later years. The suffrage agitation held place in the North with anti-slavery discussions and correlative topics. It was the twin sister of the temperance movement which Gough so graphically and eloquently presented, and there were strong personalities among the women lecturers. Their cause commanded, in days of public scorn and denial, the splendid service of orators like Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass, and George William Curtis, as well as scholars and speakers like Higginson, Hale, and others whose names come to me in crowding memories.

But their most efficient arguments for mental, civic, and industrial equality were always best illustrated in the person and speech of their own brilliant agitators: Lucy Stone, the incomparable Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and a score or more of others.

Susan B. Anthony is one of the best-known women of our times, and one of our ablest women orators. She will occupy in the history of the Women's Rights movement the same position that William Lloyd Garrison held in the history of the anti-slavery movement—the position of a sincere pioneer whose fidelity to principle and tenacity of purpose never faltered or failed. She deserves a place in the foremost ranks of the champions of her sex, for she has given her whole life and her whole heart to the work. It seems probable that these veteran women may live to see the triumph of their cause.

Julia Ward Howe comes from a long line of Puritan ancestry. She was an ardent worker in the anti-slavery cause. In 1856–57 she and her husband, Dr. Howe, edited an anti-slavery paper, the Boston *Commonwealth,* and were leaders with Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Higginson, and Theodore Parker. It was Dr. and Mrs. Howe who brought about meetings in Boston for the discussion of the problems of the Abolitionists on one side and pro-slavery advocates on the other. Robert Toombs of Georgia, and Colonel Sam Houston of Texas, took part. "I remember," said Mrs. Howe, "we had lively times."

All through the Kansas Free-State struggle and the startling raid at Harper's Ferry, in which the Doctor's name was closely connected with that of "Old John Brown," Mrs. Howe was the unflinching helpmate of the brave philanthropist and scholar with whose name her own is interwoven. In 1861 Mrs. Howe wrote the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic."

Mrs. Livermore is the most successful woman on the platform I have known. She was one of the first American women to fill a pulpit or occupy an editorial position. She had given her public "testimony" against chattel slavery before her marriage upon her return home from Virginia, where, in the early forties, she had been occupied as a governess. I first saw her among the reporters in the Wigwam in Chicago in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was first nominated for President.

The Civil War found the largest of places for this great-brained woman. At the request of President Henry W. Bellows of the United States Sanitary Commission, she and her friend, Miss Jane O. Hoge of Chicago, became associates in the Northwest and coöperated in all the vast labors of both sanitary and Christian commissions. Soon after being placed in charge of the Northwestern branch, she, with a few other women, went to Washington to talk with President Lincoln.

"Can no woman go to the front?" Mrs. Livermore asked.

"No civilian, either man or woman, is permitted by law," said Mr. Lincoln. But the great heart of the greatest man in America was superior to the law, and he placed not a straw in their way.

Mrs. Livermore's first broad experience of the war was after the battle of Fort Donelson. There were no hospitals for the men, and the wounded were hauled to the steamers in rough Tennessee wagons, most of them dying before they reached St. Louis. Some poor fellows were chopped out of the frozen mud where they had been lying from Saturday morning until Sunday evening.

She asked a blue-eyed lad of nineteen, with both legs and arms shattered:—

"How did it happen that you were left so long?"

"Why, you see they could not stop to bother with us. They had to take the fort."

Petroleum V. Nasby was the *nom de plume* of David R. Locke of Ohio. At the beginning of the Civil War he was a young and obscure man, editing a little country paper in the interior of Ohio. It occurred to him that it would be a good idea to write a series of letters, one a week, exposing and ridiculing the Democratic party. These letters pretended to be written in earnest by a Confederate war office-seeker. They succeeded in deceiving even the county Democrats for a time.

One meeting of "the faithful" framed a resolution commending the fidelity to Democratic principles shown in the Nasby letters, but urging Mr. Nasby, for the sake of policy, not to be so outspoken. The sarcasm was so broad, that it is difficult

if one reads them to-day for the first time, to understand how the most illiterate partisans could mistake them. But at a time when men's passions were red-hot, and their prejudices volcanic, they were universally applauded by the upholders of the Union. The circulation of Locke's paper rose rapidly, and he became one of the most famous men in America in less than a year. He soon bought an interest in the Toledo *Blade,* which he made one of the most popular journals of the continent.

From being a poor country editor, Locke had become one of the wealthiest men in the West, and died a millionaire.

Of course, as soon as he had won a national reputation, he was invited to lecture. He used to boast that he made, during his first lecture season, the longest and most lucrative lecture tour recorded in the annals of the lyceum. He lectured every secular night for nine or ten months, and made over $30,000 by the tour. His lectures until some time after the war were very popular; but he had none of the graces of the orator, and as the war fever abated, he gradually lost his hold, and retired from the field.

Josh Billings was a popular humorous lecturer for several years. There is hardly a village of five thousand people and over within a radius of five hundred miles of New York where he has not given his lecture on "Milk," the only lecture which he ever had. He insisted that a tumbler of milk should always be on the table in front of him, to which he never alluded in any way whatever. He always sat down while he lectured. "I lecture for nothing, with $100 thrown in," he said. He was a delightful man to know personally—kind, gentle, sincere, and very sympathetic, with an intense fondness for children. A child riding in the same car with him could hardly escape his patronage and attention, and what was specially peculiar about him, as with Mr. Beecher, he always attracted children to him.

Mark Twain became a lecturer in California in 1869, after he had returned to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands. He had written from there a series of picturesque and humorous letters for the Sacramento *Union,* a California journal, and was asked to lecture about the Islands. He tells of his first experience with great glee. He had written the lecture and committed it to memory, and was satisfied with it. Still, he dreaded

a failure on the first night, as he had had no experience in addressing audiences. Accordingly, he made an arrangement with a woman friend, whose family was to occupy one of the boxes, to start the applause if he should give her the sign by looking in her direction and stroking his mustache. He thought that if he failed to "strike" the audience he would be encouraged by a round of applause, if any one would start it after he had made a good point.

Instead of a failure his lecture was a boundless success. The audience rapturously applauded every point, and Mark forgot all about his instructions to the lady. Finally, as he was thinking of some new point that occurred to him as he was talking, without a thought of the lady at all, he unconsciously put his hand up to his mustache, and happened to turn in the direction of the box. He had said nothing just then to cause even his appreciative audience to applaud; but the lady took his action for the signal, and nearly broke her fan in striking it against the edge of the box. The whole house joined her applause.

This unexpected and malapropos applause almost knocked Mark off his pins, but he soon recovered himself, and became at once one of the favorites of the platform. He lectured a year or two in the West, and then, by Petroleum V. Nasby's advice, in 1872–73 James Redpath invited him to come East, and he made his first appearance in Boston, in the Redpath Lyceum Music Hall. His success was instantaneous, and he has ever since remained the universal platform favorite to this date, not only in America, in Australia, in India, in the Cape Colonies, and throughout Great Britain; but in Austria and in Germany, where large crowds pay higher prices to see and to hear Mark Twain than any other private citizen that has ever lived.

Mark Twain eats only when he is hungry. I have known him to go days without eating a particle of food; at the same time he would be smoking constantly when he was not sleeping. He insisted that the stomach would call when in need, and it did. I have known him to sit for hours in a smoking-car on a cold day, smoking his pipe and reading his German book with the window wide open. I once said: "Mark, do

you know it's a cold day and you are exposing yourself before that open window, and you are booked to lecture to-night?"

"I do—know—all—about it. I am letting some of God's fresh air into my lungs for that purpose. My stomach is all right and under these conditions I am not afraid of taking cold."

"But," said I, "the car is cold, and you are making the passengers uncomfortable by insisting on that window being wide open."

"They deserve to be uncomfortable for not knowing how to live and take care of themselves." He closed the window, however.

Mark seldom had a cold, and with the exception of carbuncles was never ill.

Business relations and traveling bring out the nature of a man. After my close relations with Mark Twain for sixteen years, I can say that he is not only what the world knows him to be, a humorist, a philosopher, and a genius, but a sympathetic, honest, brave gentleman.

Bill Nye was an editor when I first met him, and as I had been a printer, of course I felt akin to him. His first lecture under my auspices was given in Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. Nye, like every human who attempts to make a whole evening of fun, found lecturing irksome. The audience would fairly bubble over with laughter until every fun-liking muscle of their faces relaxed and left one somber wet-blanket expression all over the assemblage; and there they had to sit, and the humorist had to proceed to the end of the program without a response. It was the same with Mark Twain until he took a running-mate and interspersed pathos by introducing George W. Cable, and by means of a varied program achieved the greatest success ever known in the way of a platform entertainment.

James Whitcomb Riley's recitals of his own pathetic and humorous dialect poems have touched the tender chords in the hearts of the people, and they have vibrated in sympathy with the joys of his creation. His name is one of the best-loved household words in our cultivated American homes.

After he had acquired fame as a very successful reader of

his poems, Mr. Nye thought that by combining with him they might be as successful as some others. So Riley was approached and the result was a combination of humor and pathos for the season of 1888–89.

The Nye-Riley combination started in Newark, N. J., November 13, 1888. It was our trial venture. I was ill and unable to be present. The receipts were light, for both men were of Western fame, and had yet to acquire reputations in the East. They found some fault because I was not present, so I got out of bed and went the following evening to Orange, N. J., where we found a very small audience, so small that Nye refused to go on, and wished to end the business then and there. It was not until after much persuasion that he consented to appear. The show was a great success "artistically," but the box-office receipts were only fifty-four dollars.

It was not a pleasant day for the manager, that followed. The Actors' Fund had an entertainment in one of the theaters, and I had contributed these "Twins of Genius" as my share of the numerous attractions. They were the success of the occasion, and the newspapers so declared the next day. From that time, applications began to come in from all over the country, East, West, North, and South. I ran the show myself in Boston, securing Tremont Temple for the occasion.

Mark Twain had come to Boston on purpose to attend the entertainment, as he had never heard these "Twins of Genius." I caught him in the lobby of the Parker House, and told him that he must introduce them. He replied that he believed I was his mortal enemy, and determined that he should never have an evening's enjoyment in my presence. He consented, however, and conducted his brother humorist and the Hoosier poet to the platform. Mark's presence was a surprise to the audience, and when they recognized him the demonstration was tremendous. The audience rose in a body, and men and women shouted at the very top of their voices. Handkerchiefs waved, the organist even opened every forte key and pedal in the great organ, and the noise went on unabated for minutes. It took some time for the crowd to get down to listening, but when they did subside, as Mark stepped to the front, the silence was as impressive as the noise had been, as

Mark said afterwards. At that supreme moment nothing was heard but—silence! I had engaged a stenographer to take down the speech, and this is what Mark said:—

"I am very glad indeed to introduce these young people to you and at the same time get acquainted with them myself. I have seen them more than once for a moment, but have not had the privilege of knowing them personally as intimately as I wanted to. I saw them first, a great many years ago, when Mr. Barnum had them, and they were just fresh from Siam. The ligature was their best hold then, but literature became their best hold later, when one of them committed an indiscretion, and they had to cut the old bond to accommodate the sheriff. In that old former time this one was Chang, that one was Eng. The sympathy existing between the two was most extraordinary; it was so fine, so strong, so subtle that what the one ate the other digested, when one slept the other snored, if one sold a thing the other scooped the usufruct. This independent and yet dependent action was observable in all the details of their daily life—I mean this quaint and arbitrary distribution of originating cause and resulting effect between the two: between, I may say, this dynamo and this motor. Not that I mean that the one was always dynamo, and the other always motor—or, in other words, that the one was always the creating force, the other always the utilizing force, —no, no, for while it is true that within certain well-defined zones of activity, the one was always dynamo and the other always motor, within certain other well-defined zones these positions became exactly reversed. For instance, in moral matters Mr. Chang Riley was always dynamo, Mr. Eng Nye was always motor; for while Mr. Chang Riley had a high, in fact an abnormally high and fine, moral sense, he had no machinery to work it withal; whereas Mr. Eng Nye, who hadn't any moral sense at all, and hasn't yet, was equipped with all the necessary plant for putting a noble deed through, if he could only get the inspiration, on reasonable terms, outside. In intellectual matters, on the other hand, Mr. Eng Nye was always dynamo, Mr. Chang Riley was always motor; Mr. Eng Nye had a stately intellect, but couldn't make it go; Mr. Chang Riley hadn't, but could. That is to say, that while Mr. Chang

Riley couldn't think things himself, he had a marvelous natural grace in setting them down and weaving them together when his pal furnished the raw material. Thus, working together, they made a strong team; laboring together, they could do miracles; but break the circuit and both were impotent. It has remained so to this day; they must travel together, conspire together, beguile together, hoe, and plant, and plow, and reap, and sell their public together or there's no result. I have made this explanation, this analysis, this vivisection, so to speak, in order that you may enjoy these delightful adventurers understandingly. When Mr. Eng Nye's deep and broad and limpid philosophies flow by in front of you, refreshing all the regions round about you, with their gracious floods, you will remember that it isn't his water; it's the other man's, and he is only working the pump. And when Mr. Chang Riley enchants your ear, and soothes your spirit, and touches your heart with the sweet and genuine music of his poetry—as sweet and as genuine as any that his friends, the birds and the bees, make about his other friends, the woods and the flowers—you will remember, while placing justice where justice is due, that it isn't his music, but the other man's—he's only turning the crank.

"I beseech for these visitors a fair field, a single-minded, one-eyed umpire, and a score-bulletin barren of goose-eggs if they earn it—and I judge they will and hope they will. Mr. James Whitcomb Chang Riley will now go to the bat."

It was a carnival of fun in every sense of the word. Bostonians will not have another such treat in this generation. It was Mark's last appearance in Boston.

Henry M. Stanley, under my management, delivered one hundred lectures in America, after his discovery of Emin Pasha. They were very successful. He received $100,000 for the hundred lectures. The first was delivered in Carnegie Hall, New York, November 11, 1890. It was a remarkable event. He was introduced by Chauncey M. Depew. The gross receipts were $17,800. Such a jam never was known before, and the carriage crush about the building was almost beyond police control. The lecture originally announced was "The Relief of Emin Pasha." At Mr. Stanley's suggestion, "Through the Great For-

est" was chosen, which brought in the story of the pigmies and other remarkable discoveries made.

The tour that followed this entrée was like the march of a triumphal hero. From the start to the finish, one hundred and ten lectures, Stanley showed signs of steady improvement. He was good at the start, but shortly became a fine speaker and then a better speaker, and before he had finished he was the best descriptive speaker I ever heard. He had overcome difficulties that would discourage any other man; as Casati wrote of him (Casati, ten years with Emin Pasha in Africa): "Jealous of his own authority, Stanley will not tolerate interference, neither will he take advice of any one. Difficulties do not discourage him, neither does failure frighten him, as with extraordinary celerity of perception he finds his way out of every embarrassment."

Altogether, I have never parted with a client with greater regret, or found one holding me in bonds of friendship and respect to so great a degree.

Matthew Arnold came to this country and gave one hundred lectures. Nobody ever heard any of them, not even those sitting in the front row. At his first appearance in Chickering Hall every seat was sold at a high price. Chauncey M. Depew introduced the speaker. I was looking after the business in the front of the house. There was not a seat to be had excepting a few that were held by speculators on the sidewalk. As Mr. Depew and Matthew Arnold appeared before the audience somebody told me that General and Mrs. Grant had just arrived and had seats in the gallery, but some other people were occupying them. I immediately got a policeman and working through the standing crowd, found that they were the last two seats on the aisle in the gallery. We had no difficulty in getting the occupants to vacate as soon as they discovered who held the tickets. We had just heard the last few sentences of Mr. Depew's introduction when Matthew Arnold stepped forward, opened out his manuscript, laid it on the desk, and his lips began to move. There was not the slightest sound audible from where I stood. After a few minutes General Grant said to Mrs. Grant, "Well, wife, we have paid to see the British lion; we cannot hear him roar, so we had better go home."

They left the hall. A few minutes later there was a stream of people leaving the place. All those standing went away very early. Later on, the others who could not endure the silence moved away as quietly as they could.

Henry Watterson I have known for twenty-five years. A Democratic leader and editor of the most influential paper in the South, he has counted such men as Greeley, Raymond, James, Whitelaw Reid, Dana, McGill, and John Swinton among his nearest friends and advisers. He was looked upon by his political opponents as one of the safest of their advisers. I think he has had the entrée to the White House during every administration since Grant's excepting Hayes', although I hardly think he and President Cleveland were over fond of each other.

There are conditions under which a close friend of the Colonel can learn all about him—his remarkable social experiences especially among the men and women of the lyric and dramatic stage. At one time he knew every great actor, actress, singer, and manager in the English-speaking world, and they were all his friends.

Colonel Watterson has been a successful lecturer during the last two decades and has covered as much territory as any other man. He is equally popular in New England and in the South; is a favorite in Texas, California, Arkansas, Kansas, Iowa, and all the Western States. He has given his lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" before crowded houses in Southern cities where, when he was a rebel captain, he would joyfully have directed the Federal President's execution.

George Kennan was introduced to me by Mr. Roswell Smith, president of the Century Company. His letters on Siberia were appearing in *The Century Magazine* and creating a great deal of interest. I asked him if he would lecture, and got a favorable reply. I also sent out "feelers" to my customers, and to my surprise applications came pouring in from all parts of the country. I saw that success was almost certain and proposed to Mr. Kennan a certain sum of money for two hundred lectures. I offered him $100 a lecture—$20,000 for two hundred lectures—and to pay all his expenses, which he accepted.

It was the season of 1889 and 1890. Mr. Kennan was in

wretched health during the entire tour, devoting his nights to writing letters and sending his earnings to the poor Siberian exiles whom he had known in that country. He was loaded down, and was almost broken down, with sympathy for the poor people, whose cause he was so ably championing in this country. But notwithstanding all of his other work, he traveled and lectured two hundred consecutive secular nights, traveling almost every day. Not an audience was disappointed nor a railroad connection missed. Mr. Kennan cleared $20,000 that season from his lectures.

Robert E. Peary, Civil Engineer, U. S. Navy, returned in the autumn of 1892 from his second Arctic exploration, bringing with him a number of dogs, the sledges on which he made his journeys, and a collection of Esquimau souvenirs, such as sledges, dog-harness, clothing, tents, spears, fishing-tackle, cooking utensils, and furniture, and gave an exhibition in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Academy of Science, which I attended. It was an interesting exhibit. Mr. Peary gave a delightful lecture, illustrated with some of the finest stereoscopic views of Arctic scenery I had ever seen presented, views which he had himself taken while on the expedition. I tried my best to secure him for some lectures in various cities, but being an officer of the Government and under orders, it was impossible to make the arrangement. Later on, however, he obtained leave of absence with permission to fit out a second expedition, and he was allowed to lecture from January to April, so I arranged for what proved to be one of the most vigorous lecture campaigns that I had ever managed up to that time.

We began in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and up to the first of April (one hundred and three days), Mr. Peary gave one hundred and sixty-five lectures. The five dogs were as much a drawing feature as Peary himself, and were a great advertising card, especially where there was sleighing, as Henson, Mr. Peary's colored servant, who had accompanied him on the expedition, hitched them up and drove them about the cities wherever they went, attracting the attention and wonder of the entire communities. They seemed to take as much interest in the show as they probably had shown in their great

overland journeys across the Greenland Ice Cap with their master. The dogs were very fond of being petted, and liked ladies and children. After the lecture they were brought on the stage and the children in the audience were allowed to rush forward and meet them. There was never an instance of the dogs showing the slightest ill-temper or of objecting to be caressed or fed by the auditors. One remarkable thing about the dogs was that they would insist upon their rights and their share of the entertainment. They would wait very patiently until the time for Mr. Peary to finish, but if he happened to speak a little longer than the usual time, the dogs would set up a howl so that he would have to stop. They never became uneasy until their own time arrived.

In closing, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to say that the lyceum platform stands for ability, genius, education, reform and entertainment. On it the greatest readers, orators and thinkers have stood. On it reform has found her noblest advocates, literature her finest expression, progress her bravest leaders, and humor its happiest translations. Some of the most gifted, most highly educated, and warmest hearted men and women of the English-speaking race have in the last fifty years given their best efforts to the lyceum, and by their noble utterances have made its platform not only historic, but symbolic of talent, education, genius, and reform.

JOHN RUSKIN

WORK

Lecture by John Ruskin, critic (born in London, England, February 8, 1819; died in Coniston, Lancaster county, England, January 20, 1900), delivered before the Camberwell Working Men's Institute, January 24, 1865. This lecture is the first of the group published under the title of "The Crown of Wild Olive," which, with "Sesame and Lilies," is perhaps the most widely read of Mr. Ruskin's works.

My Friends:—I have not come among you to-night to endeavor to give you an entertaining lecture; but to tell you a few plain facts, and ask you a few plain questions. I have seen and known too much of the struggle for life among our laboring population, to feel at ease, under any circumstances, in inviting them to dwell on the trivialities of my own studies; but, much more, as I meet to-night, for the first time, the members of a working Institute established in the district in which I have passed the greater part of my life, I am desirous that we should at once understand each other, on graver matters. I would fain tell you, with what feelings, and with what hope, I regard this Institute, as one of many such, now happily established throughout England, as well as in other countries; and preparing the way for a great change in all the circumstances of industrial life; but of which the success must wholly depend upon our clearly understanding the conditions, and above all, the necessary *limits* of this change. No teacher can truly promote the cause of education, until he knows the mode of life for which that education is to prepare his pupil. And the fact that he is called upon to address you, nominally, as a "Working Class," must compel him, if he is in any wise earnest

or thoughtful, to inquire in the outset, on what you yourselves suppose this class distinction has been founded in the past, and must be founded in the future. The manner of the amusement, and the matter of teaching, which any of us can offer you, must depend wholly on our first understanding from you, whether you think the distinction heretofore drawn between working men and others is truly or falsely founded. Do you accept it as it stands? do you wish it to be modified? or do you think the object of education is to efface it, and make us forget it forever?

Let me make myself more distinctly understood. We call this—you and I—a "Working Men's Institute," and our college in London, a "Working Men's College." Now, how do you consider that these several institutes differ, or ought to differ from "idle men's" institutes and "idle men's" colleges? Or by what other word than "idle" shall I distinguish those whom the happiest and wisest of working men do not object to call the "Upper Classes"? Are these necessarily upper classes? necessarily lower? How much should those always be elevated, how much these always depressed? And I pray those among my audience who chance to occupy, at present, the higher position, to forgive me what offense there may be in what I am going to say. It is not I who wish to say it. Bitter voices say it; voices of battle and of famine through all the world, which must be heard some day, whoever keeps silence. Neither, as you well know, is it to *you* specially that I say it. I am sure that most now present know their duties of kindness, and fulfill them, better perhaps than I do mine. But I speak to you as representing your whole class, which errs, I know, chiefly by thoughtlessness, but not therefore the less terribly. Willful error is limited by the will, but what limit is there to that of which we are unconscious?

Bear with me, therefore, while I turn to these workmen, and ask them what they think the "upper classes" are, and ought to be, in relation to them. Answer, you workmen who are here, as you would among yourselves, frankly; and tell me how you would have me call your employers. Am I to call them—would *you* think me right in calling them—the idle classes? I think you would feel somewhat uneasy, and as if

I were not treating my subject honestly, or speaking from my heart, if I proceeded in my lecture under the supposition that all rich people were idle. You would be both unjust and unwise if you allowed me to say that;—not less unjust than the rich people who say that all the poor are idle, and will never work if they can help it, or more than they can help.

For indeed the fact is, that there are idle poor and idle rich; and there are busy poor and busy rich. Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year; and many a man of large fortune is busier than his errand-boy, and never would think of stopping in the street to play marbles. So that, in a large view, the distinction between workers and idlers, as between knaves and honest men, runs through the very heart and innermost nature of men of all ranks and in all positions. There is a working class—strong and happy—among both rich and poor; there is an idle class—weak, wicked, and miserable—among both rich and poor. And the worst of the misunderstandings arising between the two orders come of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class (how little wise in this!) habitually contemplate the foolish of the *other*. If the busy rich people watched and rebuked the idle rich people, all would be right among *them:* and if the busy poor people watched and rebuked the idle poor people, all would be right among *them*. But each looks for the faults of the other. A hardworking man of property is particularly offended by an idle beggar; and an orderly, but poor, workman is naturally intolerant of the licentious luxury of the rich. And what is severe judgment in the minds of the just men of either class becomes fierce enmity in the unjust—but among the unjust *only*. None but the dissolute among the poor look upon the rich as their natural enemies, or desire to pillage their houses and divide their property. None but the dissolute among the rich speak in opprobrious terms of the vices and follies of the poor.

There is, then, no worldly distinction between idle and industrious people; and I am going to-night to speak only of the industrious. The idle people we will put out of our thoughts at once—they are mere nuisances—what ought to be done with *them*, we'll talk of at another time. But there are class distinctions, among the industrious themselves—tremendous distinc-

tions, which rise and fall to every degree in the infinite thermometer of human pain and of human power—distinctions of high and low, of lost and won, to the whole reach of man's soul and body.

These separations we will study, and the laws of them, among energetic men only, who, whether they work or whether they play, put their strength into the work, and their strength into the game; being in the full sense of the word "industrious," one way or another—with purpose, or without. And these distinctions are mainly four:—

I. Between those who work, and those who play.

II. Between those who produce the means of life and those who consume them.

III. Between those who work with the head, and those who work with the hand.

IV. Between those who work wisely, and those who work foolishly.

For easier memory, let us say we are going to oppose, in our examination:—

I. Work to play.
II. Production to consumption.
III. Head to hand.
IV. Sense to nonsense.

I. First, then, of the distinction between the classes who work and the classes who play. Of course we must agree upon a definition of these terms—work and play—before going farther. Now, roughly, not with vain subtlety of definition, but for plain use of the words, "play" is an exertion of body or mind, made to please ourselves, and with no determined end; and work is a thing done because it ought to be done, and with a determined end. You play, as you call it, at cricket, for instance. That is as hard work as anything else; but it amuses you, and it has no result but the amusement. If it were done as an ordered form of exercise, for health's sake, it would become work directly. So, in like manner, whatever we do to please ourselves, and only for the sake of the pleasure, not for an ultimate object, is "play," the "pleasing thing,"

not the useful thing. Play may be useful in a secondary sense (nothing is indeed more useful or necessary); but the use of it depends on its being spontaneous.

Let us, then, inquire together what sort of games the playing class in England spend their lives in playing at.

The first of all English games is making money. That is an all-absorbing game; and we knock each other down oftener in playing at that than at football, or any other roughest sport; and it is absolutely without purpose; no one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money-maker what he wants to do with his money—he never knows. He doesn't make it to do anything with it. He gets it only that he *may* get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as, at cricket, you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game. So all that great foul city of London there—rattling, growling, smoking, stinking—a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore—you fancy it is a city of work? Not a street of it! It is a great city of play; very nasty play, and very hard play, but still play. It is only Lord's cricket ground without the turf—a huge billiard table without the cloth, and with pockets as deep as the bottomless pit; but mainly a billiard table, after all.

Well, the first great English game is this playing at counters. It differs from the rest in that it appears always to be producing money, while every other game is expensive. But it does not always produce money. There's a great difference between "winning" money and "making" it; a great difference between getting it out of another man's pocket into ours, or filling both.

Our next great English games, however, hunting and shooting, are costly altogether; and how much we are fined for them annually in land, horses, gamekeepers, and game laws, and the resultant demoralization of ourselves, our children, and our retainers, and all else that accompanies these beautiful and special English games, I will not endeavor to count now; but note only that, except for exercise, they are not merely useless games,

but deadly ones, to all connected with them. For through horse-racing you get every form of what the higher classes everywhere call "Play," in distinction from all other plays: that is, gambling; and through game-preserving, you get also some curious laying out of ground; that beautiful arrangement of dwellinghouse for man and beast, by which we have grouse and black-cock—so many brace to the acre, and men and women—so many brace to the garret. I often wonder what the angelic builders and surveyors—the angelic builders who build the "many mansions" up above there; and the angelic surveyors, who measured that four-square city with their measuring reeds—I wonder what they think, or are supposed to think, of the laying out of ground by this nation.

Then, next to the gentlemen's game of hunting, we must put the ladies' game of dressing. It is not the cheapest of games. And I wish I could tell you what this "play" costs, altogether, in England, France, and Russia annually. But it is a pretty game, and on certain terms I like it; nay, I don't see it played quite as much as I would fain have it. You ladies like to lead the fashion:—by all means lead it—lead it thoroughly—lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else nicely. Lead the *fashions for the poor* first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look, in ways of which you have now no conception, all the better. The fashions you have set for some time among your peasantry are not pretty ones; their doublets are too irregularly slashed, or as Chaucer calls it "all to-slittered," though not for "queintise," and the wind blows too frankly through them.

Then there are other games, wild enough, as I could show you if I had time.

There's playing at literature, and playing at art—very different, both, from working at literature, or working at art, but I've no time to speak of these. I pass to the greatest of all—the play of plays, the great gentlemen's game, which ladies like them best to play at—the game of War. It is entrancingly pleasant to the imagination; we dress for it, however, more finely than for any other sport; and go out to it, not merely in scarlet, as to hunt, but in scarlet and gold, and all manner of fine colors; of course we could fight better in gray,

and without feathers; but all nations have agreed that it is good to be well dressed at this play. Then the bats and balls are very costly; our English and French bats, with the balls and wickets, even those which we don't make any use of, costing, I suppose, now, about fifteen millions of money annually to each nation; all which you know is paid for by hard laborer's work in the furrow and furnace. A costly game!—not to speak of its consequences; I will say at present nothing of these. The mere immediate cost of all these plays is what I want you to consider; they are all paid for in deadly work somewhere, as many of us know too well. The jewel-cutter, whose sight fails over the diamonds; the weaver, whose arm fails over the web; the iron-forger, whose breath fails before the furnace—*they* know what work is—they, who have all the work, and none of the play, except a kind they have named for themselves down in the black north country, where "play" means being laid up by sickness. It is a pretty example for philologists, of varying dialect, this change in the sense of the word, as used in the black country of Birmingham, and the red and black country of Baden Baden. Yes, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, of England, who think "one moment unamused a misery, not made for feeble man," this is what you have brought the word "play" to mean, in the heart of merry England! You may have your fluting and piping; but there are sad children sitting in the market-place, who indeed cannot say to you, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced": but eternally shall say to you, "We have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."

This, then, is the first distinction between the "upper and lower" classes. And this is one which is by no means necessary; which indeed must, in process of good time, be by all honest men's consent abolished. Men will be taught that an existence of play, sustained by the blood of other creatures, is a good existence for gnats and jellyfish; but not for men: that neither days, nor lives, can be made holy or noble by doing nothing in them: that the best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments; and the best grace before meat, the consciousness that we have just earned our dinner. And when we have this much of plain Christianity preached to us again, and cease to translate the strict words,

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," into the dainty ones: "Baby, go play to-day in my vineyard," we shall all be workers, in one way or another; and this much at least of the distinction between "upper" and "lower" forgotten.

II. I pass then to our second distinction; between the rich and poor, between Dives and Lazarus—distinction which exists more sternly, I suppose, in this day, than ever in the world, Pagan or Christian, till now. Consider, for instance, what the general tenor of such a paper as the *Morning Post* implies of delicate luxury among the rich; and then read this chance extract from it:—

"Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, a woman, passing a dung-heap in the stone-yard near the recently erected almshouses in Shadwell Gap, High Street, Shadwell, called the attention of a Thames police-constable to a man in a sitting position on the dung-heap, and said she was afraid he was dead. Her fears proved to be true. The wretched creature appeared to have been dead several hours. He had perished of cold and wet, and the rain had been beating down on him all night. The deceased was a bone-picker. He was in the lowest stage of poverty, poorly clad, and half-starved. The police had frequently driven him away from the stone-yard, between sunset and sunrise, and told him to go home. He selected a most desolate spot for his wretched death. A penny and some bones were found in his pockets. The deceased was between fifty and sixty years of age. Inspector Roberts, of the K division, has given directions for inquiries to be made at the lodging-houses respecting the deceased, to ascertain his identity if possible."—*Morning Post,* Nov. 25, 1864.

Compare the statement of the finding bones in his pocket with the following, from the *Telegraph* of January 16 of this year:—

"Again, the dietary scale for adult and juvenile paupers was drawn up by the most conspicuous political economists in England. It is low in quantity, but it is sufficient to support nature; yet within ten years of the passing of the Poor Law Act, we heard of the paupers in the Andover Union gnawing the scraps of putrid flesh and sucking the marrow from the bones of horses which they were employed to crush."

You see my reason for thinking that our Lazarus of Christianity has some advantage over the Jewish one. Jewish Lazarus expected, or at least prayed, to be fed with crumbs from the rich man's table; but *our* Lazarus is fed with crumbs from the dog's table.

Now this distinction between rich and poor rests on two bases. Within its proper limits, on a basis which is lawful and everlastingly necessary; beyond them, on a basis unlawful, and everlastingly corrupting the framework of society. The lawful basis of wealth is, that a man who works should be paid the fair value of his work; and that if he does not choose to spend it to-day, he should have free leave to keep it, and spend it to-morrow. Thus, an industrious man working daily, and laying by daily, attains at last the possession of an accumulated sum of wealth, to which he has absolute right. The idle person who will not work, and the wasteful person who lays nothing by, at the end of the same time will be doubly poor—poor in possession, and dissolute in moral habit; and he will then naturally covet the money which the other has saved. And if he is then allowed to attack the other, and rob him of his well-earned wealth, there is no more any motive for saving, or any reward for good conduct; and all society is thereupon dissolved, or exists only in systems of rapine. Therefore the first necessity of social life is the clearness of national conscience in enforcing the law—that he should keep who has JUSTLY EARNED.

That law, I say, is the proper basis of distinction between rich and poor. But there is also a false basis of distinction; namely the power held over those who are earning wealth by those who already possess it, and only use it to gain more. There will be always a number of men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect, and more or less cowardly. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; just as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily-minded people like making

money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay—very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it—still, his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. So of clergymen. They like pew-rents, and baptismal fees, of course; but yet, if they are brave and well-educated, the pew-rent is not the sole object of their lives, and the baptismal fee is not the sole purpose of the baptism; the clergyman's object is essentially to baptize and preach, not to be paid for preaching. So of doctors. They like fees no doubt—ought to like them; yet if they are brave and well-educated, the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and—if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them, —would rather cure their patient and lose their fee, than kill him, and get it. And so with all other brave and rightly-trained men; their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still *second*. But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first, and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is between life and death *in* a man, between heaven and hell *for* him. You cannot serve two masters;—you *must* serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of devils—the "least erected fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms; Work first—you are God's servants; Fee first—you are the Fiend's. And it makes a difference now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him who has on His vesture and thigh written, "King of Kings," and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written, "Slave of Slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.

However, in every nation there are, and must always be, a

certain number of these Fiend's servants, who have it principally for the object of their lives to make money. They are always, as I said, more or less stupid, and cannot conceive of anything else so nice as money. Stupidity is always the basis of the Judas bargain. We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money-lover, and, like all money-lovers, did not understand Christ;—could not make out the worth of Him, or meaning of Him. He never thought He would be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddle-headed, pilfering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. Helpless to understand Christ, yet believed in Him, much more than most of us do; had seen Him do miracles, thought He was quite strong enough to shift for himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little by-perquisites out of the affair. Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have his thirty pieces. Now, that is the money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand Him—doesn't care for Him—sees no good in that benevolent business; makes his own little job out of it at all events, come what will. And thus, out of every mass of men, you have a certain number of bagmen—your "fee-first" men, whose main object is to make money. And they do make it—make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money itself, or what is called the power of capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labor of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all its produce himself, except the laborer's food. That is the modern Judas's way of "carrying the bag," and "bearing what is put therein."

Nay, but (it is asked) how is that an unfair advantage? Has not the man who has worked for the money a right to use it as he best can? No, in this respect, money is now exactly what mountain promontories over public roads were in old times. The barons fought for them fairly:—the strongest and cunningest got them; then fortified them, and made every-

one who passed below pay toll. Well, capital now is exactly what crags were then. Men fight fairly (we will, at least, grant so much, though it is more than we ought) for their money; but, once having got it, the fortified millionaire can make everybody who passes below pay toll to his million, and build another tower of his money castle. And I can tell you, the poor vagrants by the roadside suffer now quite as much from the bag-baron, as ever they did from the crag-baron. Bags and crags have just the same result on rags. I have not time, however, to-night to show you in how many ways the power of capital is unjust; but remember this one great principle—you will find it unfailing—that whenever money is the principal object of life with either man or nation, it is both got ill, and spent ill; and does harm both in the getting and spending; but when it is not the principal object, it and all other things will be well got and well spent. And here is the test, with every man, of whether money is the principal object with him, or not. If in mid-life he could pause and say, "Now I have enough to live upon, I'll live upon it; and having well earned it, I will also well spend it, and go out of the world poor, as I came into it," then money is not principal with him; but if, having enough to live upon in the manner befitting his character and rank, he still wants to make more, and to *die* rich, then money is the principal object with him and it becomes a curse to himself, and generally to those who spend it after him. For you know it *must* be spent some day; the only question is whether the man who makes it shall spend it, or some one else, and generally it is better for the maker to spend it, for he will know best its value and use. And if a man does not choose thus to spend his money, he must either hoard it or lend it, and the worst thing he can generally do is to lend it; for borrowers are nearly always ill-spenders, and it is with lent money that all evil is mainly done, and all unjust war protracted.

For observe what the real fact is, respecting loans to foreign military governments, and how strange it is. If your little boy came to you to ask for money to spend in squibs and crackers, you would think twice before you gave it him, and you would have some idea that it was wasted, when you saw

it fly off in fireworks, even though he did no mischief with it. But the Russian children and Austrian children come to you, borrowing money, not to spend in innocent squibs, but in cartridges and bayonets to attack you in India with, and to keep down all noble life in Italy with, and to murder Polish women and children with; and *that* you will give at once, because they pay you interest for it. Now, in order to pay you that interest, they must tax every working peasant in their dominions; and on that work you live. You therefore at once rob the Austrian peasant, assassinate or banish the Polish peasant, and you live on the produce of the theft, and the bribe for the assassination! That is the broad fact—that is the practical meaning of your foreign loans, and of most large interest of money; and then you quarrel with Bishop Colenso, forsooth, as if *he* denied the Bible, and you believed it! though every deliberate act of your lives is a new defiance of its primary orders.

III. I must pass, however, now to our third condition of separation, between the men who work with the hand and those who work with the head.

And here we have at last an inevitable distinction. There *must* be work done by the arms, or none of us could live. There *must* be work done with the brains, or the life we get would not be worth having. And the same men cannot do both. There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it; there is gentle work to be done, and gentlemen must do it; and it is physically impossible that one class should do, or divide, the work of the other. And it is of no use to try to conceal this sorrowful fact by fine words, and to talk to the workman about the honorableness of manual labor, and the dignity of humanity. Rough work, honorable or not, takes the life out of us; and the man who has been heaving clay out of a ditch all day, or driving an express train against a north wind all night, or holding a collier's helm in a gale on a lee-shore, or whirling white-hot iron at a furnace mouth, is not the same man at the end of his day, or night, as one who has been sitting in a quiet room, with everything comfortable about him, reading books, or classing butterflies, or painting pictures. If it is any comfort to you to be told that the rough work is

the more honorable of the two, I should be sorry to take that much of consolation from you; and in some sense I need not. The rough work is at all events real, honest, and, generally, though not always, useful; while the fine work is, a great deal of it, foolish and false as well as fine, and therefore dishonorable; but when both kinds are equally well and worthily done, the head's is the noble work, and the hand's the ignoble. Therefore, of all hand work whatsoever, necessary for the maintenance of life, those old words "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread," indicate that the inherent nature of it is one of calamity: and that the ground, cursed for our sake, casts also some shadow of degradation into our contest with its thorn and its thistle; so that all nations have held their days honorable, or "holy," and constituted them "holydays" or "holidays," by making them days of rest; and the promise, which, among all our distant hopes, seems to cast the chief brightness over death, is that blessing of the dead who die in the Lord, that "they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

And thus the perpetual question and contest must arise, who is to do this rough work? and how is the worker of it to be comforted, redeemed, and rewarded? and what kind of play should he have, and what rest, in this world sometimes, as well as in the next? Well, my good laborious friends, these questions will take a little time to answer yet. They *must* be answered: all good men are occupied with them, and all honest thinkers. There's grand head work doing about them; but much must be discovered, and much attempted in vain, before anything decisive can be told you. Only note these few particulars, which are already sure.

As to the distribution of the hard work. None of us, or very few of us, do either hard or soft work because we think we ought; but because we have chanced to fall into the way of it, and cannot help ourselves. Now, nobody does anything well that they cannot help doing: work is only done well when it is done with a will; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place. And, depend upon it, all work must be done at last, not in a disorderly, scrambling, doggish way, but in an ordered, soldierly, human way—a lawful or "loyal" way. Men

are enlisted for the labor that kills—the labor of war: they are counted, trained, fed, dressed, and praised for that. Let them be enlisted also for the labor that feeds: let them be counted, trained, fed, dressed, praised for that. Teach the plow exercise as carefully as you do the sword exercise, and let the officers of troops of life be held as much gentlemen as the officers of troops of death; and all is done: but neither this, nor any other right thing, can be accomplished—you can't even see your way to it—unless, first of all, both servant and master are resolved that, come what will of it, they will do each other justice.

People are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or advisablest to do, or profitablest to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ever ask what it is *just* to do. And it is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oftenest—"Do justice and judgment." That's your Bible order; that's the "Service of God"—not praying nor psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything; and, by the perverseness of the Evil Spirit, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are "service." If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake—does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and He likes to hear it: He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it; but He doesn't call that "serving Him." Begging is not serving: God likes mere beggars as little as you do—He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him; but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God, serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it's anything; most probably it is nothing; but if it's anything, it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chantings "Divine service": we say "Divine service will be 'performed'" (that's our word—the form of it gone

through) "at so-and-so o'clock." Alas! unless we perform Divine service in every willing act of life, we never perform it at all. The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice. "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you do love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him; and you will come to hate him.

It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with; but you will find all you will have got to begin with, begins at home, and is essentially love of yourself. You well-to-do people, for instance, who are here to-night, will go to "Divine service" next Sunday, all nice and tidy, and your little children will have their tight little Sunday boots on, and lovely little Sunday feathers in their hats; and you'll think, complacently and piously, how lovely they look going to church in their best! So they do: and you love them heartily, and you like sticking feathers in their hats. That's all right: that *is* charity; but it is charity beginning at home. Then you will come to the poor little crossing-sweeper, got up also—it, in its Sunday dress—the dirtiest rags it has—that it may beg the better: you will give it a penny, and think how good you are, and how good God is to prefer your child to the crossing-sweeper and bestow on it a divine hat, feathers, and boots, and the pleasure of giving pence instead of begging for them. That's charity going abroad. But what does Justice say, walking and watching near us? Christian Justice has been strangely mute, and seemingly blind; and if not blind, decrepit, this many a day: she keeps her accounts still, however—quite steadily—doing them at nights, carefully, with her bandage off, and through acutest spectacles (the only modern scientific invention she cares about). You must put your ear down ever so

close to her lips to hear her speak; and then you will start at what she first whispers, for it will certainly be, "Why shouldn't that little crossing-sweeper have a feather on its head, as well as your own child?" Then you may ask Justice, in an amazed manner, "How she can possibly be so foolish as to think children could sweep crossings with feathers on their heads?" Then you stoop again, and Justice says—still in her dull, stupid way—"Then, why don't you, every other Sunday, leave your child to sweep the crossing, and take the little sweeper to church in a hat and feather?" Mercy on us (you think), what will she say next? And you answer, of course, that "you don't, because everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them." Ah, my friends, that's the gist of the whole question. *Did* Providence put them in that position, or did *you?* You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the "position in which Providence has placed him." That's modern Christianity. You say—"*We* did not knock him into the ditch." We shall never know what you have done or left undone, until the question with us every morning, is not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing during the day; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to acknowledge that maxim of the poor half-way Mahometan, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

Supposing, then, we have it determined with appropriate justice, *who* is to do the hand work, the next questions must be how the hand-workers are to be paid, and how they are to be refreshed, and what play they are to have. Now, the possible quantity of play depends on the possible quantity of pay; and the quantity of pay is not a matter for consideration to hand-workers only, but to all workers. Generally, good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill-paid, or not paid at all. I don't say it should be so, but it always is so. People, as a rule, only pay for being amused or being cheated, not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker, and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger, and thinker, is the rule. None of the best head work in art, literature, or science, is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got

for his Iliad? or Dante for his Paradise? Only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of starvation, driven from his home. It is indeed very clear that God means all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing. Baruch, the scribe, did not get a penny a line for writing Jeremiah's second roll for him, I fancy; and St. Stephen did not get bishop's pay for that long sermon of his to the Pharisees; nothing but stones. For, indeed, that is the world-father's proper payment. So surely as any of the world's children work for the world's good, honestly, with head and heart; and come to it, saying, "Give us a little bread, just to keep the life in us," the world-father answers them, "No, my children, not bread; a stone, if you like, or as many as you need, to keep you quiet and tell to future ages, how unpleasant you made yourself to the one you lived in."

But the hand-workers are not so ill off as all this comes to. The worst that can happen to *you* is to break stones; not be broken by them. And for you there will come a time for better payment; we shall pay people not quite so much for talking in Parliament and doing nothing, as for holding their tongues out of it and doing something; we shall pay our plowman a little more, and our lawyer a little less, and so on: but, at least, we may even now take care that whatever work is done shall be fully paid for; and the man who does it paid for it, not somebody else; and that it shall be done in an orderly, soldierly, well-guided, wholesome way, under good captains and lieutenants of labor; and that it shall have its appointed times of rest, and enough of them; and that in those times the play shall be wholesome play, not in theatrical gardens, with tin flowers and gas sunshine, and girls dancing because of their misery; but in true gardens, with real flowers, and real sunshine, and children dancing because of their gladness; so that truly the streets shall be full (the "streets," mind you, not the gutters) of children, playing in the midst thereof. We may take care that working men shall have at least as good books to read as anybody else, when they've time to read them; and

as comfortable firesides to sit at as anybody else, when they've time to sit at them. This, I think, can be managed for you, my laborious friends, in the good time.

IV. I must go on, however, to our last head, concerning ourselves all, as workers. What is wise work, and what is foolish work? What the difference between sense and nonsense in daily occupations?

There are three tests of wise work:—that it must be honest, useful, and cheerful.

I. It is HONEST. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and you do not in work. In your lightest games, you have always some one to see what you call "fair-play." In boxing, you must hit fair; in racing, start fair. Your English watchword is "fair-*play*," your English hatred, "foul-*play*." Did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, "fair-*work*," and another and bitterer hatred—"foul-*work*"? Your prize-fighter has some honor in him yet; and so have the men in the ring round him: they will judge him to lose the match, by foul hitting. But your prize-merchant gains his match by foul selling, and no one cries out against that. You drive a gambler out of a gambling-room who loads dice, but you leave a tradesman in flourishing business who loads scales! For observe, all dishonest dealing *is* loading scales. What difference does it make whether I get short weight, adulterate substance, or dishonest fabric?—unless that flaw in the substance or fabric is the worse evil of the two. Give me short measure of food, and I only lose by you; but give me adulterate food, and I die by you. Here, then, is your chief duty, you workmen and tradesmen—to be true to yourselves, and to us who would help you. We can do nothing for you, nor you for yourselves, without honesty. Get that, you get all; without that, your suffrages, your reforms, your free trade measures, your institutions of science, are all in vain. It is useless to put your heads together, if you can't put your hearts together. Shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand, among yourselves, and no wrong hand to anybody else, and you'll win the world yet.

II. Then, secondly, wise work is USEFUL. No man minds, or ought to mind, its being hard, if only it comes to something;

but when it is hard, and comes to nothing; when all our bees' business turns to spiders'; and for honeycomb we have only resultant cobweb, blown away by the next breeze—that is the cruel thing for the worker. Yet do we ever ask ourselves, personally, or even nationally, whether our work is coming to anything or not? We don't care to keep what has been nobly done; still less do we care to do nobly what others would keep; and, least of all, to make the work itself useful instead of deadly to the doer, so as to exert his life indeed, but not to waste it. Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor. If you went down in the morning into your dairy, and found that your youngest child had got down there before you, and that he and the cat were at play together, and that he had poured out all the cream on the floor for the cat to lap up, you would scold the child, and be sorry the cream was wasted. But if, instead of wooden bowls with milk in them, there are golden bowls with human life in them, and instead of the cat to play with—the devil to play with; and you yourself the player; and instead of leaving that golden bowl to be broken by God at the fountain, you break it in the dust yourself, and pour the human life out on the ground for the Fiend to lick up—that is no waste!

What! you perhaps think, "to waste the labor of men is not to kill them." Is it not? I should like to know how you could kill them more utterly—kill them with second deaths, seventh deaths, hundredfold deaths? It is the slightest way of killing to stop a man's breath. Nay, the hunger, and the cold, and the whistling bullets—our love-messengers between nation and nation—have brought pleasant messages to many a man before now; orders of sweet release, and leave at last to go where he will be most welcome and most happy. At the worst you do but shorten his life, you do not corrupt his life. But if you put him to base labor, if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes, if you steal his joys, if you stunt his body, and blast his soul, and at last leave him not so much as strength to reap the poor fruit of his degradation, but gather that for yourself, and dismiss him to the grave, when you have done with him, having, so far as in you lay, made the walls of that grave everlasting; (though, indeed, I

fancy the goodly bricks of some of our family vaults will hold closer in the resurrection day than the sod over the laborer's head), this you think is no waste and no sin!

III. Then, lastly, wise work is CHEERFUL, as a child's work is. And now I want you to take one thought home with you, and let it stay with you.

Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain, than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want.* He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it: such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can insult Him with; the soldiers striking Him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is: we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in our hearts: "the kingdom of God is within you." And, being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost:" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful and helpful Spirit. Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it, and enter into it, there's one curious condition to be first accepted. You must enter it as children, or not at all; "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"

Of such, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text think that all heaven or the earth—when it gets to be like heaven—

is to be full of babies. But that's not so. "Length of days, and long life and peace," that is the blessing, not to die, still less to live, in babyhood. It is the *character* of children we want, and must gain at our peril; let us see, briefly, in what it consists.

The first character of right childhood is that it is Modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows everything. It may think its father and mother know everything—perhaps that all grown-up people know everything; very certainly it is sure that *it* does not. And it is always asking questions, and wanting to know more. Well, that is the first character of a good and wise man at his work. To know that he knows very little;—to perceive that there are many above him wiser than he; and to be always asking questions, wanting to learn, not to teach. No one ever teaches well who wants to teach, or governs well who wants to govern; it is an old saying (Plato's, but I know not if his, first), and as wise as old.

Then, the second character of right childhood is to be Faithful. Perceiving that its father knows best what is good for it, and having found always, when it has tried its own way against his, that he was right, and it was wrong, a noble child trusts him at last wholly, gives him its hand, and will walk blindfolded with him, if he bids it. And that is the true character of all good men also, as obedient workers, or soldiers under captains. They must trust their captains;—they are bound for their lives to choose none but those whom they *can* trust. Then, they are not always to be thinking that what seems strange to them, or wrong in what they are desired to do, *is* strange or wrong. They know their captain: where he leads they must follow—what he bids, they must do; and without this trust and faith, without this captainship and soldiership, no great deed, no great salvation, is possible to man.

Then the third character of right childhood is to be Loving. Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is a right kind of child; would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need it; does not lay plans for getting everything in

the house for itself, and delights in helping people; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so humble a way.

And because of all these characters, lastly, it is Cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing—being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or in its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; trusting somebody else to take care of to-morrow; knowing indeed what labor is, but not what sorrow is; and always ready for play—beautiful play. For lovely human play is like the play of the Sun. There's a worker for you. He, steady to his time, is set as a strong man to run his course, but also, he *rejoiceth* as a strong man to run his course. See how he plays in the morning, with the mists below, and the clouds above, with a ray here and a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere;—that's the Sun's play; and great human play is like his—all various—all full of light and life, and tender as the dew of the morning.

So, then, you have the child's character in these four things—Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness. That's what you have got to be converted to. "Except ye be converted and become as little children."—You hear much of conversion nowadays; but people always seem to think they have got to be made wretched by conversion—to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones; you have to repent into childhood, to repent into delight, and delightsomeness. You can't go into a conventicle but you'll hear plenty of talk of backsliding. Backsliding, indeed! I can tell you, on the ways most of us go, the faster we slide back the better. Slide back into the cradle, if going on into the grave:—back, I tell you: back—out of your long faces, and into your long clothes. It is among children only, and as children only, that you will find medicine for your healing and true wisdom for your teaching. There is poison in the counsels of the *men* of this world; the words they speak are all bitterness, "the poison of asps is under their lips," but, "the sucking child shall play by the hole of the asp." There is death in the looks of men. "Their eyes are privily set against the

poor"; they are as the uncharmable serpent, the cockatrice, which slew by seeing. But "the weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice den." There is death in the steps of men: "their feet are swift to shed blood; they have compassed us in our steps like the lion that is greedy of his prey, and the young lion lurking in secret places"; but, in that kingdom, the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the fatling with the lion, and "a little child shall lead them." There is death in the thoughts of men: the world is one wide riddle to them, darker and darker as it draws to a close; but the secret of it is known to the child, and the Lord of heaven and earth is most to be thanked in that "He has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes." Yes, and there is death—infinitude of death in the principalities and powers of men. As far as the east is from the west, so far our sins are—*not* set from us, but multiplied around us: the Sun himself, think you he *now* "rejoices" to run his course, when he plunges westward to the horizon, so widely red, not with clouds, but blood? And it will be red more widely yet. Whatever drought of the early and latter rain there be, there will be none of that red rain. You fortify yourselves, you arm yourselves against it in vain; the enemy and avenger will be upon you also, unless you learn that it is not out of the mouths of the knitted gun, or the smoothed rifle, but "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" that the strength is ordained, which shall "still the enemy and avenger."

HENRY WHEELER SHAW

("JOSH BILLINGS")

MILK

Lecture by Henry W. Shaw—"Josh Billings"—humorist and satirist (born in Lanesborough, Mass., April 21, 1818; died in Monterey, Cal., October 14, 1885), delivered on many platforms during his career as a lecturer, which began in 1863. It was his custom to read his lecture, in the dialect which he employed, while seated at a reading-desk, and he had a habit of peering over his glasses at his audience when an especially good point was made, or a bit of homely wisdom thrown out.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I hope you are all well. Thare is lots ov folks who eat well and drink well, and yet are sick all the time. Theze are the folks who alwuz "enjoy poor health." Then I kno lots ov people whoze only reckomendashun iz, that they are helthy—so iz an onion. [Laughter.]

The subject of my lecture is Milk—plain M-i-l-k.

The best thing I've ever seen on milk is cream. [Laughter.] That's right [joining]. "People of good sense" are thoze whoze opinyuns agree with ours. [Renewed laughter.] People who agree with you never bore you. The shortest way to a woman's harte iz to praze her baby and her bonnet, and to a man's harte iz to praze hiz watch, hiz horse and hiz lectur. Eliar Perkins sez a man iz a bore when he talks so much about hisself that you kant talk about yourself. [Laughter.]

Still I shall go on talking.

Comik lekturing iz an unkommon pesky thing to do. It iz more unsartin than the rat ketching bizzness az a means ov

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grace, or az a means ov livelyhood. Most enny boddy thinks they kan do it, and this iz jist what makes it so bothersum tew do. When it iz did jist enuff, it iz a terifick success, but when it iz overdid, it iz like a burnt flapjack, very impertinent. [Applause.]

Thare aint but phew good judges ov humor, and they all differ about it. If a lekturer trys tew be phunny, he is like a hoss trying to trot backwards, pretty apt tew trod on himself. [Laughter.] Humor must fall out ov a man's mouth, like musik out ov a bobalink, or like a yung bird out ov its nest, when it iz feathered enuff to fly.

Whenever a man haz made up hiz mind that he iz a wit, then he iz mistaken without remedy, but whenever the publick haz made up their mind that he haz got the disease, then he haz got it sure. Individuals never git this thing right, the publik never git it wrong.

Humor iz wit with a rooster's tail feathers stuck in its cap, and wit iz wisdom in tight harness.

If a man is a genuine humorist, he iz superior to the bulk ov hiz aujience, and will often hev tew take hiz pay for hiz services in thinking so. Altho fun iz designed for the millyun, and ethiks for the few, it iz az true az molasses that most all aujiences hav their bell wethers, people who show the others the crack whare the joke cums laffing in. Where are they tonight? [Laughter.] I hav known popular aujiences deprived ov all plezzure during the recital ov a comik lektur, just bekauze the right man, or the right woman, want thare tew point out the mellow places.

The man who iz anxious tew git before an aujience, with what he calls a comik lektur, ought tew be put immediately in the stocks, so that he kant do it, for he iz a dangerous person tew git loose, and will do sum damage. It iz a very pleasant bizzness tew make people laff, but thare iz much odds whether they laff at *yu,* or laff at *what yu say.* When a man laffs at *yu,* he duz it because it makes him feel superior to you, but when yu pleaze him with what yu have uttered, he admits that yu are superior tew him. [Applause.] The only reazon whi a monkey alwus kreates a sensashun whareever he goes, is simply bekause—he is a monkey.

Everyboddy feels az tho they had a right tew criticize a comik lektur, and most ov them do it jist as a mule criticizes things, by shutting up both eyes and letting drive with hiz two behind leggs. [Laughter.] One ov the meanest things in the comik lektring employment that a man haz to do iz tew try and make that large class of his aujience laff whom the Lord never intended should laff. Thare iz sum who laff as easy and az natral az the birds do, but most ov mankind laff like a hand organ—if yu expect tew git a lively tune out ov it yu hav got tew grind for it. [Laughter and applause.] In delivering a comik lektur it is a good general rule to stop sudden, some time before yu git through.

This brings me to Long branch.

Long branch iz a work ov natur, and iz a good job. It iz a summer spot for men, wimmin and children, espeshily the latter. Children are az plenty here, and az sweet az flowers, in an outdoor gardin. I put up at the Oshun Hotel the last time I was there, and I put up more than I ought to. [Laughter.] Mi wife puts up a good deal with me at the same hotel, it iz an old-fashioned way we have ov doing things. She allways goes with me, to fashionable resorts, whare young widows are enny ways plenty, to put me on mi guard, for I am one ov the easyest creatures on reckord to be impozed upon, espeshily bi yung widders. She is an ornament to her sex, mi wife iz. I would like to see a young widder, or even an old one, git the start ov me, when mi wife iz around. [Laughter.] If I just step out sudden, to get a weak lemonade, to cool mi akeing brow, mi wife goes to the end of the verandy with me, and waits for me, and if I go down onto the beach to astronomize just a little, all alone, bi moonlite, she stands on the bluff, like a beakon lite, to warn me ov the breakers. [Applause and laughter.]

The biggest thing they hav got at Long branch, for the present, is the pool ov water, in front ov the hotels. [Laughter.] This pool iz said bi good judges to be 3,000 miles in length, and in sum places five miles thick. Into this pool, every day at ten o'klock, the folks all retire, males, females, and widders, promiskuss. The scenery here iz grand, especially the pool, and the air is az bracing az a milk puntch. Drinks are reason-

able here, espeshily out ov the pool, and the last touch ov civilization haz reached here also, sum enterprising mishionary haz just opened a klub house, where all kinds ov gambling is taught.

Long branch iz a healthy place. Men and women here, if they ain't too lazy, liv sumtimes till they are eighty, and destroy the time a good deal as follows: The fust thirty years they spend in throwing stuns at a mark, the seckond thirty they spend in examining the mark tew see whare the stuns hit, and the remainder is divided in cussing the stun-throwing bizziness, and nussing the rumatizz. [Laughter.]

A man never gits to be a fust klass phool until he haz reached seventy years, and falls in luv with a bar maid of nineteen, and marrys her, and then—

[At this point the lecturer took out his Waterbury watch, and with the remarks, "You kant do two things to wonst," stopped to wind it up. Then he proceeded.]

I luv a Rooster for two things. One iz the crow that iz in him, and the other iz, the spurs that are on him, to bak up the crow with.

The man or mule who can't do any hurt in this world kan't do any good. [Laughter.]

This brings me to the Mule—the pashunt mule. The mule is pashunt because he is ashamed of hisself. [Laughter.] The mule is haf hoss and haf jackass, and then kums to a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more accordin tu their heft than enny other creeter, except a crowbar. [Laughter.] Tha kant heer enny quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff fur snowshoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life aint worth more than the mule's. The only way tu keep them into a paster is to turn them into a medder jineing and let them jump out. [Laughter.] Tha are reddy for use jest as soon as tha will do tu abuse. Tha aint got enny friends, and will live on huckleberry bush, with an akasional chance at Kanada thissels. Tha are a modern invention. Tha sell fur more money than enny other domestic animal. You kant tell their age by looking into their mouth enny more than you could a Mexican cannon. Tha never have no disease that a good club won't heal. If tha ever die tha

must come right to life agin, fur I never herd nobody say "ded mule." I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a United States law passed requiring it. I have seen educated mules in a sircuss. Tha could kick and bite tremenjis. Enny man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislatur. Tha are the strongest creeters on arth, and heaviest according tu their size. I herd of one who fell oph from the tow-path of the Eri canawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept on towing the boat tu the next stashun, breathing through his ears, which was out of the water about two feet six inches. I didn't see this did, but Bill Harding told me of it, and I never knew Bill Harding tu lie unless he could make something out of it. [Laughter.]

There is but one other animal that kan do more kicking than a mule, and that is a Quire Singer. [Laughter.] A quire singer giggles during the sermon and kicks the rest of the week. My advice to quire singers is as follows:—

Put your hair in cirl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair. If he is very rich buy some more and build it up high onto your head; then get a high-priced bunnit that runs up very high at the high part of it, and get the milliner to plant some high-grown artificials onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as soprano is the highest part. [Applause.]

When the tune is giv out, don't pay any attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel. [Laughter.]

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on the 2d seet from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the soprano. Coff and hem a good eel before you begin to sing. [Laughter.]

When the preacher gets under hed way with his preachin, write a note on the blank leaf into the fourth part of your note book. That's what the blank leaf was made for. Git sumbody to pass the note to sumbody else, and you

watch them while they read it, and then giggle. [Laughter.]

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregashun, and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good chants for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher darsent say any thing to you bekaus you are in the quire, and he can't run the meetin' house at both ends without the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire, give him the mitten —you ought to have somebody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.

The quire singer suggests the bumble-bee.

The bumble-bee iz more artistic than the mule and as busy as a quire singer. The bumble-bee iz a kind ov big fly who goes muttering and swearing around lots during the summer looking after little boys to sting them, and stealing hunny out ov the dandylions and thissells. Like the mule, he iz mad all the time about sumthing, and don't seem to kare a kuss what people think ov him. [Laughter.]

Speaking of smart things brings me to the hornet.

The hornet is an inflamibel buzzer, sudden in his impreshuns and hasty in his conclusion, or end. [Laughter.] Hiz natral disposishen iz a warm cross between red pepper in the pod and fusil oil, and hiz moral biaz is, "git out ov mi way." They have a long, black boddy, divided in the middle by a waist spot, but their phisikal importance lays at the terminus of their subburb, in the shape ov a javelin. This javelin iz alwuz loaded, and stands reddy to unload at a minuit's warning, and enters a man az still az thought, az spry as litening, and az full ov melankolly as the tooth-ake. [Laughter.] Hornets never argy a case; they settle awl ov their differences ov opinyon by letting their javelin fly, and are az certain to hit az a mule iz.

This testy kritter lives in congregations numbering about 100 souls, but whether they are mail or female, or conservative, or matched in bonds ov wedlock, or whether they are Mormons, and a good many ov them kling together and keep one husband to save expense, I don't kno nor don't kare. [Laughter.] I never have examined their habits much, I never konsidered it healthy. [Laughter.] Hornets build their nests wherever they take a noshun to, and seldom are disturbed, for what would

it profit a man tew kill ninety-nine hornets and hav the one hundredth one hit him with hiz javelin? They bild their nests ov paper, without enny windows to them or back doors. They have but one place ov admission and the nest iz the shape ov an overgrown pineapple, and is cut up into just as many bedrooms as there iz hornets. It iz very simple to make a hornet's nest if yu kan, but I will wager enny man three hundred dollars he kant bild one that he could sell to a hornet for half price. [Laughter.]

What the hornets do for amuzement is another question I kant answer, but sum ov the best read and heavyest thinkers among the naturalists say they have target excursions, and heave their javelins at a mark; but I don't imbibe this assershun raw, for I never knu enny body so bitter at heart as the hornets are, to waste a blow.

Thare iz one thing that a hornet duz that I will give him credit for on my books—he alwuz attends tew his own bizziness, and won't allow any boddy else tew attend tew it, and what he duz is alwuz a good job; you never see them altering enny thing; if they make enny mistakes, it is after dark, and aint seen. If the hornets made half az menny blunders az the men do, even with their javelins, every boddy would laff at them.

Hornets are smart in another way, they hav found out, by trieing it, that all they can git in this world, and brag on, is their vittles and clothes, and yu never see one standing on the corner ov a street, with a twenty-six-inch face on, bekause sum bank had run oph and took their money with him.

In ending oph this essa, I will cum tew a stop by concluding, that if hornets was a little more pensive, and not so darned peremptory with their javelins, they might be guilty of less wisdum, but more charity. [Laughter.]

This brings me to Flirts.

Flirts are like hornets, only men like to be stung by them. Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and don't travel az fast as she doz, and then concludes awl the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul unless the right dog gets after her, and then they make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really is in love, she is as powerless as a mown daisy. [Laughter.] Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fears, her spurs into a halter, and her pruning-hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is tew travel the other way from which she is going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round. [Laughter.]

Old bachelors make the flirts and then the flirts get more than even, by making the old bachelors.

A majority of the flirts get married finally, for they hev a great quantity of the most dainty titbits of woman's nature, and alwus have shrewdness to back up their sweetness. Flirts don't deal in po'try and water grewel; they have got to hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the first sweep.

Disappointed luv must uv course be oll on one side; this ain't any more excuse fur being an old bachelor than it iz fur a man to quit all kinds of manual labor, jist out uv spite, and jine a poor-house bekase he kant lift a tun at one pop. [Applause and laughter.]

I have preached to you about flirts (phemale), and now I will tell you about Dandies.

The first dandy was made by Dame Nature, out of the refuse matter left from making Adam and Eve. He was concocted with a bouquet in one hand and a looking-glass in the other. His heart was dissected in the thirteenth century, and found to be a pincushion full of butterflies and sawdust. He never falls in love, for to love requires both brains and a soul, and the dandy has neither. He is a long-lived bird; he has no courage, never marries, has no virtues, and is never guilty of first-class vices.

What about Marriage? They say love iz blind, but a good many fellows see more in their sweethearts than I can. Marriage is a fair transaction on the face ov it. But thare iz quite too often put-up jobs in it. It is an old institushun—older than the Pyramids, and az phull ov hyrogliphics that noboddy can parse. History holds its tongue who the pair waz who fust put on the silken harness, and promised to work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level,

rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote. But whoever they waz, they must hev made a good thing out of it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hev harnessed up since and drove out. Thare iz a grate moral grip to marriage; it iz the mortar that holds sooshul bricks together.

But thare aint but darn few pholks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and give a good written opinyun whi on airth they come to did it. This iz a grate proof that it iz one ov them natral kind ov acksidents that must happen, jist az birds fly out ov the nest, when they hev featherz enuff, without being able tew tell why.

Married life haz its chances, and this iz just what gives it its flavor. Every boddy luvs tew phool with the chances, bekawze every boddy expekts tew win. But I am authorized tew state that every boddy don't win. [Applause and laughter.] But, after all, married life iz full az certain az the dry goods bizness. Kno man kan tell jist what calico haz made up its mind tew do next. Calico don't kno even herself. Dry goods ov all kinds iz the child ov circumstansis.

The man who stands on the banks shivering, and dassent, iz more apt tew ketch cold than him who pitches head fust into the river.

Thare iz but few who never marry bekawse they *won't*—they all hanker, and most ov them starve with bread before them (spread on both sides), jist for the lack ov grit.

Marry young! iz mi motto. I hev tried it, and I know what I am talking about. If enny boddy asks you whi you got married (if it needs be), tell him "*yu don't recollekt.*"

Marriage is a safe way to gamble—if yu win, yu win a pile, and if yu loze, yu don't loze enny thing, only the privilege of living dismally alone and soaking your own feet. [Laughter.]

I repeat it, in italics, *marry young!* Thare iz but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that is—*a second marriage.*

When you are married, don't swap with your mother-in-law, unless yu kin afford to give her the big end of the trade. [Applause.] Say "how are you" to every boddy. Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a good stock of impudence on hand. Be charitable—three-cent pieces were made on purpose. It

costs more to borry than it does to buy. Ef a man flatters yu, yu can kalkerlate he is a rogue, or yu are a fule. Be more anxus about the pedigree yur going to leave than yu are about the wun somebody's going to leave you. [Applause.] Sin is like weeds—self-soan and sure to cum. Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along quietly until they are engaged.

What about courtin'?

Courting is a luxury, it is sallad, it is ise water, it is a beveridge, it is the pla spell ov the soul. The man who has never courted haz lived in vain [applause]; he haz bin a blind man amung landskapes and waterskapes; he has bin a deff man in the land ov hand orgins, and by the side ov murmuring canals. [Laughter.] Courting iz like two little springs ov soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain and run down the hill side by side singing and dansing and spatering each uther, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now full of sun now full of shadder, till bime by tha jine and then tha go slow. [Laughter.]

If you will court three years in this wa, awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a lettle the slikest time in yure life, yu kan git measured for a hat at my expense, and pa for it. [Laughter and applause.]

Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relashuns, theze things are jist about az onsartin as the kerosene ile refining bissness, libel tew git out ov repair and bust at enny minnit. [Applause.] Court a gal for fun, for the luv yu bear her, for the vartue and bissness thare is in her; court her for a wife and for a mother; court her as yu wud court a farm—for the strength ov the sile and the parfeckshun ov the title; court her as tho' she want a fule, and yu a nother; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash tub, and at the pianner; court this wa, yung man, and if yu don't git a good wife and she don't git a good hustband, the falt won't be in the courting. [Applause.]

Yung man, yu kan rely upon Josh Billings, and if yu kant make these rules wurk, jist send for him, and he will sho yu how the thing is did, and it shant kost you a cent.

I will now give the following Advice to Lecture Committees outside of this town:

1. Don't hire enny man tew lectur for yu (never mind how moral he iz) unless yu kan make munny on him.

2. Selekt ten ov yure best lookin and most talking members tew meet the lekturer at the depot.

3. Don't fail tew tell the lekturer at least fourteen times on yure way from the depot tew the hotel that yu have got the smartest town in kreashun, and sevral men in it that are wuth over a millyun. [Applause.]

4. When yu reach the hotel introduce the lekturer immejiately to at least twenty-five ov yure fust-class citizens, if you hav tew send out for them.

5. When the lekturer's room iz reddy go with him in masse to hiz room and remind him four or five more times that yu had over three thousand people in yure city at the last censuss, and are a talking about having an opera house.

6. Don't leave the lekturer alone in his room over fifteen minits at once; he might take a drink out ov his flask on the sli if yu did.

7. When yu introjuce the lekturer tew the aujience don't fail tew make a speech ten or twelve feet long, occupying a haff an hour, and if yu kan ring in sumthing about the growth ov yure butiful sitty, so mutch the better. [Laughter.]

8. Always seat nine or ten ov the kommity on the stage, and then if it iz a kommik lektur, and the kommity don't laff a good deal, the aujience will konklude that the lektur iz a failure; and if they do laff a good deal, the aujience will konklude they are stool-pigeons. [Laughter.]

9. Jist az soon az the lectur is thru bring seventy-five or eighty ov the richest ov yure populashun up onto the stage and let them squeeze the hand and exchange talk with the lekturer.

10. Go with the lekturer from the hall tew hiz room in a bunch, and remind him once or twice more on the way that yure sitty iz a growing very rapidly, and ask him if he don't think so.

11. If the lekturer should inquire how the comik lekturers had succeeded who had preceded him, don't forget tew tell him that they were all failures. This will enable him tew guess what they will say about him just az soon az he gits out ov town. [Laughter.]

12. If the lekturer's fee should be a hundred dollars or more, don't hesitate tew pay him next morning, about five minnits before the train leaves, in old, lop-eared one-dollar bills, with a liberal sandwiching ov tobbakko-stained shinplasters. [Laughter.]

13. I forgot tew say that the fust thing yu should tell a lekturer, after yu had sufficiently informed him ov the immense growth ov yure citty, iz that yure people are not edukated up tew lekturers yet, but are grate on nigger-minstrels. [Applause.]

14. Never fail to ask the lekturer whare he finds the most apprechiatev audiences, and he won't fail tew tell you (if he iz an honest man) that thare ain't no State in the Union that begins to compare with yures. [Laughter.]

15. Let fifteen or twenty ov yure kommity go with the lekturer, next morning, tew the kars, and az each one shakes hands with him with a kind ov deth grip, don't forget tew state that yure citty iz growing very mutch in people.

16. If the night iz wet, and the inkum ov the house won't pay expenses, don't hesitate tew make it pay by taking a chunk out of the lekturer's fee. The lekturers all like this, but they are too modest, as a klass, tew say so. [Laughter.]

17. I know ov several other good rules tew follow, but the abuv will do tew begin with.

Your Schoolmaster will tell you the rest.

Thare iz one man in this world to whom I alwus take oph mi hat, and remain uncovered until he gits safely by, and that iz the distrikt skoolmaster. When I meet him, I look upon him az a martyr just returning from the stake, or on hiz way thare tew be cooked. He leads a more lonesum and single life than an old bachelor, and a more anxious one than an old maid. He iz remembered jist about az long and affektionately az a gide board iz by a traveling pack pedler. If he undertakes tew make his skollars luv him, the chances are he will neglekt their larning; and if he don't lick them now and then pretty often, they will soon lick him. [Laughter.] The distrikt skoolmaster hain't got a friend on the flat side ov earth. The boys snowball him during recess; the girls put water in hiz hair die; and the skool committee make him work for haff the

money a bartender gits, and board him around the naberhood, whare they giv him rhy coffee, sweetened with mollasis, tew drink, and kodfish bawls three times a day for vittles. [Laughter.]

And, with all this abuse, I never heard ov a distrikt skoolmaster swareing enny thing louder than—*Condemn it.*

Don't talk tew me about the pashunce ov anshunt Job. Job had pretty plenty of biles all over him, no doubt, but they were all ov one breed. Every yung one in a distrikt skool iz a bile ov a different breed, and each one needs a different kind ov poultiss tew git a good head on them. [Laughter.]

A distrikt skoolmaster, who duz a square job and takes his codfish bawls reverently, iz a better man to-day tew hav lieing around loose than Solomon would be arrayed in all ov hiz glory. Solomon waz better at writing proverbs and manageing a large family, than he would be tew navigate a distrikt skool hous.

Enny man who haz kept a distrikt skool for ten years, and boarded around the naberhood, ought tew to be made a mager gineral, and hav a penshun for the rest ov his natral days, and a hoss and waggin tew do hiz going around in. But, az a general consequence, a distrikt skoolmaster hain't got any more warm friends than an old blind fox houn haz. He iz jist about az welkum az a tax gatherer iz. He iz respekted a good deal az a man iz whom we owe a debt ov fifty dollars to and don't mean tew pay. [Applause.] He goes through life on a back road, az poor az a wood sled, and finally iz missed—but what ever bekums ov hiz remains, I kant tell. Fortunately he iz not often a sensitive man; if he waz, he couldn't enny more keep a distrikt skool than he could file a kross kut saw. [Laughter.]

Whi iz it that theze men and wimmen, who pashuntly and with crazed brain teach our remorseless brats the tejus meaning ov the alphabet, who take the fust welding heat on their destinys, who lay the stepping stones and enkurrage them tew mount upwards, who hav dun more hard and mean work than enny klass on the futstool, who have prayed over the reprobate, strengthened the timid, restrained the outrageous, and flattered the imbecile, who hav lived on kodfish and vile coffee, and hain't been heard to sware—whi is it that they are treated like

a vagrant fiddler, danced to for a night, paid oph in the morning, and eagerly forgotten?

I had rather burn a coal pit, or keep the flys out ov a butcher's shop in the month ov August, than meddle with the distrikt skool bizzness. [Applause.]

I propose now to close by making Twelve Square Remarks, to-wit:—

1. A broken reputashun iz like a broken vase; it may be mended, but allways shows where the krak was. [Applause.]

2. If you kant trust a man for the full amount, let him skip. This trying to git an average on honesty has allways bin a failure. [Applause.]

3. Thare iz no treachery in silence; silence is a hard argument to beat.

4. Don't mistake habits for karacter. The men ov the most karacter hav the fewest habits. [Applause.]

5. Thare iz cheats in all things; even pizen is adulterated.

6. The man who iz thoroughly polite iz two-thirds ov a Christian, enny how. [Applause.]

7. Kindness is an instinkt, politeness only an art. [Applause.]

8. Thare iz a great deal of learning in this world which iz nothing more than trying to prove what we don't understand.

9. Mi dear boy, thare are but few who kan kommence at the middle ov the ladder and reach the top; and probably you and I don't belong to that number. [Applause.]

10. One of the biggest mistakes made yet iz made by the man who thinks he iz temperate, just because he puts more water in his whiskey than his nabor does. [Applause.]

11. The best medicine I know ov for the rumatism iz to thank the Lord—that it aint the gout. [Laughter.]

12. Remember the poor. It costs nothing. [Laughter and applause.]

SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY

THROUGH THE GREAT FOREST

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Lecture by Henry M. Stanley, journalist and African explorer (born John Rowlands, near Denbigh, Wales, January 28, 1841; subsequently taking his name from a merchant of New Orleans, La., for whom he sometime worked, and who adopted him as a son), delivered in the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York City, November 11, 1890. This was during Mr. Stanley's second lecture tour in the United States, in the season of 1890–91, after his return from the successful "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition." Another speech is given in Volume III. He was introduced to the large and distinguished audience by Chauncey M. Depew in the following words: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Three years ago a distinguished American traveler and explorer was delighting his friends in New York at a famous dinner given in his honor with an account of his adventures. He was jubilant over the promising pleasures and profits of a lecture tour just begun when a cable was handed to him from King Leopold of Belgium, summoning him to Europe. With characteristic promptness and energy he sailed the next morning, and we heard of him soon after leading an expedition into the wilds of Africa for the relief of Emin Pasha. For nearly three years no tidings came of him, and he was mourned as lost, but to-night Mr. Stanley reappears to take up where he dropped it at the call of duty the suspended lecture course of 1887. We are preparing to celebrate fitly the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. We strain our vision to pierce through the vista of the centuries and view the personality of Columbus. But in greeting Stanley we are repeating, in our republican way, the pageant of the reception at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and will more accurately present for the quadricentennial ceremonies of the populous, prosperous, and cultured nations of Africa the character and contemporaneous appreciation of their benefactor. Many cities proudly claimed to be the birthplace of Homer, and already envious lo-

calities in the old world are prolific in parish registers which identify Mr. Stanley with them. But no matter under what sun he first saw the light, his great discoveries and wonderful achievements have been made and performed by him as an American citizen. His motto has always been, 'A man might as well march to meet his fate as wait to find it,' and the results have been safety and immortality. [Applause.] It is a career intensely American and dramatic. A merchant's education fits him for business, a soldier's and a sailor's life for travel and adventure, the dangers and opportunities of a war correspondent inure him to hardship, and they all together cultivate fertility of resource in perils of savage, perils of flood, and perils of the wilderness.

"The distinctive events which have given to civilization a knowledge of our planet and pushed progress around the earth are the conquests of Alexander the Great, the travels of Marco Polo, the discoveries of Columbus, and the explorations of Stanley. The Macedonian hero, who sat sighing by the Ganges because he had no more worlds to conquer, was simply a soldier seeking glory, mad with the excitement of war and indifferent to its results or its miseries. The Venetian merchant whose wondrous narrative has been the amusing fiction of six centuries, and the reality of ours, and who has made travelers' tales and bouncing lying synonymous terms, was bent only upon commerce and trade. Columbus was hazarding everything upon the possibility of finding the fabled El Dorado and reveling in gold. But the advancing ages have tended upward, and we are capable in these so-called practical and prosaic times of unequaled effort and supreme courage for a sentiment and for humanity. The daring and gentle missionary whose revelation of the possibilities of Africa has interested all nations in his work and in himself, had been given up as one more martyr in the service of mankind, and Stanley's first effort was not commerce or conquest, but to find and relieve Livingstone. A free state founded as a breakwater against that sum of all infamies—the slave trade—the continent crossed, the mysteries of its lakes and streams reduced to a geographical certainty, the problem of the ages, the sources of the Nile, successfully solved, would seem to entitle the explorer to rest and peace. But a governor, his army, and his province were situated somewhere in the dark unknown, and beleaguered by fanatical and bloodthirsty foes. The anthem of universal applause rises from all peoples when Stanley reappears, bringing back to safety and home Emin Pasha and his followers. [Applause.] The Paladins of Charlemagne were the ideals of one century, and Chevalier Bayard has been of many others. The one represented resistless force

and the other knightly courtesy upon the field of battle. The Christianity and humanity of our day impel to grander deeds than those which made immortal these warriors and knights, and with results which render their achievements utterly insignificant. The great Powers of Europe have taken the territories brought to light by the discoveries of Stanley and divided them among themselves for the relief of their overcrowded populations and the building of greater Germanys and Englands upon the fertile plateaus and along the rich valleys of the Dark Continent. The dangers which threatened civilization itself are indefinitely postponed by the opening of these new fields for settlement and enterprise, the savage nations of Africa will be redeemed and the earth enriched and heaven recruited. [Applause.] This summer, when the expedition of Stanley and the partition of Africa were the first topics of discussion in court and camp, in society and the slums, a man of the highest position and power on the other side of the sea said to me, 'What in your judgment is Stanley's greatest achievement?' I replied, 'It strikes me as an American it was that a reporter for a New York newspaper should reach a position where he could so stir public opinion against the British Ministry by his simple declaration that England had been overreached in the agreement with Germany, that the Government was compelled to modify it, and that then his statement that the terms were fair restored confidence in the administration.'

"Not satisfied with his adventures, his hair-breadth escapes, his marvelous experiences, Mr. Stanley, finding no more continents to explore, has essayed a journey often tried and by less intrepid men. In wishing him a long life of health, peace, and happiness, we congratulate him that in the state of matrimony he will find that superior to the treasures of Africa are the joys of connubial bliss. [Laughter and warm applause.] Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Henry M. Stanley."

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—In a future lecture I hope to give you a few incidents of our march across the continent of Africa. In this one I propose to take you through the great forest up to the Mountains of the Moon, around the great lakes and across Africa. Our journey measured over 6,000 miles. The time occupied was 987 days. The first section of about 1,000 miles was along an unknown country by steamer up the Aruwimi River, to a place called Yambuya. The navigation was interrupted by rapids. On foot next for 160 days we went through one unbroken forest.

That journey was not through poetic glades, with here and there thrown in a bit of mossy dell, with little or no undergrowth, and free access and an open view into sylvan wilds. You may remember your experiences of last summer when you took an excursion into the woods. There you found a poetic seclusion, a graceful disorder, mossy grounds, trees of familiar kinds, springy turf, bits of picturesque skies, and the sun shedding softened streams of light upon tree and turf. Ah! the African forest furnishes no such picturesque sights or pleasant glades.

Language is too poor to describe it. First think of the tropics and a climate of humidity and the heat of perpetual summer. You feel, as you enter into this unknown region, the robustness of vegetation. There is a still, warm vapor in suffocating volumes. First you dispense with your upper garments, and then you want to get rid of the rest. The gloom is so great that you can only compare it to the twilight of evening. You see the leafage rising up black and green; impenetrable clumps of trees, some of them reaching a height of two hundred and fifty feet. There is no symmetry, grace or softness, but all is wild, uncouth and awful. At every step you see masses of bewildering undergrowths, a wonderful variety of plants. There is an absence of any sense of decay; rather the sense of the general healthfulness of the plants, an enduring youth, exhaustless wonders.

There is no longer any energy among us. We behold everlasting greenness, eternal vitality and fertility. Above all is a protecting, impenetrable canopy. Sacred trees, with leafy crowns, tower above us. African mahogany, the unyielding iron-wood, the butternut-tree, and other varieties too numerous to mention, all united in closest embrace, darken the life below till it is suggestive of mystery and awe. As we march silently, slowly, and painfully on, the forest changes its aspect, and we note the labors of forgotten tribes and come to swampy grounds. One day our march is very slow through masses of forest wilderness. On the next day we go through a more open section; on the following day through frowning depths and over ground strewn with dead leaves, worm-eaten trunks or dried branches. But always and above all tower the primeval

woods, the deep shadows unbroken save by the flashes of lightning.

On some days the march has to be prolonged beyond the usual hour for halting that has been fixed upon, because of the difficulty of choosing a ground fit for a camp. For we bear with us tons of perishable goods that have to be protected from the floods of rain. But at last a suitable spot is found. The whistle is sounded and the loaded files come up, and one by one they deposit their burdens in due order. Then, when the tents are erected, the camp resounds with the sound of voices. Some men with axes trim the poles of the tents or cut fuel. Some with knives peel the saplings to utilize the bark for bedding. Some dig holes in the ground for the tent-poles.

In a couple of hours a little town will be seen, and a hundred fires will blaze, and a hundred pots will be sending up clouds of savory steam. The camp is animated and resounds with chatter, all the louder because confined by the four sides of our forest home. After the guards are set around the camp we feel safe from the surprises of the cannibals, and those who wish are free to wander away. At such a time I have been sensible of the utter poverty of words to describe my surroundings. It is not a time for poetic brooding, but one after another the senses yield to the charm of seclusion. Then I behold a magnificent forest in listening attitude, a great gloom, trees eloquent of antiquity and of venerable brotherhood. I marvel at the age of these giants. Since the period when the nuts dropped from the trees and took root, what generations have passed! generation after generation, dynasty after dynasty, empire after empire, one national period after another—and the trees grow taller and taller through the centuries, yearly extending in growth, extending in limb, and rising steadily, invincibly upward, indifferent whether their crested tops are illuminated by sunshine or dripped with rain, or are tossed by the raging tornado of the tropics. [Applause.] That old patriarch yonder, with massive and wrinkled bark, was probably born a thousand years before the siege of Troy. That head you see above you was a shrub in the days of Herod the Great. Even the palm by the river bank, which seems so utterly out of place among the forest kings, probably

sprouted first when Columbus started his course across the Atlantic.

They are brimming over with vitality. We feel that their vegetable life is incomparable with our own. They stand and have stood while the centuries rolled by, mute and rigid in the gloaming; they are there to-day in enormous multitudes. The sun shines on their tops with utmost fervor. The mist floods around them with grayish clouds. They will brave the elements in the future with the same peaceful, proud endurance as they have done in the past. The forest there faithfully represents human life in pantomime—that struggle for space—selfish indifference to others may be found there as with us. When the topmost bough is shattered by lightning, another fed by the air and light springs up triumphantly to usurp its place. You can see with what greed others hasten to occupy the opening made by the uniform height and equal growth.

I found also that they are subject to diseases, as is humanity. Countless parasites are around the stems and strangle their growth. The ants eat into their boles, and great branches are pushed aside by the elephants rubbing their sides against them. You will see among them large tumors on their stems. Others falling into decay with age are bleached white by death. The ground underneath consists of the dust of others which are gone. It is carpeted with their dead leaves and strewn with their broken limbs. Scarcely an hour passes but in your neighborhood a tree falls. There is a sound as of an explosion and a shock that shakes the earth, and a branch comes tumbling down with a startling crash. A twig snaps or a leaf falls every second of time. But with this death there is life, for seeds also fall, and as often as a tree dies, another has sprouted, or with the fall of a leaf another has sprouted.

During a year of wanderings we noted 560 hours of rain, which would be about one hour of rain for every fifteen of dry weather during twelve months. How much sunshine there was we would not say. It seemed to us there was only one hour of sun brightness to every hour of night or fog or gloom. We could only tell from the heat in the forests that the sun was out. We could only feel its dry fervor in the clearings, but the effect of this super-moisture is the exceeding vegetation.

The trees from summit to branch are clothed with verdure and wound around by enormous parasites and climbers. The grander trees bear the heaviest and thickest species, which run from fourteen to sixteen inches in diameter. The climber of the greatest diameter reaches 1,400 feet, and they continue their serpentine twisting from one limb to another, and finally hang suspended thirty or forty feet above like immense anacondas, swinging with every gust, or they ascend to the branches of other trees until they are lost in the depth above. There are hundreds of them. They are seen in a great network, web-like formations. There is not a sapling or tree, from the infant of one year to the holy patriarch of forty centuries, but is invested with both vegetable and animal parasites. Thin vines and serpent-like creepers all swing solemnly hither and thither under the influence of a strong wind, with countless millions of leaves resting on the great limbs of the trees, embracing the rigid branches, creaking and grinding.

You can hardly realize the scene of desolation that is found in the sepulchral gloom of the forest. But when the storm king is in the air above and every tree seems starting from its sepulchral stillness in a mad dance, and there is a mad massing and warring and rushing through the foliage shades, and the woods bow their heads in agonized grief, try however you may, you cannot help sympathizing with the scene. It is awful and horrible to hear all these sounds in the pitch-black night, when the tornado descends on the forest, and the elements are accompanied with all their terrors, with blinding brands of lightning and the cannonade of the thunder, when the whole camp is a blaze of blinding light. It is far more frightful when the rain pours over the desolate scene in drowning showers. You can understand now what effect such experiences of tempest and rain and darkness had upon the minds of our people, who knew not where this endless march was leading, as the days grew into weeks and the weeks into long months, and not a soul could enlighten them as to the possible limits of this demon world;—all this added to continuous pain from hunger, misery and sickness, and the dull pangs of sorrow as they tossed their dead companions into the dark river, in the absence of all hope in the future. Gaunt famine smote

them dead by the scores; their limbs were ravaged by rabid ulcers, the stagnant atmosphere poisoning them with its breath, ants and ticks, creeping over their bodies, fierce savages jumping upon them with dagger or spears, while they feebly crawled after the caravan; ruthless pigmies lying behind trees shooting their barbed arrows into their bodies, and cannibals attacking them as they gathered over their evening fire. Death cut our people off with revolting treachery, and sudden as lightning stroke.

Finally, after 160 days of marching, we emerged from the forest. Then our eyes danced with rapture, for we beheld fresh young grass spreading out into flowery fields and pastures; and then beyond round and picturesquely molded hills. Such a sight we hailed with shouts of praise and loud thanksgivings and murmurs of worship according to our respective faiths. The delicious grass, the warbling of birds, this summer loveliness of the land and the warm life and beauteous earth reposing in peace were sublime. Our men had dreams of joy and they called it heaven. [Applause.] Its length was 620 English miles from north to south and from west to east 520 miles. It comprised 320,000 square miles, the whole equal to 400,000 square miles.

In the beginning of 1886 the Arab slave-traders had not penetrated very far into this region. The Arabs were for some time deterred from making any serious effort to push into this forest, but the increasing price of ivory and the scarcity of it subsequently inspired them with greater efforts. In May, 1887, they had gained a footing in Etura. Separating from one another, they built three stations down the Etura, about a hundred miles apart, one at the Leda, forming the apex of a triangle, the base line of which was fifty miles away. They then began killing the aborigines, and appropriating or looting whatever property they found. Within five months they cut a swath 227 miles long, and in width about 180 English miles. Not one village had been left standing. Their plantain groves had become so many jungles. The aborigines had either been destroyed, or were hidden in the darkest recesses of the forests. This is the reason why in 1887 our expedition suffered so terribly from hunger. Were you enabled to take a birdseye view

of the forests, the native clearings would have appeared like so many circular bits of pale green.

There were no tracks, and we possessed only one steel boat for the river, and part of the journey, therefore, had to be made by forcing a way through the bush. If that was too thick we scattered through the underbrush, but we had billhook and cutter in constant exercise. The first month in the bush we progressed very slowly. When finally, after many months' labors, we reached a track, our pace was increased to one and three-quarters miles an hour.

As the column stretched in file over a considerable length of ground the pioneers had to slash away a broad blaze on a tree every few yards. It was most difficult to distinguish the track. But by the time the whole of the column passed over it the trail was pretty clear. Some days, however, when I would be leading a river party, the pioneers would lose all trace of it. They would leave the river and relying too much on their knowledge of woodland, try to cut a straight course. Thus they frequently lost their way, and for hours the caravan would be wandering in the woods while the river party would be anxiously waiting for them. On one occasion the parties were separated six days.

As we drew nearer the eastern limits the nature of our difficulties changed. We followed native paths. Then the voices of the foremost men would be heard bawling out the character of their troubles, one by one: "Skewers below," "Ants—red ants on the march," "Tangling roots," "Ware skewers," "Mushy mud, with no bottom," "Wasps." These warnings, while they served to prevent us from falling into pitfalls, retarded the march.

If I were to enumerate the names of the various tribes whose territories we traversed there would be general hilarity, I fear, in an American audience. The inhabitants of the forest are divided into big people and little people. The taller men are those who own clearings in the forest. The pigmies are unsettled and restless little nomads, who slide about through the woods, and whose temporary camps are generally found two or three miles outside of the banana plantations. The first are very like other Africans, but much browner than the dwellers

in the plains, probably from living so much in the shade. Each tribe has its distinguishing marks, tatooings of some figure or another on the forehead or on the cheek or chins. Some shave their heads; some wear their hair long or in ringlets. There is no elaborate hair-dressing in the forest, as lower down along the Congo. Their ornaments consist of crocodile, monkey or human teeth, strung in necklets and anklets and bracelets. Their dress is a clout of dark cloth, a strip four feet long. For head-wear these people have a head-piece of basket work adorned with a parrot's red tail-feathers. Their weapons are spears, bows and arrows, broad knives, and sometimes a battle-ax.

These are they who sometimes make great clearings in the woods, and in the midst of a confusion of fallen trees build compact villages. Outside the villages there is a tangle of brushwood, half hidden by plantain groves. The villages swarm with goats and fowls, which now and again furnish the people with food. The natives are addicted to cannibalism, but it must not be supposed that they feed on their own relatives or tribe. Neither is a human victim always easy to secure. The tribes are too far apart; but if a neighboring community, ten or a dozen miles off, advances, there may possibly be an accident, when a body may be secured. I once witnessed the preparations for a cannibal feast. Our men approached an Irwangas village. I fired a shot to warn the chief that we were friendly, and it happened to frighten a party of natives preparing a victim for their repast. In a few seconds our boats were at the bank of the river, and we saw the body of a woman who had been speared in the throat and then washed. The black pots, the bananas were all there, and in a short time everything would have been ready. We found afterward that the woman had been sick and had been left by the Arabs.

We had also a Manuema boy who slipped into the bush to evade the rear guard, after a caravan had passed. He advanced slowly toward the camp and had almost reached it when he was sighted by natives and slain almost at the same time that a party of companions were proceeding to his assistance. Finding the body in the path, they carried it into the woods, and covered it lightly with leaves, with the intention of returning

and burying it. The natives, who had been close observers of what had been done, came up and took it off. In the morning the Manuemas found only a few bones.

During many months of marching in the forest we captured hundreds of large and small natives. They were very useful in their own districts, giving information about the tribes, and showing paths to banana plantations, but once beyond their territory they were of no earthly use. So they were permitted to return to their homes, though in many instances they did not want to be released. My observation and experience led me to the conclusion that morally, the forest natives are the lowest of the human race. They have no idea of a God, and nothing approaching our soft sensibilities. Their gratitude is so short-lived that it might be compared to that of a fierce bulldog restrained from throttling you only by devouring a piece of beef just thrown to it. What a number of ghastly death scenes I could describe resulting from the cruel persistency and devilish malice of these savages. At the same time many of our men in the presence of such dangers exhibited great carelessness. White men displayed more caution, but it was almost impossible to get the others to exercise their faculties of sight, hearing, and judgment. Had the savages generally been as artful as the pigmies we should all have been lost. But, fortunately, they were themselves thoughtless, although cruel enough to work any mischief upon us.

Our scouts frequently came across newly-formed pigmy camps, and after a while they learned the art of stalking the vicious little creatures. The first one we thus got hold of was a plump little queen of a pigmy tribe. Around her neck were several polished iron collars with long projecting horns at the end, and down her breast hung curiously made native chains. Around her arms were several rings, and her ankles were protected by scores of rings, so close together that they resembled a compact band. Around her waist was a breech-cloth. She must have been about eighteen years old, but she was as well developed as a white woman of twenty-five or twenty-six. Her feet were beautifully formed, the instep arched, the hands small, the fingers slender, and the nails filbert-shaped. The face was broad and round, the lips full, and the large black

limpid eyes, like those of a young gazelle. The face was singularly impressive, but the eyes were most expressive and seemed to say: "I am much too pretty to be hurt and I very well know what I am worth." The tender treatment that she received reassured her. She was ultimately consigned to the care of the surgeon, whose gentle manner won her from all thoughts of flight. After a while she became an intelligent cook, and a trustworthy servant, and she always bore herself most modestly.

In October, 1888, we suddenly pounced on a family of dwarfs, peeling bananas, and succeeded in capturing a full-grown adult and his sister or wife. Before the pair could recover their faculties, they were led to the center of our camp, and hundreds of great, burly men thronged to see the strangers. We had among us some tall Soudanese, ranging from six feet to six feet four in height. I observed that the head of the pigmy man reached to about the waist-belts of these Soudanese. Both the man and woman were considerably agitated, but while they doubted, and anxiously wondered, what was to be their fate, my mind recurred to the described scene that took place twenty-five centuries ago when the five young Nassamonian explorers were captured by a band of dwarfs and taken through the Nigritian villages. How I wished that I could extract from the representative of this old people some of their traditions. Before a Phœnician bark ever sailed to Britain these little people were ranging these illimitable forests which stretch westward from the Moon Mountains. In all old maps you will see "pigmies" printed side by side in bold letters with the Mountains of the Moon.

But the little man who was now the cynosure of the camp, with his grotesque dignity of manhood, his cap of basket-work, his noble amplitude of abdomen and narrow chest, had no conception of the respect I entertained for him as the scion of a most ancient ancestry, or surely he would never have trembled for his fate. But in a short time we succeeded in relieving him of his fears by gently chucking him under the chin, and administering a friendly slap on the back. His companion, observing how he was treated, also recovered from her fright. Gaining confidence, the little man, as though to repay our

kindness informed us, by the most voluble sign-language, that there was abundance of food two days off; that the river we were in search of was only four days off; that he knew where bananas grew as big as logs compared with which the bananas he had been eating when captured were simply contemptibly small. Personally, I am of opinion that this particular pigmy would have made a very good actor, and that in the art of lying it would be difficult to give him points. [Applause.]

A few days after this capture another group of pigmies were secured. Among them was a shrewish old woman, and a lad so shy that he could not be made to speak. But the old woman talked enough for a whole tribe and kept up an incessant scolding from morning till night, and exhibited a consummate mastery of pigmy cuss-words. [Laughter.] Despite her age she was remarkably strong and nimble, and always carried on her back a hamper. Into this her captor would stow away his pots and kettles and other equipments until she became a veritable camel of the forest. When I discovered this, I came to her relief and threw out the contents of her hamper. I received for my pains a rattling expression of gratitude which sounded very much like swear-words. [Laughter.] As for the shy boy, he got over his shyness and became a pet of the officer who had surprised him. His intelligence and industry made him most valuable, far superior to the average of white servants. We came in time to regard these pigmies as indispensable, and some of them would certainly have been taken with us back to Europe, but after they got out of the forest the changed conditions and the difference in climate proved too much for them. Their little legs could not stand the long marches, and one after another they collapsed.

The next most interesting discovery we made was that of the long-lost Mountains of the Moon. In my book, "Darkest Africa," I have illustrated with small maps our knowledge of Africa derived from the Ancients. In these is clearly shown that ivory-hunters and slave-traders had reached that region in times past. Information as to it varied. The last traveler there, as now, was regarded as the best informed. This is why the great lakes of the interior and the Mountains of the Moon shifted every hundred years or so ten degrees north or south of

the Equator. It was in December, 1887, that we got a glimpse of the twin cones of Ruwenzori. There are many, doubtless, like myself, who, while gazing upon any ancient work, be it an Egyptian Pyramid, or Sphynx, be it an Athenian Parthenon, Palmyrene sun temple, Persepolitan palace, or even an old English castle, will readily confess to feeling a peculiar emotion at the sight. The venerableness of it, which time only can give, its associations with men long gathered to their fathers, the builders and inhabiters now quite forgotten, appeal to a certain sympathy in the living. For its history there is a vague yearning; its age awakens something like exultation that we little mortals can build such time-defying structures. But more powerful and higher is that emotion which is roused at the sight of a hoary old mountain like this of Ruwenzori, which we know to be countless thousands of years old. When we think how long it required the melted snow to carve out these ravines, hundreds of fathoms deep, through the rocky cone of the range, or we consider the ages required to spread out the débris from its sides and bosom to cover the Semliki Valley and the Nyanza plains, we are struck dumb at the immeasurableness of the interval between that age when Ruwenzori rose aloft into being and now; we become possessed with a wholesome awe, and can but feel a cheerful faith that it was good for us to have seen it.

Another emotion is that inspired by the thought that in one of the darkest corners of the earth, shrouded by perpetual mist, brooding under the eternal storm-clouds, surrounded by darkness and mystery, there has been hidden to this day a giant among mountains, the melting snow of whose tops has been for some fifty centuries most vital to the peoples of Egypt. Imagine to what a God the reverently inclined primal nations would have exalted this mountain, which from such a far-away region as this contributed so copiously to their beneficent and sacred Nile. And this thought of the beneficent Nile brings on another. In fancy we look down along that crooked silver vein to where it disports and spreads out to infuse new life to Egypt near the pyramids, some 4,000 miles away, where we behold populous swarms of men—Arabs, Copts, Fellahs, Negroes, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, English, Ger-

mans, and Americans—bustling, jostling or lounging; and we feel a pardonable pride in being able to inform them for the first time that much of the sweet water they drink and whose virtues they so often exalt, issues from the deep and extensive snowbeds of Ruwenzori or Ruwnjura—"the Cloud-King."

These brief—too brief—views of the superb Rain-Creator or Cloud-King, as the Wakonju fondly termed their mist-shrouded mountains, fill the gazer with a feeling as of a glimpse of celestial splendor. While it lasted, I observed the rapt faces of whites and blacks set fixed and uplifted in speechless wonder toward that upper region of cold brightness and perfect peace, so high above mortal reach, so tranquil and restful, of such immaculate and stainless purity, that thought and desire of expression were altogether too deep for utterance. What stranger contrast could there be than our own nether world of torrid temperature, eternally green sappy plants, never-fading, luxuriance and verdure, with its savagery and war-alarms, and deep stains of blood-red sin, to that lofty mountain king, clad in its pure white raiment of snow, surrounded by myriads of dark mountains, low as bending worshippers before the throne of a monarch, on whose cold, white face was inscribed "Infinity and Everlasting." These moments of supreme feeling are memorable for the utter abstraction of the mind from all that is sordid and ignoble, and its utter absorption in the presence of unreachable loftiness, indescribable majesty, constraining it not only reverentially to admire, but to adore in silence, the image of the Eternal. Never can a man be so fit for Heaven as during such moments, for however scornful and insolent he may have been at other times, he now has become as a little child, filled with wonder and reverence before what he has conceived to be sublime and Divine. [Applause.] We had been strangers for many months to the indulgence of any thought of this character. Our senses, between the hours of sleeping and waking, had been occupied by the imperious and imminent necessities of each hour, which required unrelaxing vigilance and forethought. It is true we had been touched with the view from the mount called Pisgah of that universal extent of forest, spreading out on all sides but one, to many

hundreds of miles; we had been elated into hysteria when, after five months' immurement in the depths of the forest wilds, we once again trod upon green grass and enjoyed open and unlimited views of our surroundings—luxuriant vales, varying hill-forms on all sides, rolling plains, over which the long spring grass seemed to race and leap in gladness before the cooling gale; we had admired the broad sweep and the silvered face of Lake Albert, and enjoyed a period of intense rejoicing when we knew we had reached, after infinite trials, the bourne and limit of our journeyings; but the desire and involuntary act of worship were never provoked, nor the emotions stirred so deeply, as when we suddenly looked up and beheld the skyey crests and snowy breasts of Ruwenzori uplifted into inaccessible altitude, so like what our conceptions might be of a celestial castle, with dominating battlement, and leagues upon leagues of unscalable walls.

Revisiting the Lake Albert region at later periods we found that the snow-capped peaks had an exasperating habit of disappearing from view, and it was only in May of last year (1889) that I finally solved the mystery. Rolling clouds and vapors sometimes blot them out. This is why the natives call them "Ruwenzori," which means "the Cloud-King."

The discovery of the Snow mountains led to two more discoveries—that of the Albert Edward Nyanza, and the head waters of the Albertine Nile; and the confused information given by the priests of Isis in olden times to Egyptian and Greek geographers, furnished by the ivory traders and slave-raiders of old, has now been made perfectly clear in all its important details.

Day after day we marched, marking the features of this splendid primeval world, revealed for the first time. Now and then we caught glimpses of a multitude of precipitous cliffs which towered some 15,000 feet above. As we approached Albert Edward, we emerged from the forest, and a vast plain stretched before us, covered by immense fields of corn and sugar-cane. The natives, black but amiable, collected about us, and sought our protection from incursive tribes. They volunteered to be our guides, and led us up a vast grassy promontory, where for a day we revelled in pure, cold air, and the

next day they took us down to the lake where we tasted the tropics once more.

From the eastern shores of Lake Albert two days' climbing brought us to a beautiful region. The people here were divided into two tribes, but they were derived, apparently, from a common origin. They were a fine-featured race and the men grew very tall. They lived mainly upon milk and sugar-cane, and, unfortunately for their future civilization, they were massed into nations that were ruled by despotic kings.

From this country we struck the eastern end of Victoria Nyanza, and by traveling along the shore we discovered a new addition to this lake of 26,900 square miles. We struck the region during its dry season. The grass was sere; chilly winds blew over the uplands; a cold mist frequently obscured the face of the country, and a heavy, leaden sky seemed to bear down upon us in a searching cold. Our half-naked people shivered, and one day five fell dead in their tracks as though they were shot. They would all have perished had not the officer commanding the rear guard bolted, and made great bonfires.

During our march to the sea, it had gradually dawned upon us that there was intense political rivalry between England and Germany in Africa. But as our expedition had been solely to relieve Emin, we flattered ourselves that we had nothing to do with these dissensions. Emin was a German, and we accepted German hospitality as a proof of their good-will. We knew Emin was pliable and yielding. We supposed his gratitude was not very deep. But we thought that nothing could rupture the good feeling that had hitherto existed between us. But the accident at Bagamoya, the first evening after reaching the sea, and being embraced by his countrymen was wholly unexpected, and it gave the Germans on the East Coast a fair opportunity. We had abundant proof afterward how beautifully the Germans understood Emin's character. Frenchmen and Italians, would have performed their parts more efficiently without advertising the means employed.

Emin at the banquet in our honor was joyously grateful to each member of our expedition. He embraced Stairs and Nelson and Jephson, and flung himself on the neck of Parke; stood between Wissman and myself uttering gayly his happy feelings,

and then went away and fell over the balcony to the dismay of the company. He was taken to the hospital in an unconscious state. On his recovering consciousness we had a kindly parting, and then the operations of his countrymen began. First, Dr. Parke, who had volunteered to attend the sufferer, was made to feel that his presence was irksome. Servants became careless; the food was stinted. If he went to the officers' mess-table, the German officers continued to show their strong disapproval of his presence. Then Dr. Parke fell ill of a fever and was conveyed to Zanzibar, almost dying. Our letters to Emin were unanswered. If we expressed a desire to visit him at Bagamoya, at once a bulletin came out with a story of his relapse. The play deepened in interest and the conclusion was darkly hinted.

Having succeeded in relieving himself from obligation to us, our acquaintance was renounced. This incivility was presently fanned by his countrymen into a hot hostility. On coming out of the hospital Emin published broadcast through Zanzibar the fact that he had severed himself from us, and wrote letters to Germany to the same effect, which his delighted friends made use of. He next sought to quarrel with the Egyptian Government. He cabled to Cairo for a small credit at Zanzibar. Sir Evelyn Baring kindly telegraphed back that the British Consul at Zanzibar would honor the credit. Emin construed this as an insult—the idea that the Governor-General of the Equatorial Province should receive drafts through an English consul-general! To his old officers and generals, Egyptians and Soudanese, he wrote frankly that he would have nothing to do with them, and declined to pay their accounts, so these soldiers, who had been with him fourteen years, were compelled to wait six months before getting any money. To General Casati, with whom he had lived eight years like a brother, he turned the cold shoulder. For a whole month he seemed to be negotiating with the British East African Company for employment. Then suddenly he turned and took employment with the Germans. The Germans had triumphed, according to their view. They certainly had Emin's nature aright, but I think they would have succeeded better had they managed to leave the victim of their political aspirations with some portion of the common virtues,

and without exposing him to the contempt of others not quite so interested in their politics.

Dr. Peters and other Germans had raided a broad track through a territory under the guise of assisting Emin. He reached Uganda and made treaties there. At the same time the poor Pasha, breathing fury against civilization, was returning to the interior to annex the whole of Central Africa for Germany. Meantime seeing pretty clearly how this was tending, I began that series of speeches in England which ended in stimulating greater attention in Britain to Africa. A friendly agreement was concluded between Great Britain and Germany wherein hard and fast boundaries were fixed between the possessions of the two powers. Both nations expressed themselves as satisfied with the agreement but I fear that Dr. Peters, homeward bound with his pockets full of treaties, and Emin pressing forward bent on large annexations and the Germans of East Africa whose impetuous policy had been the cause of all this, were but little pleased.

So ends this serio-comic story of Emin's reappearance on the verge of civilization after fourteen years' absence in Africa. But all is well that ends well, and if I have succeeded in pleasing you with my rapid and imperfect sketches of the new regions which have been the subject of this lecture, there is nothing wanting to complete my entire satisfaction.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

THE SCATTERED NATION

Lecture by Zebulon B. Vance, lawyer, statesman, United States Senator from North Carolina (born near Asheville, Buncombe County, N. C., May 13, 1830; died in Washington, D. C., April 14, 1894), delivered in 1882 and thereafter in various places and called his greatest platform discourse.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Says Professor Maury: "There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue; they are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of a vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."

This curious phenomenon in the physical world has its counterpart in the moral. There is a lonely river in the midst of the ocean of mankind. The mightiest floods of human temptation have never caused it to overflow, and the fiercest fires of human cruelty, though seven times heated in the furnace of religious bigotry, have never caused it to dry up, although its waves for two thousand years have rolled crimson with the blood of its martyrs. Its fountain is in the gray dawn of the world's his-

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tory, and its mouth is somewhere in the shadows of eternity. It, too, refuses to mingle with the surrounding waves, and the line which divides its restless billows from the common waters of humanity is also plainly visible to the eye. It is the Jewish race.

The Jew is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of this world, past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and horror, so abounding in extraordinary providences, so overflowing with scenic romance. There is no man who approaches him in the extent and character of the influence which he has exercised over the human family. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him have we derived the form and pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in heaven. If, as De Quincey says, the Roman emperors, as the great accountants for the happiness of more men and men more cultivated than ever before, were entrusted to the motion of a single will, had a special, singular, and mysterious relation to the secret councils of heaven—thrice truly may it be said of the Jew. Palestine, his home, was the central chamber of God's administration. He was at once the grand usher to these glorious courts, the repository of the councils of the Almighty, and the envoy of the divine mandates to the conscience of men. He was the priest and faith-giver to mankind, and as such, in spite of the jibe and jeer, he must ever be considered as occupying a peculiar and sacred relation to all other peoples of this world. Even now, though the Jews have long since ceased to exist as a consolidated nation, inhabiting a common country, and for eighteen hundred years have been scattered far and near over the wide earth, their strange customs, their distinct features, personal peculiarities, and their scattered unity, make them still a wonder and an astonishment.

Though dead as a nation—as we speak of nations—they yet live. Their ideas fill the world and move the wheels of its progress, even as the sun, when he sinks behind the western hills, yet fills the heavens with the remnants of his glory. As the destruction of matter in one form is made necessary to its

resurrection in another, so it would seem that the perishing of the Jewish nationality was in order to the universal acceptance and the everlasting establishment of Jewish ideas. Never before was there an instance of such a general rejection of the person and character, and the acceptance of the doctrines and dogmas of the people.

We admire with unlimited admiration the Greek and Roman, but reject with contempt their crude and beastly divinities. We affect to despise the Jew, but accept and adore the pure conception of a God which he taught us, and whose real existence the history of the Jew more than all else establishes. When the court chaplain of Frederick the Great was asked by the bluff monarch for a brief and concise summary of the argument in support of the truths of Scripture, he instantly replied, with a force to which nothing could be added—"The Jews, your Majesty, the Jews."

I propose briefly to glance at their history, origin and civilization, peculiarities, present condition and probable destiny.

"A people of Semitic race," says the encyclopedia, "whose ancestors appear at the very dawn of the history of mankind, on the banks of the Euphrates, the Jordan, and the Nile, their fragments are now to be seen in larger or smaller number in almost all the cities of the globe, from Batavia to New Orleans, from Stockholm to Cape Town. When little more numerous than a family, they had their language, customs, and peculiar observances, treated with princes and in every respect acted as a nation. Though broken as if into atoms, and scattered through all climes, among the rudest and the most civilized nations, they have preserved, through thousands of years, common features and observances, a common religion, literature, and sacred language. Without any political union, without any common head or center, they are generally regarded, and regard themselves as a nation. They began as nomads, emigrating from country to country; their law made them agriculturists for fifteen centuries; their exile transformed them into a mercantile people. They have struggled for their national existence against the Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Syrians, and Romans; have been conquered and nearly exterminated by each of these powers, and have survived them all.

They have been oppressed and persecuted by Emperors and Republics, by Sultans and by Popes, Moors and Inquisitors; they were proscribed in Catholic Spain, Protestant Norway, and Greek Muscovy, while their persecutors sang the hymns of their psalmody, revered their books, believed in their prophets, and even persecuted them in the name of their God. They have numbered philosophers among the Greeks of Alexandria, and the Saracens of Cordova; have transplanted the wisdom of the East beyond the Pyrenees and the Rhine and have been treated as pariahs among Pagans, Mahommedans and Christians. They have fought for liberty under Kosciusko and Blücher, and popular assemblies among the Sclavi and Germans still withhold from them the right of living in certain towns, villages, and streets."

Whilst no people can claim such an unmixed purity of blood, certainly none can establish such antiquity of origin, such unbroken generations of descent. That splendid passage of Macaulay, so often quoted, in reference to the Roman Pontiffs, loses its force in sight of Hebrew history. "No other institution," says he, "is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camels, leopards, and tigers bounded in the Iberian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday as compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs; that line we trace back in unbroken lines, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the Nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the Eighth, and far beyond Pepin, the august dynasty extends until it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity, but the Republic of Venice is modern compared with the Papacy and the Republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains. The Catholic Church was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca; and she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude, shall take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul." This is justly esteemed one of the most eloquent

passages in our literature, but I submit it is not history.

The Jewish people, church, and institutions are still left standing, though the stones of the temple remain no longer one upon the other, though its sacrificial fires are forever extinguished; and though the tribes whose glory it was, wander with weary feet throughout the earth. And what is the line of Roman Pontiffs compared to that splendid dynasty of the successors of Aaron and Levi? "The twilight of fable" in which the line of Pontiffs began was but the noonday brightness of the Jewish priesthood. Their institution carries the mind back to the age when the prophet, in rapt mood, stood over Babylon and uttered God's wrath against that grand and wondrous mistress of the Euphratean plains—when the Memphian chivalry still gave precedence to the chariots and horsemen who each morning poured forth from the brazen gates of the abode of Ammon; when Tyre and Sidon were yet building their palaces by the sea, and Carthage, their greatest daughter, was yet unborn. That dynasty of prophetic priests existed even before Clio's pen had learned to record the deeds of men; and when that splendid, entombed civilization once lighted the shores of the Erythrean Sea, the banks of the Euphrates and the plains of Shinar, with a glory inconceivable, of which there is nought now to tell, except the dumb eloquence of ruined temples and buried cities.

Then, too, it must be remembered that these Pontiffs were but Gentiles in the garb of Jews, imitating their whole routine. All Christian churches are but offshoots from or grafts upon the old Jewish stock. Strike out all of Judaism from the Christian church, and there remains nothing but an unmeaning superstition. The Christian is simply the successor of the Jew. The glory of one is likewise the glory of the other. The Savior of the world was, after the flesh, a Jew, born of a Jewish maiden; so likewise were all of the apostles and first propagators of Christianity. The Christian religion is equally Jewish with that of Moses and the prophets.

I am not unaware of the fact that other people besides the Semites had a conception of the true God long before he was revealed to Abraham. The Hebrew Scriptures themselves testify this, and so likewise do the books of the very oldest

of written records. The fathers of the great Aryan race, the shepherds of Iran, had so vivid a conception of the unity of God as to give rise to the opinion that they too had once had a direct revelation. It is more likely, however, that traditions of this God had descended among them from the Deluge, which ultimately became adulterated by polytheistic imaginings. It seems natural that these people of highly sensitive intellects, dwelling beneath the serene skies that impend over the plains and mountains of southwestern Asia, thickly studded with the calm and glorious stars, should mistake these most majestic emblems of the Creator for the Creator himself. Hence, no doubt, arose the worship of light and fire by the Iranians and Sabæanism or star-worship by the Chaldeans. But the better opinion of learned Orientalists is that while the outward or exoteric doctrine taught the worship of the symbols, the esoteric or secret doctrines of Zoroaster, his predecessors and disciples, taught in fact the worship of the Principle, the First Cause, the Great Unknown, the Universal Intelligence, Magdam or God. There can be no doubt that Abraham brought this monotheistic conception with him from Chaldea; but notwithstanding this dim traditional light, which was abroad outside of the race of Shem, perhaps over the entire breadth of that splendid prehistoric civilization of the Arabian Cushite, yet, for the more perfect light, which revealed to us God and His attributes, we are unquestionably indebted to the Jew.

We owe to him, if not the conception, at least the preservation of pure monotheism. For whether this knowledge was original with these Eastern people or traditional merely, it was speedily lost by all of them except the Jews. Whilst an unintelligent use of symbolism enveloped the central figure with a cloud of idolatry and led the Magi to the worship of Light and Fire, the Sabean to the adoration of the heavenly host, the Egyptian to bowing down before Isis and Osiris, the Carthaginian to the propitiation of Baal and Astarte by human sacrifice, and the subtle Greek to the deification of the varied laws of Nature; the bearded Prophets of Israel were ever thundering forth: "Know, O Israel, that the Lord thy God is one God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Even his half-brother, Ishmael, after an idolatrous sleep of

centuries, awoke with a sharp and bloody protest against polytheism, and established the unity of God as the cornerstone of his faith. In this respect the influence which the Jew has exercised over the destinies of mankind places him before all the men of this world. For in this idea of God all of the faith and creeds of the dominant peoples of the earth center. It divides like a great mountain-range the civilization of the ancient and modern worlds. Many enlightened men of antiquity acknowledged the beauty of this conception, though they did not embrace it. Socrates did homage to it, and Josephus declares that he derived his sublime ideal from the Jewish Scriptures. The accomplished Tacitus seemed to grasp it, as the following passages will show. In speaking of the Jews, and in contrasting them with the Egyptians, he says: "With regard to the Deity, their creed is different. The Egyptians worship various animals and also certain symbolical representatives which are the work of man. The Jews acknowledge one God only, and Him they see in the mind's eye, and Him they adore in contemplation, condemning as impious idolaters all who with perishable materials wrought into the human form attempt to give a representation of the Deity. The God of the Jews is the great governing mind that directs and guides the whole frame of nature—eternal, infinite, and neither capable of change nor subject to decay."

This matchless and eloquent definition of the Deity has never been improved upon, but it seems that it made slight impression upon the philosophical historian's mind. And yet what a contrast it is with his own coarse material gods! Indeed the rejection or ignorance of this pure conception by the acute and refined intellects of the mediæval ancients strikes us with wonder, and illustrates the truth that no man by searching can find out God. I am not unaware that the Arabian idea of Deity received many modifications from the conceptions of adjoining and contemporary nations—by cross-fertilizations of ideas, as the process has been called. From the Egyptians and Assyrians were received many of these modifications, but the chief impression was from the Greeks. The general effect was to broaden and enlarge the original idea whose tendency was to regard the Supreme Being as a tribal Deity, into the grander

universal God, or Father of all. If time permitted it would be a most interesting study to trace the action and reaction of Semitic ideas upon Hellenistic thought. How Hellenistic philosophy produced Pharisaism or the progressive party of the Hebrew Theists; how Pharisaism in turn produced Stoicism, which again prepared the way for Christianity itself.

The whole polity of the Jews was originally favorable to agriculture, and though they adhered to it closely for many centuries, yet the peculiar facilities of their country ultimately forced them largely into commerce. The great caravan routes from the rich countries of the East, Mesopotamia, Shinar, Babylonia, Media, Assyria, and Persia, to the ports of the Mediterranean, lay through Palestine, while Spain, Italy, Gaul, Asia Minor, Northern Africa, Egypt, and all the riches that then clustered around the shores of the Great Sea and upon the islands in its bosom, had easy access to its harbors. In fact, the wealth of the New World, its civilization, refinement, and art lay in concentric circles around Jerusalem as a focal point. The Jewish people grew rich in spite of themselves and gradually forsook their agricultural simplicity.

But more than all things else, their institutions interest mankind. Their laws for the protection of property, the enforcement of industry, and the upholding of the State, were such as afforded the strongest impulse to personal freedom and national vigor. The great principle of their real estate laws was the inalienability of the land. Houses in walled towns might be sold in perpetuity if unredeemed within the year; land only for a limited period. At the year of Jubilee every estate reverted without repurchase to the original owners, and even during this period it might be redeemed by paying the value of the purchase of the years which intervened until the Jubilee. Little as we may now be disposed to value this remarkable agrarian law, says Dean Milman, it secured the political equality of the people and anticipated all the mischiefs so fatal to the early Republics of Greece and Italy, the appropriation of the whole territory of the State by a rich and powerful oligarchy, with the consequent convulsing of the community from the deadly struggles between the patrician and the plebeian orders. In the Hebrew State the improvident man might indeed reduce

himself and his family to penury or servitude, but he could not perpetuate a race of slaves or paupers. Every fifty years God, the King and Lord of the soil, as it were, resumed the whole territory and granted it back in the same portions to the descendants of the original possessors.

It is curious to observe, continues the same author, in this earliest practical Utopia, the realization of Machiavelli's great maxim, the constant renovation of a State, according to the first principles of its constitution, a maxim recognized by our own statesmen, which they designate as a "frequent recurrence to the first principles." How little we learn that is new. The civil polity of the Jews is so ultimately blended historically with the ecclesiastical that the former is not easily comprehended by the ordinary student. Their Scriptures relate principally to the latter, and to obtain a knowledge of the other, resort must be had to the Talmud and the Rabbinical expositions, a task that few men will lend themselves to, who hope to do anything else in this world. Yet a little study will repay richly the political student, by showing him the origin of many excellent seminal principles which we regard as modern. Their government was in form a theocratic democracy. God was not only their spiritual but their temporal sovereign also, who promulgated his laws by the mouths of his inspired prophets. Hence their terrible and unflagging denunciations of all forms of idolatry—it was not only a sin against pure religion, but it was treason also. In most other particulars theirs was a democracy far purer than that of Athens. The very important principle of the separation of the functions of government was recognized. The civil and ecclesiastic departments were kept apart, the civil ruler exercised no ecclesiastic functions, and *vice versa*. When, as sometimes happened, the two functions rested in the same man, they were yet exercised differently, as was not long since our custom in the administration of equity as contradistinguished from law.

Their organic law containing the elements of their polity, though given by God Himself, was yet required to be solemnly ratified by the whole people. This was done on Ebal and Gerizim, and is perhaps the first, as it is certainly the grandest, constitutional convention ever held among men. On these

two lofty mountains, separated by a deep and narrow ravine, all Israel, comprising three millions of souls, were assembled; elders, prophets, priests, women and children, and 600,000 warriors, led by the spears of Judah and supported by the archers of Benjamin. In this mighty presence surrounded by the sublime accessories to the grandeur of the same, the law was read by the Levites, line by line, item by item, whilst the tribes on either height signified their acceptance thereof by responsive amens, which pierced the heavens. Of all the great principles established for the happiness and good government of our race, though hallowed by the blood of the bravest and the best, and approved by centuries of trial, no one had a grander origin, or a more glorious exemplification than this one, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

So much for their organic law. Their legislation upon the daily exigencies and development of their society was also provided for on the most radically democratic basis, with the practical elements of representation. The Sanhedrim legislated for all ecclesiastical affairs, and had also original judicial powers and jurisdiction over all offenses against the religious law, and appellate jurisdiction of many other offenses. It was the principal body of their polity, as religion was the principal object of their constitution. It was thoroughly representative. Local and municipal government was fully recognized. The legislation for a city was done by the elders thereof —the prototypes in name and character of our eldermen or aldermen.

They were the keystone of the whole social fabric, and so directly represented the people that the terms elders and people are often used as synonymous. The legislation for a tribe was done by the princes of that tribe, and the heads of families thereof, whilst the elders of all the cities, heads of all the families, and princes of all the tribes when assembled, constituted the National Legislature or Congregation. The functions of this representative body, however, were gradually usurped and absorbed by the Sanhedrim.

So thoroughly recognized was the principle of representation that no man exercised any political rights in his individual

capacity, but only as a member of the house, which was the basis of the Hebrew polity. The ascending scale was the family or collection of houses, the tribe or collection of families, and the congregation or collection of tribes.

The kingdom thus composed was in fact a confederation, and exemplified both its strength and its weakness. The tribes were equal and sovereign within the sphere of their individual concerns. A tribe could convene its own legislative body at pleasure; so could any number of tribes convene a joint body whose enactments were binding only upon the tribes represented therein. A single tribe or any number combined could make treaties, form alliances and wage war, whilst the others remained at peace with the enemy of their brethren. They were to all intents and purposes independent States, joined together for common objects on the principle of federal republics, with a general government of delegated and limited powers. Within their tribal boundaries their sovereignty was absolute, minus only the powers granted to the central agent. They elected their chiefs, generals, and kings. Next to the imperative necessity of common defense, their bond of union was their divine constitution, one religion, and one blood. Justice was made simple and was administered cheaply. Among no other people in this world did the law so recognize the dignity and sacred nature of man made in the image of God, and the creature of His especial covenanting care.

The constitution of their criminal courts and their code of criminal laws were most remarkable. The researches of the learned have failed to discover in all antiquity anything so explicit, so humane, and embracing so many of what are now considered the essential elements of enlightened jurisprudence. Only four offenses were punished by death. By English law no longer ago than the reign of George II more than 150 offenses were so punishable! The court for the trial of these capital offenders was the local Sanhedrim, composed of twenty-three members, who were both judges and jurors, prosecuting attorneys and counsel for the accused.

The tests applied both to them and the accusing witnesses as to capacity and impartiality, were more rigid than those

known to exist anywhere else in the world. The whole procedure was so guarded as to convey the idea that the first object was to save the criminal.

From the first step of the accusation to the last moment preceding final execution, no caution was neglected, no solemnity was omitted, that might aid the prisoner's acquittal. No man in any way interested in the result, no gamester of any kind, no usurer, no store-dealer, no relative of accused or accuser, no seducer or adulterer, no man without a fixed trade or business, could sit in this court. Nor could any aged man whose infirmities might make him harsh, nor any childless man, nor bastard, as being insensible to the relation of parent and child.

Throughout the whole system of the Jewish government there ran a broad, genuine, and refreshing stream of democracy such as the world then knew little of, and has since but little improved. For of course the political student will not be disceived by names. It matters not what their chief magistrates and legislators were called if in fact and in substance their forms were eminently democratic. Masters of political philosophy tell us—and tell us with truth—that power in a State must and will reside with those who own the soil. If the land belongs to a king, the government is a despotism though every man in it voted; if the land belongs to a select few, it is an aristocracy; but if it belongs to the many, it is a democracy, for here is the division of power. Now, where, either in the ancient or modern world, will you find such a perfect and continuing division of the land among the people? It was impossible for this power ever to be concentrated in the hands of one or a select few. The lands belonged to God as the head of the Jewish nation—the right of eminent domain, so to speak, was in Him, and the people were His tenants.

The year of Jubilee, as we have seen, came ever in time to blast the schemes of the ambitious and designing.

Their law provided for no standing army; the common defense was intrusted to the patriotism of the people, who kept and bore arms at will, and believing that their hills and valleys would be best defended by footmen, the use of cavalry was for-

bidden, lest it should tend to feed the passion for foreign conquest.

The ecclesiastical Sanhedrim, as before observed, was the principal body of their polity; its members were composed of the wisest and most learned of their people, who expounded and enforced the law and supervised all the inferior courts. This exposition upon actual cases arising did not suffice the learned doctors, who made the great mistake which modern courts have learned to avoid, of uttering their dicta in anticipated cases. These decisions and dicta constitute the groundwork of the Talmud, of which there are two collections extant. They constitute the most remarkable aggregation of Oriental wisdom, abstruse learning, piety, blasphemy, and obscenity ever got together in the world; and bear the same relation to the Jewish law which our judiciary decisions do to our statute law. Could they be disemtombed from the mass of rubbish by which they are covered, said to be so great as to deter all students who are not willing to devote a lifetime to the task, from entering upon their study, they would no doubt be of inestimable value to theologians by furnishing all the aids which contemporaneous construction must ever impart.

Time would not permit me if I had the power, to describe the chief city of the Jews, their religious and political capital—"Jerusalem the Holy"—"the dwelling of peace." In the days of Jewish prosperity it was in all things a fair type of this strange country and people. Enthroned upon the hills of Judah, overflowing with riches, the free-will offerings of a devoted people, decked with the barbaric splendor of Eastern taste, it was the rival in power and wondrous beauty of the most magnificent cities of antiquity. Nearly every one of her great competitors has moldered into dust. The bat and the owl inhabit their towers, and the fox litters her young in the corridors of their palaces, but Jerusalem still sits in solitary grandeur upon the lonely hills, and though faded, feeble, and ruinous, still towers in moral splendor above all the spires and domes and pinnacles ever erected by human hands. Nor can I dwell, tempting as is the theme, upon the scenery, the glowing landscapes, the cultivated fields, gardens and vineyards, and gurgling fountains of that pleasant land. Many high summits, and even one of

the towers in the walls of the city of Jerusalem, were said to have afforded a perfect view of the whole land from border to border. I must be content with asking you to imagine what a divine prospect would burst upon the vision from the summit of that stately tower; and picture the burning sands of the desert far beyond the mysterious waters of the Dead Sea on the one hand, and the shining waves of the great sea on the other, flecked with the white sails of the Tyrian ships, whilst hoary Lebanon, crowned with its diadem of perpetual snow, glitters in the morning light like a dome of fire tempered with the emerald of its cedars—a fillet of glory around its brow.

The beauty of that band of God's people, the charm of their songs, the comeliness of their maidens, the celestial peace of their homes, the romance of their national history, and the sublimity of their faith, so entice me, that I would not know when to cease, should I once enter upon their story. I must leave behind, too, the blood-stained record of their last great siege, illustrated by their splendid but unavailing courage; their fatal dissensions and final destruction, with all its incredible horrors; of their exile and slavery, of their dispersion in all lands and kingdoms, of their persecutions, sufferings, wandering and despair, for eighteen hundred years. Indeed, it is a story that puts to shame not only our Christianity, but our common humanity. It staggers belief to be told, not only that such things could be done at all, by blinded heathen or ferocious pagan, but done by Christian people and in the name of Him, the meek and lowly, who was called the Prince of Peace, and the Harbinger of good will to men. Still it is an instructive story; it seems to mark in colors never to be forgotten both the wickedness and the folly of intolerance. Truly, it serves to show that the wrath of a religious bigot, is more fearful and ingenious than the cruelest of tortures hatched in the councils of hell.

It is not my purpose to comment upon the religion of the Jews, nor shall I undertake to say that they gave no cause in the earlier ages of Christianity for the hatred of their opponents. Undoubtedly they gave much cause, and themselves exhibited much bitterness and ferocity towards the followers of the Nazarene; which, however it may be an excuse, is far from

being a justification of the centuries of horror which followed. But if constancy, faithfulness and devotion to principle under the most trying circumstances to which the children of men were ever subjected, be considered virtues, then indeed are the Jews to be admired. They may safely defy the rest of mankind to show such undying adherence to accepted faith, such wholesale sacrifice for conscience sake. For it they have in all ages given up home and country, wives and children, gold and goods, ease and shelter and life; for it they endured all the evils of an infernal wrath for eighteen centuries; for it they have endured, and—say what you will—endured with an inexpressible manhood that which no other portion of the human family ever have, or, in my opinion, ever would have endured. For sixty generations the heritage which the father left the son was misery, suffering, shame, and despair; and that son preserved and handed down to his son that black heritage as a golden heirloom for the sake of God.

Originally, as we have seen, the Jews were an agricultural people, and their civil polity was framed specially for this state of things. Indeed the race of Shem originally seemed not to have been endowed with the great commercial instincts which characterize the descendants of Ham and Japheth. Their cities for the most part were built in the interior, remote from the channels of trade, whilst the race of Ham and Japheth built upon the seashore, and the banks of great rivers. But the exile of the Jews converted them necessarily into merchants. Denied as a general rule citizenship in the land of their refuge, subject at any moment to spoliation and expulsion, their only sure means of living was in traffic, in which they soon become skilled on the principles of a specialty in labor.

They naturally, therefore, followed in their dispersion, as they have ever since done, the great channels of commerce throughout the world, with such deflections here and there as persecution rendered necessary. But notwithstanding the many impulses to which their wanderings have been subjected, they have in the main obeyed the general laws of migration by moving east and west upon nearly the same parallels of latitude. Their numbers, in spite of losses by all causes, including religious defection, which, everything considered, has been re-

markably small, have steadily increased, and are now variously estimated at seven to nine millions. They may be divided, says Dr. Pressell, into three great classes, the enumeration of which will show their wonderful dispersion. The first of these inhabit the interior of Africa, Arabia, India, China, Turkestan, and Bokhara. Even the Arabs Mr. Disraeli terms Jews upon horseback. They are, however, the sons of Ishmael, half-brothers to the Jews. These are the lowest of the Jewish people in wealth, intelligence, and religion, though said to be superior to their Gentile neighbors in each. The second and most numerous class is found in Northern Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, Asia Minor, European Turkey, Poland, Russia, and parts of Austria. In these are found the strictly orthodox, Talmudical Jews; the sect Chasidim, who are the representatives of the Zealots of Josephus, and the small but most interesting sect, Karaites, who reject all Rabbinical traditions, and are the only Jews who adhere to the strict letter of the Scriptures. This class is represented as being very ignorant of all except Jewish learning—it being prohibited to study any other. Yet they alone are regarded by scholars as the proper expounders of ancient Talmudical Judaism. As might be inferred from the character of the governments under which they live, their political condition is most unhappy and insecure, and their increase in wealth and their social progress are slow.

The third and last class are those of Central and Western Europe, and the United States. These are by far the most intelligent and civilized of their race, not only keeping pace with the progress of their Gentile neighbors, but contributing to it largely. Their Oriental mysticism seems to have given place to the stronger practical ideas of Western Europe, with which they have come in contact, and they have embraced them fully. They are denominated "reforming" in their tenets, attempting to eliminate the Talmudical traditions which cumber and obscure their creed, and adapt it somewhat to the spirit of the age, though in tearing this away, they have also, says the theologians, dispensed with much of the Old Testament itself. In fact, they have become simply Unitarians or Deists.

Many curious facts concerning them are worthy to be noted.

In various cities of the Eastern World they have been for ages, and in some are yet, huddled into crowded and filthy streets or quarters, in a manner violative of all the rules of health, yet it is a notorious fact that they have ever suffered less from pestilential diseases than their Christian neighbors. So often have the black wings of epidemic plagues passed over them, and smitten all around them, that ignorance and malignity frequently accused them of poisoning the wells and fountains and of exercising sorcery.

They have also in a very noticeable degree been exempt from consumption and all diseases of the respiratory functions, which in them are said by physicians to be wonderfully adapted to enduring vicissitudes of all temperatures and climates. The average duration of Gentile life is computed at twenty-six years—it certainly does not reach thirty; that of the Jew, according to a most interesting table of statistics which I have seen, is full thirty-seven years. The number of infants born to the married couple exceeds that of the Gentile races, and the number dying in infancy is much smaller. In height they are nearly three inches lower than the average of other races; the width of their bodies with outstretched arms is one inch shorter than the height, whilst in other races it is eight inches longer on the average. But on the other hand, the length of the trunk is much greater with the Jew, in proportion to height, than with other races. In the negro the trunk constitutes thirty-two per cent of the height of the whole body, in the European thirty-four per cent, in the Jew thirty-six per cent. What these physical peculiarities have had to do with their wonderful preservation and steady increase I leave for the philosophers to explain.

Their social life is, if possible, still more remarkable. There is neither prostitution nor pauperism, and but little abject poverty among them. They have some paupers, it is true, but they trouble neither you nor me. Crime in the malignant, willful sense of that word, is exceedingly rare. I have never known but one Jew convicted of any offense beyond the grade of a misdemeanor, though, I am free to say, I have known many a one who would have been improved by a little hanging. They contribute liberally to all Gentile charities in the communities

where they live; they ask nothing from the Gentiles for their own. If a Jew is broken down in business, the others set him up again or give employment, and his children have bread. If one is in trouble the others stand by him with counsel and material aid, remembering the command, "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thine brethren, and shalt surely lend sufficient for his need in that which he wanteth." Their average education is far ahead of the races by whom they are surrounded. I have never seen an adult Jew who could not read, write, and compute figures—especially the figures. Of the four great human industries which conduce to the public wealth—agriculture, manufacturing, mining, and commerce—as a general rule they engage only in one. They are neither farmers, miners, smiths, carpenters, mechanisms nor artisans of any kind. They are merchants only, but as such, own few or no ships, and they are rarely carriers of any kind. They wander over the whole earth, but they are never pioneers, and they found no colonies, because, as I suppose, being devoted to one business only, they lack the self-sustaining elements of those who build new States; and whilst they engage individually in politics where they are not disfranchised, and contend for offices and honor like other people, they yet seek nowhere political power or national aggregation. Dealers in every kind of merchandise, with rare exceptions they manufacture none. They dwell exclusively in towns, cities, and villages, but as a general rule do not own the property they live upon. They marry within themselves entirely, and yet in defiance of well-known natural laws with regard to breeding "in and in," their race does not degenerate. With them family government is perhaps more supreme than with any other people. Divorce, domestic discord, and disobedience to parents are almost unknown among them.

The process by which they have become the leading merchants, bankers, and financiers of the world is explained by their history. In many places their children were not permitted to enter the schools, or even to be enrolled in the guilds of labor. Trade was therefore the only avenue left open to them. In most countries they dared not or could not own the soil. Why a nation of original agriculturists ceased to cultivate

the soil altogether is therefore only seemingly inexplicable. All nations must have a certain proportion of the population engaged in tilling the soil; since the Jews have no common country they reside in all; and in all countries they have the shrewdness to see that whilst it is most honorable to plow, yet all men live more honorably than the plowman. In addition to which, as before intimated, agriculture so fixed them to the soil that it would have been impossible to evade persecution and spoliation. They were constantly on the move, and their wealth must therefore be portable and easily secreted—hence their early celebrity as lapidaries, dealers in diamonds and precious stones, and hence too, the introduction of "bills of exchange." The utility of these great aids to commerce had long been known to the world, perhaps by both Greeks and Romans, but could never be made available by them because confidence in the integrity of each other did not exist between the drawer and the drawee. But this integrity which the lordly merchants of the Christian and the Pagan worlds could not inspire, was found to exist in the persecuted and despised Jew. So much for the lesson of adversity. These arts diligently applied, at first from necessity, afterwards from choice, in the course of centuries made the Jews skillful above all men in the ways of merchandise and money-changing, and finally developed in them those peculiar faculties and aptitudes for a calling which are brought out as well in man by the special education of successive generations as in the lower animals. The Jew merchant had this advantage, too, that, whereas his Gentile competitor belonged to a consolidated nation, confined to certain geographical limits, speaking a certain tongue, the aid, sympathy, and influence which he derived from social and political ties were also confined to the limits of his nation, the Jew merchant belonged to a scattered nation, spread out over the whole earth, speaking many tongues, and welded together, not by social ties alone, but by the fierce fires of suffering and persecution; and the aid, sympathy, influence and information which he derived therefrom came out of the utmost parts of the earth.

When after many centuries the flames of persecution had abated, so that the Jews were permitted more than bare life, their industry, energy, and talent soon placed them among the

important motive powers of the world. They entered the fields of commerce in its grandest and most colossal operations. They became the friends and counselors of kings, the prime ministers of empires, the treasurers of republics, the movers of armies, the arbiters of public credit, the patrons of art, and the critics of literature. We do not forget the time in the near past when the peace of Europe—of the world—hung upon the Jewish Prime Minister of England. No people are so ready to accommodate themselves to circumstances. It was but recently that we heard of an English Jew taking an absolute lease of the ancient Persian Empire. The single family of Rothschild, the progeny of a poor German Jew, who three generations ago sold curious old coins under the sign of a red shield, are now the possessors of greater wealth and power than was Solomon, when he could send 1,300,000 fighting men into the field.

Twenty years ago, when this family was in the height of its power, perhaps no sovereign in Europe could have waged a successful war against its united will. Two centuries since, the ancestors of these Jewish money kings were skulking in the caverns of the earth or hiding in the squalid outskirts of persecuting cities. Nor let it be supposed that it is in this field alone we see the great effects of Jewish intellect and energy. The genius which showed itself capable of controlling the financial affairs of the world necessarily carried with it other great powers and capabilities. The Jews, in fact, under most adverse circumstances, made their mark—a high and noble mark—in every other department of human affairs. Christian clergymen have sat at the feet of their rabbis to be taught the mystic learning of the East; Senates have been enraptured by the eloquence of Jewish orators; courts have been convinced by the acumen and learning of Jewish lawyers; vast throngs excited to the wildest enthusiasm by Jewish histrionic and æsthetic art; Jewish science has helped to number the stars in their courses, to loose the bands of Orion and to guide Arcturus with his sons.

Jewish literature has delighted and instructed all classes of mankind, and the world has listened with rapture and with tears to Jewish melody and song. For never since its spirit was evoked under the shadow of the vines on the hills of Pales-

tine to soothe the melancholy of her King, has Judah's harp, whether in freedom or captivity, in sorrow or joy, ceased to wake the witchery of its tuneful strings.

On the whole, and after due deliberation, I think it may be truthfully said, that there is more of average wealth, intelligence, and morality among the Jewish people than there is among any other nation of equal numbers in the world! If this be true—if it be half true—when we consider the circumstances under which it has all been brought about, it constitutes in the eyes of thinking men the most remarkable moral phenomenon ever exhibited by any portion of the human family. For not only has the world given the Jew no help, but all that he has ever received, and that but rarely, was to be left alone. To escape the sword, the rack, the fire, and utter spoiling of his goods, has indeed, for centuries, been to him a blessed heritage, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The physical persecution of the Jews has measurably ceased among all nations of the highest civilization. There is no longer any proscription left upon their political rights in any land where the English tongue is spoken. I am proud of the fact. But there remains among us an unreasonable prejudice of which I am heartily ashamed. Our toleration will not be complete until we put it away also, as well as the old implements of physical torture.

This age, and these United States in particular, so boastful of toleration, present some curious evidences of the fact that the old spirit is not dead, evidences tending much to show that the prejudices of 2,000 years ago are still with us. In Germany, a land more than all others indebted to the genius and loyal energy of the Jews, a vast uprising against them was lately excited, for the sole reason, so far as one can judge, that they occupy too many places of learning and honor, and are becoming too rich!

In this, our own free and tolerant land, where wars have been waged and constitutions violated for the benefit of the African negro, the descendants of barbarian tribes who for 4,000 years have contributed nothing to, though in close contact with, the civilization of mankind, save as the Helots contributed an example to the Spartan youth, and where laws and partisan

courts alike have been used to force him into an equality with those whom he could not equal, we have seen Jews, educated and respectable men, descendants of those from whom we derive our civilization, kinsmen after the flesh of Him whom we esteem as the Son of God and Savior of men, ignominiously ejected from hotels and watering-places as unworthy the association of men who had grown rich by the sale of a new brand of soap or an improved rat-trap!

I have never heard of one of these indecent thrusts at the Jews without thinking of the dying words of Sergeant Bothwell when he saw his life's current dripping from the sword of Burleigh: "Base peasant churl, thou has spilt the blood of a line of kings."

Let us learn to judge the Jew, as we judge other men, by his merits. And above all, let us cease the abominable injustice of holding the class responsible for the sins of the individual. We apply the test to no other people. Our principal excuse for disliking him now is that we have injured him. The true gentleman, Jew or Gentile, will always recognize the true gentleman, Jew or Gentile, and will refuse to consort with an ill-bred impostor, Jew or Gentile, simply because he is an ill-bred impostor. The impudence of the low-bred Jew is not one whit more detestable than the impudence of the low-bred Gentile, children of shoddy, who, by countless thousands, swarm into doors opened for them by our democracy. Let us cry quits on that score. Let us judge each other by our best not our worst samples and when we find gold, let us recognize it. Let us prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

While it is a matter of just pride to us that there is neither physical persecution nor legal proscription left upon the civil rights of the Jews in any land where the English tongue is spoken, or the English law obtains, yet I consider it a grave reproach, not only to us, but to all Christendom, that such injustice is permitted anywhere. The recent barbarities inflicted upon them in Russia revive the recollection of the darkest cruelties of the Middle Ages. That is one crying outrage, one damned spot that blackens the fair light of the Nineteenth century without the semblance of excuse or the shadow of justification. That glare of burning homes, those shrieks of out-

raged women, those wailings of orphan children, go up to God, not only as witnesses against the wretched savages who perpetrate them, but as accusations also of those who permit them. How sad it is again to hear that old cry of Jewish sorrow, which we had hoped to hear no more forever! How shameful it is to know that within the shadow of so-called Christian churches there are yet dark places filled with the habitations of cruelty. No considerations of diplomacy or international courtesy should for one moment stand in the way of their stern and instant suppression. The Jews are our spiritual fathers, the authors of our morals, the founders of our civilization with all the power and dominion arising therefrom, and the great peoples professing Christianity and imbued with any of its noble spirit should see to it that Justice and protection are afforded them. By simply speaking with one voice it could be done, for no power on earth could resist that voice. Every consideration of humanity and international policy demands it. Their unspeakable misfortunes, their inherited woes, their very helplessness, appeal to our Christian chivalry, trumpet-tongued in behalf of wretched victims of a prejudice for which Christianity is not altogether irresponsible.

There are objections to the Jew as a citizen; many objections, some true, and some false, some serious and some trivial. It is said that industrially he produces nothing, invents nothing, adds nothing to the public wealth; that he will not own real estate nor take upon himself those permanent ties which beget patriotism and become the hostages of good citizenship; that he merely sojourns in the land and does not dwell in it, but is ever in light marching order, and is ready to flit when the word comes to go. These are true objections in the main, and serious ones, but I submit the fault is not his, even here.

> Quoth old Mazeppa: "Ill betide,
> The school wherein I learned to ride."

These habits he learned by persecution. He dwelt everywhere in fear and trembling and had no assurance of his life. He was ever ready to leave, because at any moment he might be compelled to choose between leaving and death. He built

no house, because at any moment he and his little ones might be thrust out of it to perish. He cherished no love for the land because it cherished none for him, but was cruel and hard and bitter to him. And yet history shows that in every land where he has been protected he has been a faithful and zealous patriot. Also since his rights have been secured he has begun to show the same permanent attachments to the soil as other people, and is rapidly building houses, and in some places cultivating farms.

So, too, the impression is sought to be made that he is dishonest in his dealings with the Gentiles, insincere in his professions, servile to his superiors, and tyrannical to his inferiors, Oriental in his habit and manner. That the Jew—meaning the class—is dishonest I believe to be an atrocious calumny; and, considering that we derive all our notions of rectitude from the Jew who first taught the world the commands, "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not bear false witness," we pay ourselves a shabby compliment in thus befouling our teachers. Undoubtedly there are Jewish scoundrels in great abundance; undoubtedly also there are Gentile scoundrels in greater abundance. Southern reconstruction put that fact beyond a peradventure. But our own scoundrels are orthodox, Jewish scoundrels are unbelievers—that is the difference. If a man robs me I should thank him that he denies my creed also.

All manner of crimes, including perjury, cheating, and overreaching in trade, are unhesitatingly attributed to the Jews, generally by their rivals in trade. Yet somehow they are rarely proven to the satisfaction of even Gentile judges and juries. The gallows clutches but few, nor are they found in the jails and penitentiaries—a species of real estate which I honor them for not investing in. I admit that there was and is perhaps now a remnant of the feeling that it was legal to spoil the Egyptians. Their constant life of persecution would naturally inspire this feeling; their present life of toleration and their business estimate of the value of character will as naturally remove it. Again and again, day by day, we evince our Gentile superiority in the tricks of trade and sharp practice. It is asserted by our proverbial exclamation in regard to a particular piece of villainy "That beats the Jews!" And I call your at-

tention to the further fact that, sharp as they undoubtedly are, they have found it impossible to make a living in New England. Outside of Boston, not fifty perhaps can be found in all that land of unsuspecting integrity and modest righteousness. They have managed to endure with long suffering patience the knout of the Czar and the bowstring of the Turk, but they have fled for life from the presence of the wooden nutmeg and the left-handed gimlets of Jonathan. Is there any man who hears me to-night, who if a Yankee and a Jew were to "lock horns" in a regular encounter of commercial wits, would not give large odds on the Yankee? My own opinion is that the genuine "guessing" Yankee, with a jack-knife and a pine shingle could in two hours time whittle the smartest Jew in New York out of his homestead in the Abrahamic covenant.

I agree with Lord Macaulay that the Jew is what we have made him. If he is a bad job, in all honesty we should contemplate him as the handiwork of our own civilization. If there be indeed guile upon his lips or servility in his manner, we should remember that such are the legitimate fruits of oppression and wrong, and that they have been, since the pride of Judah was broken and his strength scattered, his only means of turning aside the uplifted sword and the poised javelin of him who sought to plunder and slay. Indeed, so long has he schemed and shifted to avoid injustice and cruelty, that we can perceive in him all the restless watchfulness which characterizes the hunted animal.

To this day the cast of the Jew's features in repose is habitually grave and sad, as though the very plowshare of sorrow had marked its furrows across their faces forever.

> And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
> And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet,
> And Judah's melody once more rejoice
> The heart that leaped before its heavenly voice?
> Tribes of the wandering foot and weary heart
> How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
> The wild dove hath her nest—the fox his cave—
> Mankind their country—Israel but the grave.

The hardness of Christian prejudice having dissolved, so will

that of the Jews. The hammer of persecution having ceased to beat upon the iron mass of their stubbornness, it will cease to consolidate and harden, and the main strength of their exclusion and preservation will have them lost. They will perhaps learn that one sentence of our Lord's Prayer, which is said not to be found in the Talmud, and which is the keynote of the difference between Jew and Gentile, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us."

I believe that there is a morning to open yet for the Jews, in Heaven's good time, and if that opening shall be in any way commensurate with the darkness of the night through which they have passed, it will be the brightest that ever dawned upon a faithful people.

I have stood on the summit of the very monarch of our Southern Alleghanies and seen the night flee away before the chariot wheels of the God of day. The stars receded before the pillars of lambent fire that pierced the zenith, a thousand ragged mountain peaks began to peer up from the abysmal darkness, each looking through the vapory seas that filled the gorges like an island whose "jutting and confounded base was swelled by the wild and wasteful ocean." As the curtain was lifted more and more and the eastern brightness grew in radiance and glory, animate nature prepared to receive her Lord; the tiny snowbird from its nest in the turf began chirping to its young; the silver pheasant sounded its mourning drumbeat for its mate in the boughs of the fragrant fir; the dun deer rising slowly from his mossy couch and stretching himself in graceful curves, began to crop the tender herbage; whilst the lordly eagle rising straight upward from his home on the crag, with pinions widespread, bared his golden breast to the yellow beams and screamed his welcome to the sun in his coming! Soon the vapors of the night were lifted up on the shafts of fire, rolling and seething in billows of refulgent flame, until when far overhead, they were caught upon the wings of the morning breeze and swept away, perfect day was established and there was peace. So may it be with this long-suffering and immortal people. So may the real spirit of Christ yet be so triumphantly infused amongst those who profess to obey His teachings, that with one voice and one hand they will stay the

persecutions and hush the sorrows of these their wondrous kinsmen, put them forward into the places of honor, and the homes of love, where all the lands in which they dwell shall be not home to them alone, but to all the children of men who, through much tribulation and with heroic manhood have waited for this dawning, with a faith whose constant cry through all the dreary watches of the night has been, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Roll, golden sun, roll swiftly toward the west,
Dawn, happy day, when many woes shall cease;
Come quickly, Lord, thy people wait the rest
Of Thine abiding peace!

No more, no more to hunger here for love;
No more to thirst for blessings long denied.
Judah! Thy face is foul with weeping, but above
Thou shalt be satisfied!

JOHN WATSON

("IAN MACLAREN")

SCOTTISH TRAITS

Lecture by John Watson—"Ian Maclaren"—clergyman and author, Presbyterian minister in Liverpool since 1880 (born in Manningtree, Scotland, November 3, 1850), delivered in various places during Mr. Watson's tour of the United States in 1896–97.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I shall have the pleasure of speaking to you about certain traits of character of the people of my nation One of the first traits I shall illustrate is their humor. We are, I hope, a Christian people, but I am certain that our Christianity has been tested a good many times by that often repeated proverb of Sidney Smith's that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. [Laughter.]

A recent writer, whom I cannot identify, and whose name I do not want to know, denies that there is anything in our humor that is light in touch, delicate and graceful. He asserts instead that there is much that is austere and awkward, tiresome, and unpleasant. Now each nation takes its own humor in its own way, some joyously, some seriously, but none more conscientiously than the Scotch.

When an Englishman sees a joke in the distance, he immediately capitulates and laughs right out. He takes it home for the enjoyment of the family, and perhaps the neighbors hear it through the doors. Then for days afterwards the man who captured it shares it with his fellow passengers in conveyances, possibly impressing it forcibly upon them. In the Scotch mind, when a jest presents itself, the question arises, "Is it a jest at all?" and it is given a careful and analytical examination, and if, after twenty-four hours, it continues to appear to be a jest,

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it is accepted and done much honor. Even then it may not cause a laugh. As some grief is too deep for tears, so some humor is appreciated without demonstration, and, again, as all soils are not productive of the same fruit, so each country has its own particular humor. Understand the humor of a nation and you have understood its character and its traditions, and even had some sort of an insight into its grief.

If you want the most beautiful flower of humor, wit, you must go to France for it. There is no wit so subtle, so finished, so complete as the French wit, especially the wit of the Parisian. There you will find what might be termed the aristocracy of wit.

What I mean by wit is this: Two men were riding together one day through Paris. One was exceedingly bright and clever, while the other was correspondingly dull. As is usually the case, the latter monopolized the conversation. The talk of the dullard had become almost unendurable, when his companion saw a man on the street far ahead yawning. "Look," he exclaimed, "we are overheard!" [Laughter.]

That story divides the sheep from the goats. I was telling it once to a Scotch lady, who remarked: "How could they have been overheard at that distance?" "Madam," I replied, "that never occurred to me before." [Renewed laughter.]

The Scotch have no wit. Life to them has been too intense and too bitter a struggle for the production of humor of the French kind. Neither have they drollery, which is the result of standing the intellect upon its head, so that it sees things bottom upwards. This is the possession of the Irish; not the North Irish, who are only Scotch people who went over to Ireland to be born; but the South Irishman, the Milesian, who sees things upside down habitually. It is because of drollery that these lovable, kind-hearted people are so irresistible.

An Irishman was once sent to deliver a live hare, which escaped and started to run for its liberty. The Irishman made no attempt at pursuit. Not he. He simply shook his sides with laughter, while he exclaimed: "Ye may run, ye may run and kape on running, but small good it'll do yez. Ye haven't got the address!" [Laughter and applause.]

We Scotch have not the most democratic form of humor

which is called "fun." Fun seems to be the possession of the English race. Fun is John Bull's idea of humor, and there is no intellectual judgment in fun. Everybody understands it because it is practical. More than that, it unites all classes and sweetens even political life. To study the elemental form of English humor, you must look to the schoolboy. It begins with the practical joke, and unless there is something of this nature about it, it is never humor to an Englishman. In an English household, fun is going all the time. The entire house resounds with it. The father comes home and the whole family contribute to the amusement; puns, humorous uses of words, little things that are meaningless nonsense, if you like, fly around, and everyone enjoys them thoroughly for just what they are.

If I had the power to give humor to the nations I would not give them drollery, for that is impracticable; I would not give them wit, for that is aristocratic and many minds cannot grasp it; but I would be contented to deal out fun, which has no intellectual elements, no subtlety, belongs to old and young, educated and uneducated alike, and is the natural form of the humor of the Englishman.

If I may venture to say anything of American humor, I would say that it has two conspicuous qualities. The one is its largeness. It is humor on a great scale, which I presume is due to the three thousand miles between San Francisco and New York. We live in a small, poor country, and our humor is thrifty; your country is large and rich, and your humor is extravagant. The other quality of your humor is its omissions, which perhaps is due to the fact that, having so huge a country, you cannot travel through it in daylight. So in your humor you give the first and last chapters of a jest, which is like a railroad journey across this big country, much of the time spent in sleep, but with frequent sudden awakenings. [Applause.] But did it ever occur to you that you Americans are a terribly serious people? You are too busy; you put out too much nervous energy; your life is too tense to make pure fun for the pleasure of it; such, for example, as is found in our *Punch*.

There is one department still left, perhaps the most severely intellectual of all. It is irony. In irony there is a sense of

the paradox of things, the unexpectedness of things, the conjunction of joy and sorrow, the sense of the unseen. The Scotch literature and life are exceedingly rich in irony. It has come from the bitter indignation of a people who have seen some amazing absurdity or wrong. Hence, the sair laugh of the Scotchman is a bitter laugh, not on the outside, but on the inside, and deep down. Irony is the most profound form of humor, and in that department of humor the Scotch are unexcelled. The Scotchman has to plow ground that is more stones than earth, he has to harvest crops out of the teeth of the snow storm, three centuries of the sternest Calvinism are behind him, his life has been a continual struggle and surprise, and all these things have taught him the irony of life.

Let an Englishman and a Scotchman come together for a bit of banter. The Englishman asks the Scot why so many of his people go abroad and never return to their native land. The Scotchman tells the Englishman that it is for the good of the world. Then he retorts by telling the Englishman that just across the border is a city in Scotland composed of 30,000 Englishmen. The Englishman is incredulous, until the Scotchman tells him that the name of the town is Bannockburn, that the same Englishmen have been inhabiting it for several centuries, and that they are among the most peaceful and law-abiding citizens of Scotland. Then the Scotchman wants to be alone for a couple of minutes to enjoy the taste of that in his mouth.

A Scot's humor is always grim because he is always in contact with the tragedy of life. A Scotchman goes out to play golf. He is annoyed by a slow player who is ahead of him on the links, and tells his caddie to gather up the sticks and go back to the club, as he does not want to follow a funeral procession all day. The caddie replies, after thought: "Ah noo! Dinna be hasty. He might drop deid afore he has gone three holes." Is there any nation like this, sensible always of the divinities hanging over them? [Applause.]

Scotch humor is always dry and never sweet; always biting and never consoling. There was a Scotch woman whose husband was sick. Although she attended the church of the Rev. Norman McLeod, she sent for another minister to administer spiritual advice to her husband. The minister came and dis-

covered that the man was suffering from typhus fever. In speaking to the wife he asked her what church she attended. She replied that she went to Norman's church.

"Then why did you not have him come?" was the query.

"Why," answered the woman, "do you think we would risk Normie with the typhus fever?" [Laughter and applause.]

The grimmest example of Scotch humor that I ever heard is this story that was told me of a criminal who was condemned to death. Just before the execution his counsel went to see him for the purpose of cheering him up. He told the Scot that sentence had been pronounced, it was perfectly just, and he must hope for no mercy, but he asked if there were anything he could do for himself. The condemned man thanked him, said he was most kind, and there was one request he would make.

"What is that?" asked his visitor.

"I would ask you to go to my chest and fetch my Sabbath blacks?"

"And what do you want with your Sabbath blacks?"

"I wish to wear them as a mark of respect for the deceased," said the condemned man. [Applause.]

I will pass on and claim for the Scotchman what no one has ever denied him, although rarely understood, and that is that he is cautious. I will put the phrase in its commonest form, and say that he is canny. We say, not a cautious Scot, but a "canny" Scot. What is canny? you ask. Well, I will leave that answer to any man who has ever done business with a Scotchman. A Scotchman in business is not a creature of impulses; he makes sound bargains. He is perfectly honorable and will not go back on a bargain once made, but I do not think he is accustomed to be bested in a bargain. It is said that it takes two Jews to outwit a Greek, and two Greeks to outwit an Armenian, and yet an Armenian went to the town of Aberdeen in Scotland and in two weeks had not a dollar. [Laughter.] Canniness is merely the attitude of a man's mind who has to watch hard to get a harvest. The Scotchman has acquired the quality from being plundered by the Highlandmen above, the English below, while the French, overseas, were trying to annex his country, and so he has learned to stand with his back to the wall to prevent anybody from getting behind him. This

has made him watchful and self-controlled. That is "canny." So this has come to be the intellectual attitude also of the Scotch people and it makes them watchful, careful, and self-controlled.

I should like to emphasize the fact that there are really two nations in Scotland: there is the Lowland Scot and there is the Celtic Scot—the man of Midlothian and Edinburgh, and the man in the district beyond Inverness. It is the northern Scot that wears the kilt, plays the bagpipes and speaks in Gaelic. Now, every single virtue which the Lowland Scot has in abundance, the Celtic Scot largely wants, and every little frailty which the Lowland Scot has—if he has any—is wanting in the character of the Celts. I have already spoken to you of the Scottish cautiousness, but the Highlanders are rash and impulsive. The Lowlander is a good man of business, the Highlander a good man of war. The Highlander is a good sportsman and a good soldier. The humor of the Highlander again is entirely different from that of the Lowlander.

Another characteristic of the Scotchman is that he will admit nothing. He is so careful in picking out his words that never is there room to get back of one of his statements and push it from its citadel. It is cruel to try to get an admission or an agreement to any statement from a Scot. Be satisfied if, when you say to Sandy, "You have a splendid crop," he replies, "It might have been waur." I have tried to get definite answers from Scotchmen, and I know whereof I speak. I have striven for weeks to get a Scotchman to admit something—on the weather, on the crops, on anything—but he never would make an admission.

An Englishman meets a Scotchman in a pouring rain and remarks that it is a regular deluge. The Scotchman does not say that it is a deluge, in the first place because there will never be another. The most that you are likely to get him to admit is that "If it were gaun to keep on as it's doing, it might be wet afore evening." And he can retreat from that! [Laughter and applause.]

The vice of the adjective has never been the vice of a Scotch mind, which lacks the effusiveness of more southern nations. The reason why a Scotchman has so much trouble in speaking

is because he makes the fitting of a noun with an adjective a matter of conscience. An Englishman puts his hand in a bag and takes out half a dozen adjectives and uses them all. The Scotchman knows every one of the words, but does not use them, because he would have to go over the entire list before persuaded which one to use, and this requires too much time.

Conversation in Scotland is a game at chess, and a game played cautiously, move by move, in prospect of an intellectual checkmate. The idea of conversation in Scotland, is argument over subjects political or theological, preferably the latter, because there is such a chance to dispute—and to get hold with your teeth. There is none of the rattling, small talk in which some other nations indulge. A Scotchman will carry on an argument even unto death. He can make religious distinctions that no one else can see. He has sharpness, for his sword has been whetted for centuries with argument. The very power of brain which he has acquired by use in this way serves him well in the business world.

To illustrate the extraordinary argumentativeness of the Scots there is a story of a Scotchman who lay dying in a London hospital. A woman visitor wanted to sing him some hymns, but he told her that he had all his life fought against using hymn tunes in the service of God, but he was willing to argue the question with her as long as his senses remained. I say that when a man in the face of death is willing to stand for the truth as it has been taught to him, it is out of such stuff that heroes are made. [Applause.]

Controversy is Scotland's great national game. Some people say that golf is our national sport. We play golf, but we play it a little and say nothing about it. Other nations play it a little and talk about it a great deal. [Laughter.] But our real sport, our great national pastime, is heresy hunting—and we hunt a heretic according to huntsman's rules. A heresy case is meat and drink to a Scot. We even keep a choice selection of heretics on hand to use in times of scarcity. [Applause.] Every one reads the newspaper accounts of a heresy case, and no one bears the least ill-will to the heretic. I have heard of a kirk where, when a moderator was to be elected, although there had been dissensions without bitterness during the year,

"the whole congregation felt bound to this man by the ties of rebellion." The Scotch nation, to a greater degree than any other, is ecclesiastical or theological, for all Scots are either pillars in the church or buttresses outside. Yes, and for various reasons. One is that the Scotchman regards the fear of God as the deepest thing in human knowledge, and that a man cannot have a religion that has got no reason in it and no principle. Again, the Scotchman takes to theology like a duck to water, because it affords him the best opportunity he can get for discussion and argument. Intellect is like a razor, and it matters not what the grindstone is. But there is no better grindstone for the intellect than the Shorter Catechism. Our whole nation, in fact, rejoices in theology. It is the national enjoyment of the Scottish people.

I have heard of a Scottish farmer who kept up a discussion on the topic of "faith or work" during a ten-mile railway journey, dismounted at the end of it, and as the train was moving off called out to his antagonist: "I dinna deny what ye brocht forward from the Romans, but I take my stand here and now (he was holding on to a railway post) on the Epistle of James." [Applause.] Now, if working farmers can conduct a discussion of that kind, and conduct it well, after dinner, what cannot such a nation in its serious moments do before dinner?

The reason a Scotchman takes to theology is because he is determined to reason things out. Theology affords the strongest grip for his teeth, and he can get the biggest mouthful. Leave a Scot to the freedom of his own will and he makes for theology at once. Other things he is obliged to talk about. Theology he loves to talk about. Whenever or wherever Scotchmen meet, and there is no particular business on hand, they go as naturally into theology as a cow into clover, and if there are not enough of the heterodox kind present, some will take that side just to keep things a-going.

Another tendency of the Scotch is to go to law. For centuries, when there was no other amusement or diversion for a Scotchman, he would engage in a lawsuit.

The Scottish people have long been noted for their austerity and for the respect shown to the Sabbath. I will leave it to my audience to say whether it has been the weakest or the

strongest nations of the earth which have kept the Sabbath. Did not the American forefathers themselves consecrate Sunday as a day of rest and keep it with the utmost strictness?

Another Scottish trait is "dourness," defined in the dictionary as "obstinacy." This is hardly adequate to express the truth. I had rather deal with a dozen obstinate men than with one dour Scotchman. Dourness is obstinacy raised to the eighth power. It is one hundred obstinate people rolled into one. It fills me with despair to try to explain it. If I could present the picture of a Highland cow, with her calf by her side, watching the approach of a tourist whom she thinks is coming too near—could I depict the expression of her face, that I would say, would fairly represent what is meant by "dour." Not that the cow would take the aggressive, but, if interfered with, I'll warrant she would not be the one permanently injured. Led by this trait a certain Scotchman always stood up during prayers when others were kneeling, and sat down when others stood to sing, because, as he expressed it, the ordinary method was the only one used by the English and he wasn't going to do as they did.

Let the Scotch alone and there are no more civil people in the world, but let some one come bringing them a new faith, or let the tyrant try to oppress, and they resist to the end. There were Scotch martyrs, but they nearly always designed it so that when they went to their death some one else who brought it about went along with them. But if you take a Scotchman on the right side, flatter him and tell him that you want to be his friend, he is too soft, you can do anything with him, and herein is the inconsistency of his nature. You trust us and you may use us as you please, but take us on the wrong side, try to make us do what we do not want to do, and we would not yield an inch if you proposed the most reasonable thing in the universe. But unless a nation has a backbone, it deserves no honor. [Applause.]

It would not be well if I did not make a plea for the bright intelligence of the common people of Scotland. It is owing to their intelligence, together with other hardy virtues, that our people have had some measure of success. It is because of his intelligence that the Scotchman may be said to have

three yards' start over his competitors in the race. There is no other nation where the country people and the laboring classes of the city have such general educational facilities. The result of this education is that when a Scot leaves his country he goes by law of Divine Providence to improve other countries. You will not find him a scavenger or day laborer, but a skilled artisan; not a cheap clerk, but rising in the firm with an eye on a junior partnership.

One man, John Knox, is responsible for this Scotch system of education. Your nation had its leader, whom you reverence as the "Father of His Country." Israel had its Moses; Germany her Martin Luther; and Scotland stands to-day an eternal monument to the foresight and determination of a single man—John Knox. It was he, who, in his capacity as a political and social reformer, laid down the same principle in Scotland which you have recognized here—that if a nation is to succeed, it must be educated. It was he who, in the sixteenth century, devised a system of education in which every parish should have its school and every boy should attend that school. Successful there, he was to have been sent by the State to a higher school and thence to a university. The system failed because three-fifths of the money appropriated for it went to the Scottish noblemen. Although I cannot prove it, I feel certain that Knox's scheme must have been known to the founders of the American system of public schools and must have had some influence upon the creation of the American school system. To the influence of John Knox on the Scottish people is due the fact that they are an intellectual race to-day. John Knox took the educational ladder and put its lowest round at the door-sill of the shepherd's cottage and the highest at the door to the university. [Applause.]

The Scotchman regards only two things with absolute reverence. Money is not one of them. His religion is one, learning is the other. If one had pointed out a millionaire in Drumtochty, nobody would have turned his head, but Jamie Souter would have run up a hill to see the back of a scholar disappearing in the distance. [Applause.]

Come with me where the heather rolls in purple billows. Come with me to a district which some of you know or of

which you have heard, any Highland glen you can think of or of which you have read. Here is a shepherd's cottage, on top of which the mosses grow. Stooping, we enter the doorway and are shown into the best room, where, in striking contrast to the rest of the poor furniture, is a shelf of calf-bound books. The shepherd's wife is in reality most anxious to have you examine these books and ask about them, though Scotch manners prevent her from calling them to your attention. It would be a vain display and boasting to speak first of them. But when you have broken the ice, she will take you into the kitchen and explain that these were the university books of her son for whom the whole family has toiled and saved that he might have an education.

To have a scholar in the family is one of the greatest ambitions of the people who live in Drumtochty. To prepare a son for college after he has been duly declared by the minister and other authorities as having in him the making of a scholar, no sacrifice is too great, or labor too hard, or planning too arduous. It is worth all it costs to be able to say once in three generations, at least, that there is a scholar in the family. It would be well if between the cottages and the university an open road were kept, and upon that road the grass were never allowed to grow. For professors the Scotchman in the glen has immense reverence. To him the professor is the incarnation of learning, a heavenly body charged with Greek and Latin. No students have suffered so much to secure an education as those in Scotch universities.

Among all our qualities, the deepest rooted, apart from the fear of God, is sentiment. And yet we do not receive credit for it because we have not sentimentalism, which is the caricature and ghost of sentiment. The sentiment of the Scotch is of the heart and not of the lips. If I saw a couple of Scotchmen kissing each other good-bye, I wouldn't lend five shillings to either of them. It is not an uncommon thing to see such an exhibition among Italians. I do not blame them. They are as God made them and so they must be. People doubt whether we may have any sentiment at all. Some think we are hard-hearted and cold-blooded. Our manner is less than genial and not effusive. Our misfortune is not to be able to express

our feelings. This inability is allied to our strength; strong people conceal their feelings. The Scot is endowed with an excess of caution; unnecessary reserve. Recently a train in Scotland came to a junction, where the porter shouted inside each carriage: "Change carriages for Duan, Callendar, and the Trossachs." After he had gone an old Scotchman said: "I'm for Duan misel', but I would not let on to that man." This story shows the national reserve carried too far; it would perhaps be a good thing if the Scotch people "let on" more than they do.

But notwithstanding the irony that underlies the Scot's nature, and his apparent stolidness, there does lie within his bosom, unseen, a store of sentiment; for where do you find ballads touching home life so beautifully as do those of Scotland—such as "Robin Adair," "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" "Auld Lang Syne"? And if you want to know that which no Scotsman can talk to you about, read the poetry written by one of his own type, Robert Burns. [Applause.] If a Scotsman is forced to leave his home the roots of his life are being torn up; he is outraged in feeling and ready to become an anarchist. There is no greater sin than to dispossess a Scotsman of his home. If you wish a real nice friend to come and have afternoon tea with you, and tell you how sweet your children are, and that she can't live without seeing them, do not send for Elspeth McFayden, unless she has been living a long time away from Drumtochty; but if one of your children is ill with a contagious disease, she will be the first to proffer care and service. [Applause.]

Forgive us that we have no outward manners. Believe us that we have a warm heart. If you want manners, go to another nation. If you want a warm heart, go to a Scotch woman or man. The songs of Robert Burns are indicative of the character of the Scotch people. Reading them you can hear the beating of the Scotch heart. It is true we do not wear our heart on our sleeve, but where do you find a warmer, truer heart than that which beats beneath the blue bonnet? History has no more generous impulsive rebellion than the Rebellion of '45, when men sent their sons, maidens their sweethearts, to the field in behalf of Prince Charlie. They had nothing to

win, they had everything to lose, and they gave their blood freely for a sentimental cause. [Applause.]

But we are told that we are a thrifty people, as if that were a reproach. But does not Scottish thrift mean some of the best and most useful qualities—foresight, self-denial, the conscientious use of money? Does it not mean independence? When I contrast this quality with the recklessness and improvidence of the man who gets thereby a reputation for being "generous," I declare before this audience that I am not ashamed of the thrift of our people by which they have maintained their self-respect, have been enabled to help one another, and to keep their poor from becoming a burden in the great cities [applause]; and I trust in no city are they a burden to the police. It is the nation, like the individuals, that know how to deny themselves, who make their mark in the world.

It follows as a natural consequence for the inhabitants of a country so poor as Scotland to emigrate, when there are so many rich lands to go to. But everywhere the Scotsman goes he retains his characteristics. Never revolutionary, he is for culture and everything that is for the welfare of his adopted nation. The problem with Scotsmen going to other countries is: How did they get along until we got here? [Laughter and applause.]

"Lord gi'e us a gude conceit o' oursel's," may be called the national prayer, and there is perhaps no prayer that has been so remarkably answered. Once a Scotsman, cornered with Shakespeare, said: "Shakespeare micht a been arn Englishman—we hae nae evidence to the contrary—but he was able enough tae ha'e been a Scotsman." [Laughter.]

The Scotch have one illusion, too. It is that nobody notices their accent. If a Scotsman is asked what part of Scotland he came from, his first remark after answering the question is apt to be: "Now that is curious. How did ye ken I came from Scotland at all?"

There exists between all natives of Scotland a bond of sympathy. Where do you find persons who love their country as do the Scotch? Let three Scotchmen meet in a foreign city and they form a St. Andrew's Society to assist their countrymen.

Scotland has been a stern mother to her children, never over-feeding them, and using the stick when it was necessary; and when they have departed from their native country, they always look back and bless her. Ours is a little country, and that is perhaps one reason that we love it so well. Yours is a great and good country, and I wish it peace and prosperity; but there is advantage in a little country—you can carry it more easily in your heart. [Loud applause.]

WU TING FANG

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WU TING-FANG

THE TEACHINGS OF CONFUCIUS

Lecture by Wu Ting-fang, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from China to the United States (born in the District of Hsin-hui, in the Province of Kwangtung, about half a day's journey from the city of Canton), delivered before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, December 9, 1900. His Excellency was introduced to the very large audience assembled, by Professor Felix Adler, the president of the Society, with a few words in compliment of his official services, the speaker remarking that "at a time when the diplomatic knots were tangled, the tact, shrewd common sense, and responsibility of the Chinese Minister had done much to strengthen the Administration at Washington in its wise and humane course towards the Chinese."

THERE is a general impression that China has three systems of religious belief: Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. True it is that the government of China recognizes these three systems in its constitution and laws; but it is a mistake to suppose that each has an equally strong hold upon the esteem and affection of the people. It is true that each of these three attempted to become supreme. This struggle for supremacy was decided long ago, and the nation declared for Confucianism. Confucianism has ever since remained master of the field. Taoism and Buddhism take only what Confucianism has left untouched. Confucianism has appropriated to itself the realm of the living; so there is nothing else for Taoism and Buddhism to do but to take possession of the realm of the dead. On this account, tempted by the allurement of future reward, after death, many women as well as a great many men of the uneducated class profess to be Buddhists or Taoists. On the death of a well-to-do Chinese it frequently happens that they employ Buddhist and Taoist priests to chant requiems for the

departed soul; and in funeral processions you will see the Taoist priests and the Buddhist priests joining and taking part in the ceremonies for the dead. You see, we are a practical people, and we are not sure what is to take place after death; hence the idea of having these priests—Taoist, Buddhist, etc., join in the funeral rites—so as to make sure that if one religion will not bring everlasting happiness to the dead soul, the other may do so. But you must not understand that the people belong to either the Taoist or the Buddhist faith. Such services as I have been enumerating are looked upon as more or less professional, and are invariably paid for.

Superstition and ignorance are the chief supports of Taoism and Buddhism. For this reason their influence grows weaker and weaker as the people become more intelligent. Not so with Confucianism. It is dominant in the national life of the Chinese. In schools we read the classics of Confucius. All students have to be examined in those classics; and when the examination is held, every year, in every province, the theme is taken from these classics, and any Chinese who wants to enter into official life has to study them; so you will see that Confucianism lies at the foundation of the social and political and national life of China. It binds the diverse elements of the empire into a homogeneous whole; it exercises an influence upon the character, thought, and language of the people which grows with the lapse of time. It is not hard to find in China a man who frequently goes to a Taoist or Buddhist temple to offer sacrifices, and who can recite page after page of Taoist or Buddhist writings from memory, but who does not call himself a Taoist or Buddhist on this account. He regards such acts as having no effect upon the conduct of his life. You ask him what he is, and he will undoubtedly say that he is a follower of Confucius. Throughout the length and breadth of the country, the statesman, the peasant, the merchant, and the schoolboy, would be ashamed to range themselves among the believers of any other system of doctrines than that of Confucius. If America is called a Christian nation (as it is called) because the members of the Christian faith constitute a large portion of the inhabitants of this country, with equal propriety I maintain that China may be called a Confucian land.

Now, what is Confucianism? It may be well, perhaps, to mention in a few words, what it is not, before stating what it is. It is not a religion, in the strictest sense of the word. What I understand by religion, is a system of doctrines and of worship; as such, it recognizes the existence of a divine Supreme Being, and of spirits having control of human destiny; it attempts to win man back from the error of his ways, by holding up constantly before his eyes eternal punishment for the wicked, and everlasting happiness for the righteous. One of its cardinal doctrines is that there is such a thing as life after death. I must confess that the immortality of the soul is a pleasant thing to contemplate. I wish it were true, and I hope it is true; but all the subtle reasonings of Plato cannot make it amount to anything more than a strong probability. I am not aware that, with the light of modern science, we have advanced a step further towards certainty than Plato did.

Confucianism has nothing to do with all these questions about the spiritual world and a future life. It must not be supposed, on the other hand, that Confucianism denies their existence altogether. Confucius only holds that we do not know anything about them, and he regards all speculation upon them as useless and unprofitable. He would be called an agnostic nowadays. It is said there are four topics upon which he would not speak: Extraordinary things, feats of strength, disorder, and spiritual beings. One of his disciples one day asked him, "What have I to do to render acceptable service to spirits and divinities?" "While you are not able to serve men yet," says Confucius, "how can you serve spirits?" "What is death?" asked another. "You do not yet know life," answered the sage; "how can you know about death?" Such are the words of Confucius unto his disciples. Life itself is full of mystery, and is too deep for the human mind to fathom. There is no use laying rude hands upon the veil that enshrouds death, and trying to tear it apart, to take a peep into the darkness. No operation of the mind, no flight of fancy, no straining of the soul, has ever been able to add one tittle to the knowledge which the world has always possessed concerning the future existence of man after death and of a world of spirits. Confucius was, therefore, right in not discussing these subjects—

in not giving a direct answer. Horace Greeley once said, "Those who discharge promptly and faithfully all their duties to those who live in the flesh, can have but little time for peering into the life beyond the grave. Better to attend to each world in its proper order." This is not an unfair statement of the aim of Confucianism. Confucius undertakes to guide men through this world. His system is, accordingly, intensely human and practical. He did not speculate on what would be after death.

Let us now proceed to state what Confucianism is in its positive aspect. Man is regarded as an animal endowed with social instincts. He does not live by himself, he seeks his fellows. Out of this fellowship of man with man, Confucius deduces the five relations, viz.: Sovereign and subject; parent and child; elder and younger; husband and wife; friend and friend.

In connection with these five relations, I would illustrate, from actual observation the relation between elder and younger. That means the relations that exist between superior and inferior in age. Some years ago I was in Tien Tsin with Earl Li Hung-Chang. Tien Tsin, as you know, is a treaty port, where the consuls of the different nations are stationed, to look after the interests of their respective countries. On one occasion, the American consul came to the official residence of Viceroy Li Hung-Chang to see the Viceroy, with a view of requesting him to do him a favor. The favor he requested was this: he had heard that some of the American missionaries got into trouble in a neighboring province. Missionaries in China somehow or other get into trouble. I do not blame them; you know, the situation they are placed in is a very difficult and peculiar one; and the consequence is that unless they are very discreet and behave themselves with great tact, they are inevitably led into some disturbance or trouble. Now this consul asked Viceroy Li Hung-Chang to telegraph to the governor of that province to take active steps to protect these missionaries, and, in fact, to do everything he could for them. This was out of the jurisdiction of Li Hung-Chang, because he was only Viceroy of Chih-li province; and to telegraph to another province was beyond his jurisdiction. So Viceroy Li

properly said he did not feel himself justified in interfering with the affairs of his colleague in another province; but this American consul was very persistent. He remained there, chatting with the Viceroy, and then said, "Now just do this favor for me." But the Viceroy did not see his way clear to please him. Then the conversation drifted into other matters, and somehow or other the Viceroy asked him, "What is your age?" Mind you, this consul was very old—older than the Viceroy. I forget the age exactly, he was over seventy. Now at that time the Viceroy was under seventy. So the consul said, "I am seventy-four." The Viceroy was struck with the answer. "Oh! you are so old! Well, Mr. Consul, I will do the favor for you. I will do it for you, not because you are entitled to it, but to show respect to you on account of your age. You are my superior in age." And this was done, and the thing was settled to the satisfaction of the consul. You see this illustrates strongly the doctrine of Confucianism, and the fact that, in carrying out this doctrine, we are being guided by the rules laid down by Confucius.

Now these five relations I am speaking of comprise all conceivable positions in which a man may find himself in society. To each position are attached specific duties. The fulfillment of these duties makes one a desirable member of society. Of the five relations, Confucius lays special stress upon that of parent and child. Filial piety may be said to be the pivotal point of this system. It is said that a dutiful son cannot but be a loyal subject, a good brother, a faithful husband, a trusty friend. I cannot forbear, in this connection, to give you the story of Confucius' mother as an illustration. Confucius' mother, at the time of her marriage, was still in her teens, while (Shuh-liang Hoh) his father was over sixty years old. The union came about this way: Shuh-liang Hoh had already married twice before. By his first wife he had nine children—all daughters. His second wife bore him a son that was a cripple; so, though advanced in years, he was anxious to take to himself a third wife, and became a suitor for the hand of any of the three daughters of the Yen family. Now Yen did not by any means look upon the old man's suit with disfavor. He accordingly called together his three daughters, and told them

the situation. He said to them, "Shuah-liang Hoh is indeed an old man, but he is strong and vigorous for his years. He comes of a noble family, and holds a high position in the government. Which of you daughters shall I give him to be his wife?" The two eldest remained silent. Finally the younger one said to the father: "Father, it is for you to command, and for us to obey." "Very well," answered the father, "you will do." Thus she married Shuh-liang, and became the mother of Confucius. Now this, perhaps, may be considered a somewhat extreme case of filial duty; and I am afraid not many people in this country would have obeyed that injunction of the father; but, you see, the advice of parents is always good, and if you obey it, you will find it works well, and brings you happiness, as in this case it had its reward in the son who turned out to be the greatest sage in China.

The aim then, of Confucius' teaching is to make men desirable members of society. In order to be such, they have to do good to others, by performing the duties of their position; and, at the same time, be good themselves by practising the five virtues, viz.: Benevolence, righteousness, propriety, understanding, and truthfulness.

The general character of Confucius' teachings can best be understood, it seems to me, by instituting a comparison with those of the founder of the Christian religion. Christ says, "Resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smitest thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him take thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go thou with him twain." This, it seems to me, is meekness carried too far. I am told, however, that this is the Christian teaching of "nonresistance," that is, if you show no animosity or "spirit of fight" toward your fellow man, even though he would impose on you, it may lead him to gentler, kinder ways. This may be true in some cases, but such teaching seems to me inapplicable to the present state of human society. Whoever smites another without cause on the right cheek, is a dangerous person, and does not need any invitation to repeat the blow on the other cheek. As for the man who has taken another man's coat, he is a thief and a robber. If

he had the chance, he would take away his victim's cloak also, without saying as much as "By your leave." Persons of this character ought not to be left at large, much less allowed to have their own way. I perceive that there is no disposition on the part of Christian men and women in this country to take these words of Christ in their literal sense. I think, however, the teaching of Confucius on this head is more in accord with reason. This is what the great sage inculcates: "Do not quarrel with those who offend you." This is all that good sense requires.

Christ says, "Love your enemy. Bless them that curse you. Be good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have you: Do not the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the Gentiles the same?" These, I must confess, are noble and grand sentiments; but such a standard of moral excellence seems to me too high for frail humanity. There is no likelihood, I fear, that men of this world would ever be able to attain it. The conduct of Christian people, or Christian nations, falls far short of it. "Love your enemy" is Christ's command; but at this very moment some Christian missionaries are crying out for vengeance and blood-shed, and Christian armies are devastating fields, burning towns, villages and houses, sparing neither age nor sex in their indiscriminate slaughter, and carrying away everything they can lay hands on. What a vast gulf is there between those professions and these actions. But, in any case, I think what is required is difficult of performance. Ask yourself whether you can love any one who has killed your father or mother, or ruined your house. I have never yet met one who has acted up to that injunction.

Confucius, however, does not demand so much of man. The question was once presented to him by one of his followers, who asked, "Would you requite an injury with kindness?" And he replied, "How do you requite a kindness, then?" and

he quietly added, "Requite kindness with kindness and injury with justice." By saying that an injury shall be requited with justice, be it noted, he meant that the requital should be just, fair, and right; but he did not sanction retaliation, much less revenge carried out in a spiteful and vindictive spirit, as it is sometimes done, I regret to say, by people professing to follow the tenets of Christianity. Christ says, "Judge not and ye shall be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, 'Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye;' and behold, a beam is in thine own eye. Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye." The above quoted passage has a parallel in these words of Confucius: "You must be possessed of good qualities, and then you can require them from other people. You must have no fault yourself, before you can blame others."

It must not be supposed that there is any intention on my part to belittle the doctrines of Christ, for, so far as I know, I believe Christianity is the highest form of religion that has ever been founded in this world. I am only pointing out the great, almost insurmountable difficulty of literally following the grand teachings of Christ.

The most striking instance in which the minds of Christ and Confucius meet, is to be found in the enunciation of the Golden Rule. Christ says, "As ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." Confucius says, "Do not do to others what you do not want them to do to yourself." This was enunciated five hundred years before Christ; and though it is in a negative form, yet if we come to examine the meaning there is not much difference. If any one does not do anything that he does not want done to himself, naturally he will not do anything displeasing to another; therefore he will do whatever is pleasing to that other; and in effect, it comes to the same thing as that proverb of Christ. But some hair-splitters try to make out that these two forms

do not express exactly the same idea. I, however, consider the difference in wording merely nominal. At any rate, the spirit of the Golden Rule is plain enough. Any one who acts up to it, whether he be a professed Christian, or a professed Confucian, is a truly good man.

So far as this world is concerned, it is evident that Christ and Confucius lead men in the same direction, and practically in the same path. A good Christian is a good man, and a good Confucian is also a good man, therefore from a moral standpoint a good Christian is a good Confucian; and a good Confucian is a good Christian. As far as I can see, a man who follows the precepts of Confucius, though by so doing he does not consider himself as making preparations for the life to come, is certainly entitled to the enjoyment of whatever happiness there may be in the great Hereafter. I do not believe that heaven is an exclusive place, though Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Taoism, and many other "isms," all try to appropriate the ground and make a private park of it for their respective adherents. I believe that if heaven is the place for the good, there are many ladders which lead to it, and any one who has done good in life, will be able to go up by one of these ladders, and enjoy the happiness he is entitled to.

The hold which Confucianism has upon the Chinese people is due to its absolute practicability. The Chinese are an eminently practical race, and the teachings of Confucius suit exactly the views of the people. Confucius himself set an example of what he considered a man should try to be in the world. He entered into public life, and did his duties well; and when he found that the time was against him, he resigned and retired into private life, and devoted his time to teaching his disciples. In that he was a model man. He did not withdraw from the business and turmoil of life, and retire to some sequestered field, where he could sit in profound meditation and commune with nature itself; but he took an active part in public affairs, and conscientiously discharged his duties, both as a private citizen, and as a public official.

The crowning glory of Confucianism, it seems to me, is that it teaches men to do good for the sake of goodness. It promises no reward, and threatens no punishment. Confucius simply

says to every man, "Do good, because it is good." Naturally happiness comes to a man for doing good as a matter of course, but it is not regarded as the motive for doing good. In other words, happiness is the effect of goodness, and not the reward for goodness. This is the essential difference between Confucianism and other systems of doctrine and belief; for all other systems hold up constantly before the eyes of the believer a glorious reward for being good and severe punishment for being bad.

The world is gradually coming around to the teachings of Confucius. One of the signs is the growing agnosticism of the age. The advancement of science has compelled the abandonment of many strongholds which religion once occupied. The harmonizing tendencies of the time have necessitated a modification of the "fire and brimstone" theology of by-gone days. I do not know whether people are getting more callous in proportion as they become more civilized; but the fact remains that they no longer tremble with fear when all the terrors of the infernal world are pictured to them by fervid preachers from the pulpit. This is due to the spirit of agnosticism fostered by science. Thus the world is drifting slowly and unconsciously toward Confucianism.

Another sign of the world's coming around to the teachings of Confucius, is the progress which the cause of universal peace is making among the nations of the world. Five hundred years before Christ came into the world Confucius had already begun to preach the gospel of peace. Under the influence of his teachings, the Chinese people have turned from the horrors of war to the arts of peace. They have thus been able to learn by experience that peace has its victories as well as war. The day may now seem distant when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they make war any more," but we have already witnessed even in our day, the first steps toward that consummation devoutly to be wished.

Confucianism is not confined to China alone. It has taken root in Japan and Korea also. Its spread is not the result of armed conquest or of aggressive propaganda. Neither the sword nor the missionary has ever been employed to gain for it a single adherent. No trail of blood marks its progress;

and it has not sent missionaries to other climes and nations, urging people to embrace Confucianism, and, if any trouble should occur, to commence war, in order to compel men to embrace its religion; but Confucianism appeals to human sympathy, human interest, and human aspiration. Its power is exercised, not through force, but through voluntary submission of the heart.

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